Aug. 17, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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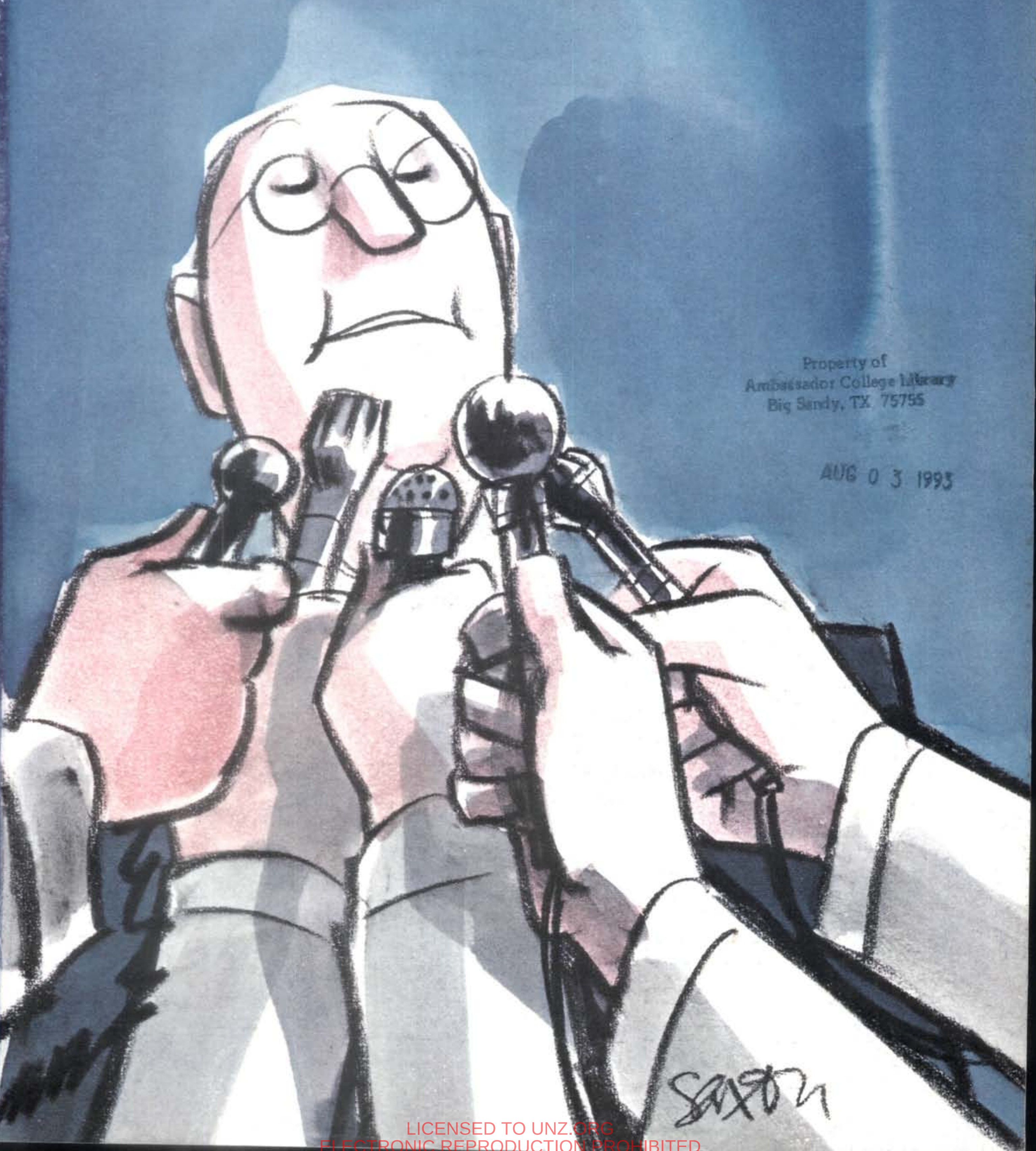

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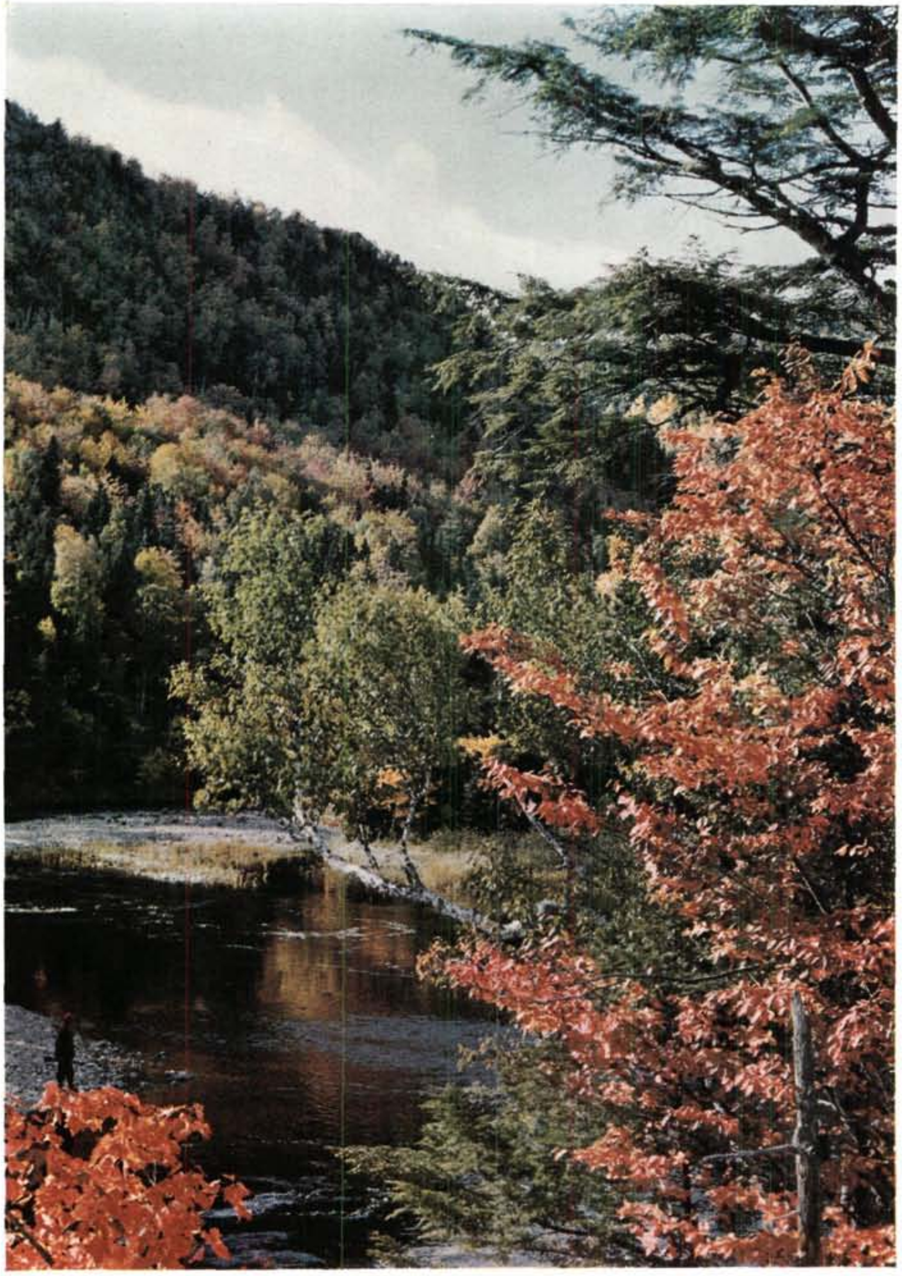

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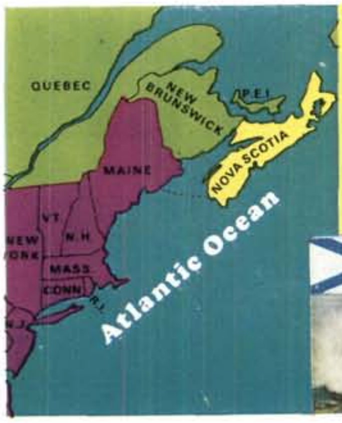
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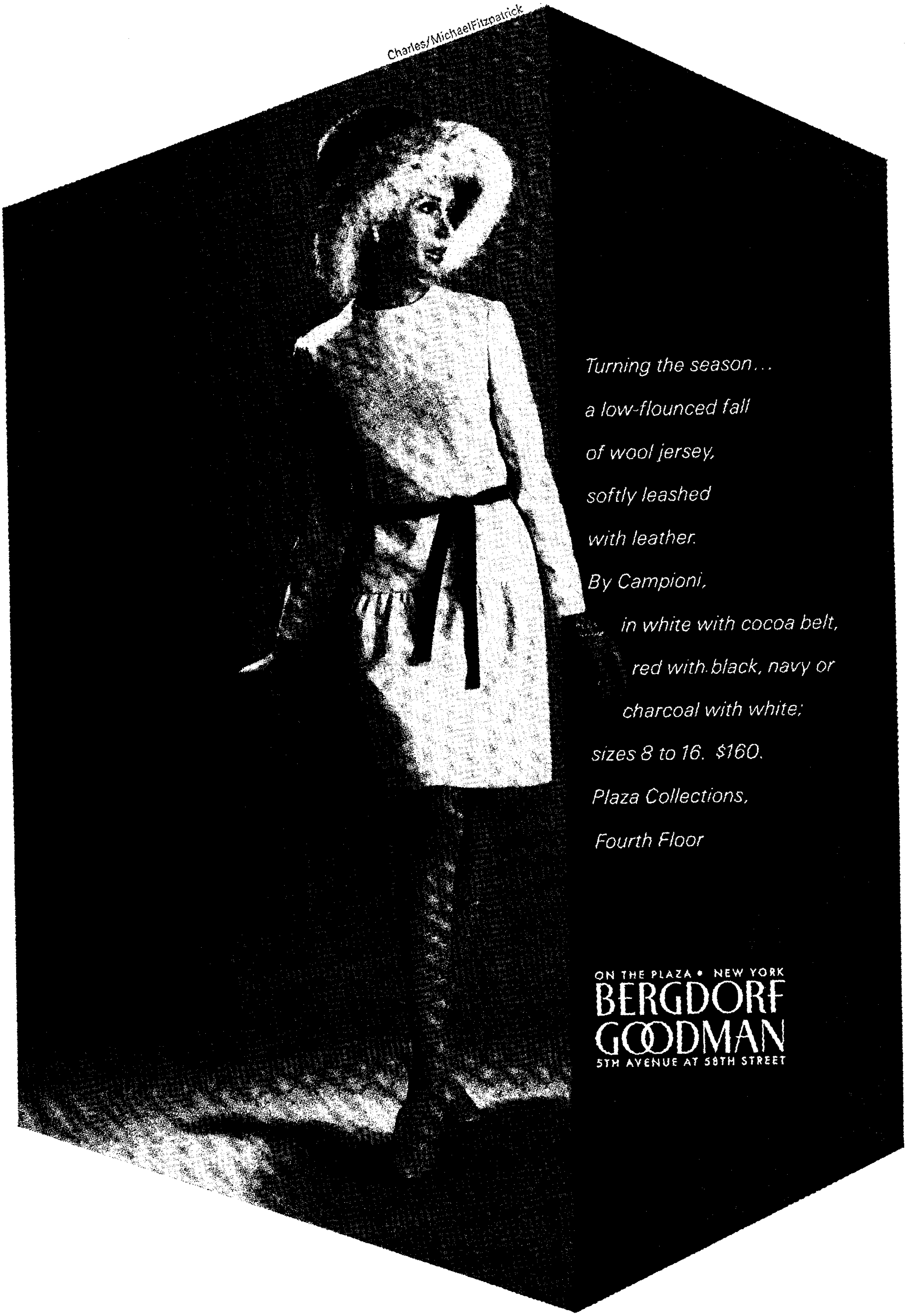

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two plays alternating weekly—Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **DADDY GOODNESS** through Sunday, Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Peter Weiss's **SONG OF THE LUSITANIAN BOGEY**, translated by Lee Baxandall, from Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, Sept. 1.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** Tom Stoppard's account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on R. & G. instead of on Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St.. W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Moves on Tuesday, Aug. 20, to the Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St., 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes

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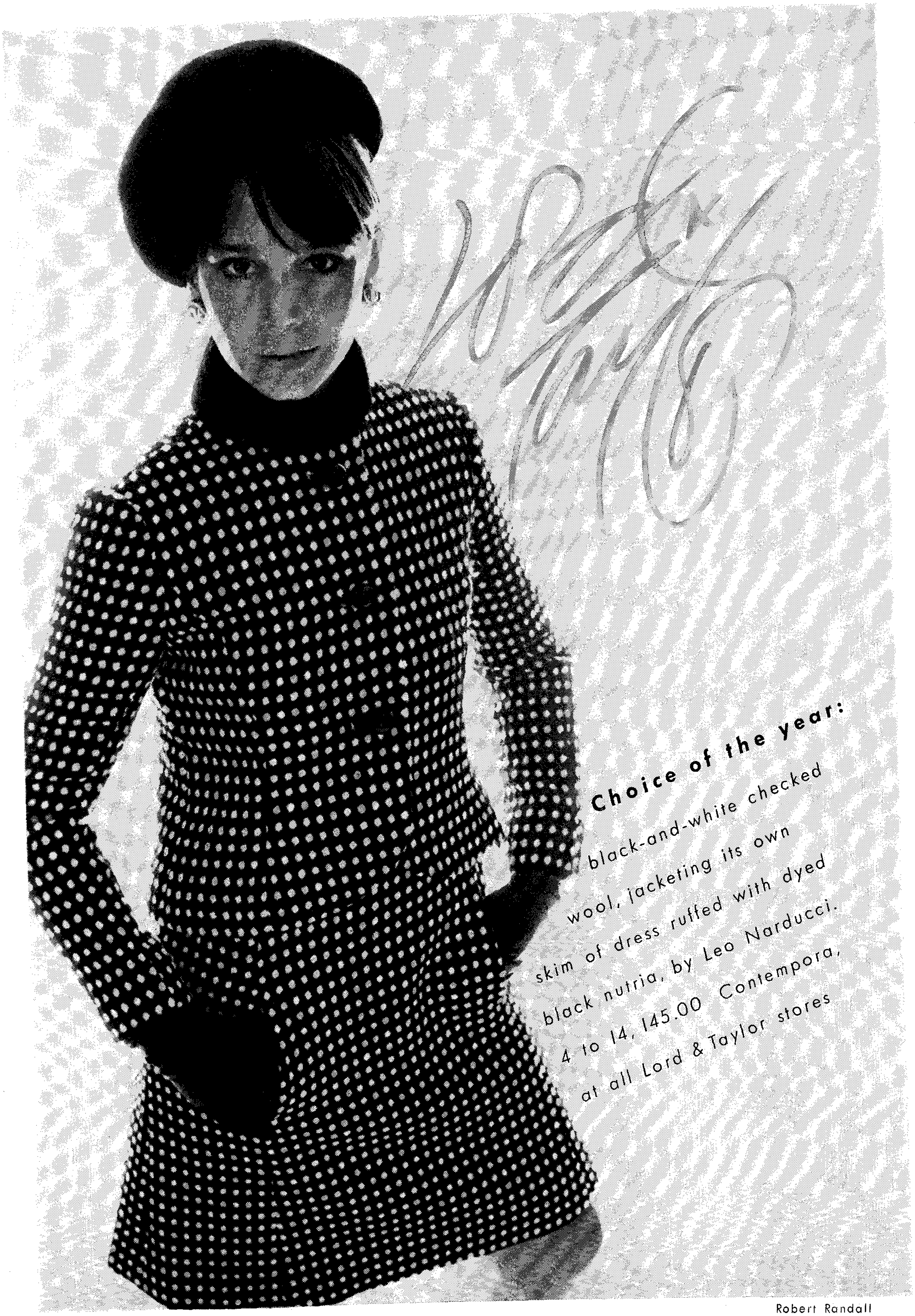

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** One, two, three, four, testing. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ROMEO AND JULIET,** with Martin Sheen, Susan McArthur, Charlotte Rae, and Joe Bova. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC,** with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 2. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Funny fellow David Steinberg will be there through Sunday, Aug. 18. Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker is also part of the show, and starting Wednesday, Aug. 21, Kensington Market, a rock band, will join Walker. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—The Sidetrack, a six-man group, is the principal act in this dim, congenial coffeehouse. Starting Friday, Aug. 16, the Junior Wells Blues Band will take over. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. A quintet led by Ruby Braff and Zoot Sims plays, and some Italian dishes are served. On Sunday, Aug. 18, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present, as one of its monthly specials, Buck Clayton and the All-Stars. Braff, Sims, et al. will follow at about ten. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Downstairs and unimposing; notable for its entertainment, which currently involves the John Hammond trio (nightly except Mondays), singer-guitarist Buzz Linhart (every night), Buddy Guy's formidable blues band (through Saturday, Aug. 17), and acoustic-guitarist Hal Waters (also through Saturday, Aug. 17). After two-thirty, visiting artists often turn up for jam sessions. Dancing is encouraged.

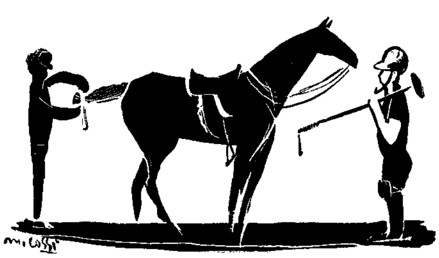
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers play nightly; on Tuesday, Aug. 20, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will move in; on Saturday, Aug. 17, from five to nine, the Giuseppi Logan quartet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Aug. 18, from five to nine, the Substructure, an eight-man, five-tuba ensemble, will do the same. Monday, Aug. 19, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Joe Carroll.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Bola Sete trio or—starting Tuesday, Aug. 20—the Les McCann trio. On Mondays, those people are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Carmen McRae shares the stage with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20, she will share it with the Eddie Harris quartet and the Gary Burton quartet. Mondays are set aside for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Its current occupant is the George Benson quartet and, on Fridays and Saturdays, the Bill Evans trio will be there, too. Monday, Aug. 19, is reserved for the loud and sometimes startling sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 20, the Epitomé will replace the F.B. *Dining is possible.* Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. T.I.M.E. alternates with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, Aug. 20, Sly and the Family Stone will start alternating. On Monday, Aug. 19, at eight-thirty, the mixed-media Electric Ear series continues, with Lejaren Hiller conducting his "Machine Music" and other works for tape, computer, musicians, and dancers. The regular show will follow at about ten. Alcohol is out.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded music from nine to three or four through the week and from eight on Fridays. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Closed Mondays.

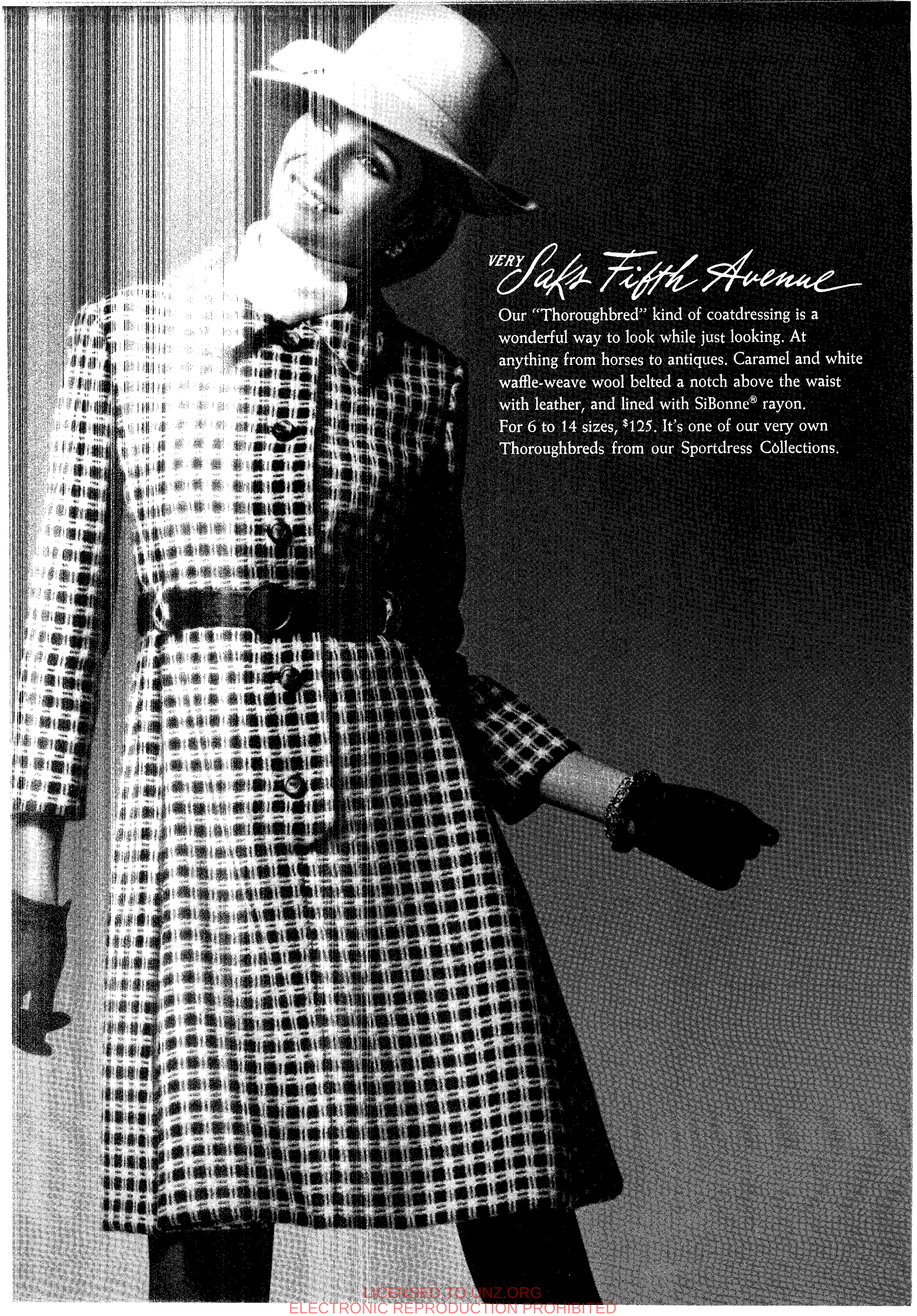
L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from ten till closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Ada Cavallo sings and the Mark Donald trio plays. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live sound of the Spaceship alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): As for people who need people (however few they may be today), they will find surcease in the lieder of a remarkable new Helen O'Connell, who, putting aside the trappings of the Dorsey years and paying no mind to mannerism, sings quietly and true-blue from the bottom of what must be a very big heart. She arrives twice, during dinner and supper; Phil Wayne's band is there practically all the time until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The Roof, being ninety-nine-and-forty-four-hundredths pure escapism, floats, and grandly, well above smog level, while the orchestras of Quintero and Joseph Sudy trade places on the podium from seven-thirty until two. Further floating is done by Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann, a ballroom team, who show up twice a night. All quiet, however, Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's band begins its vacation on Monday, Aug. 19, but Johnny Mince's crew is all set to step in. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): You'd swear you were in the Post-Time lounge of the Frontier Hotel when Bobby Sherwood's band begins its casual, meet-the-people act, which is, curiously, a very modern sort of nostalgia. The Eddy McGinnis band is simply a tub-thumper. The music commences at six, ends at one-thirty. But no blowing on Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Old Colonial artifacts like the foxtrot and the two-step have been in the family so long that someone has set up a big, comfortable *musée* for them and their practitioners. There, every night but Monday, they are on view, unhampered by practitioners of the new, disassociational dances. Seven-thirty until one, mostly, but Sundays begin at 3:30 P.M., Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Summer camp for adults, and without camp councillors, so it is possible, on the outdoor terrace, for diners who dance to improvise their own special athletics. The music starts at seven-thirty every night, and runs on until after midnight.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The amiable Totie Fields, celebrated weight lifter and compulsive talker, has been activated in the Royal Box. Dinner and supper are her times of night; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—In the Château's big new home, Spain can be seen to have grown by leaps and bounds, many of them offered up by the very young Miguel Sandoval and his ballerinas. Los Chavales de España and their easy-does-it new-form folklore fill the rest of the evening. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays, except that Los Chavales hibernate every Sunday. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The plentiful supply of statuary in the exhibit hall is all living, for it is made entirely of girl. This pleasant conceit leads to a great big formless, sometimes mindless revue, which is punctuated by Lynda Gloria, an admirable example of Parisian music-hall chanteuse and catalyst. Twice a night is the rule for the extravaganza, forever and a night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Saturday, Aug. 17, is the last chance to hear Dana Valery, a small but resolute defier of all the traditions that convert night-life sopranos into baker's dozens. She's in evidence in the Persian Room at dinner, and at supper, too, on Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Aug. 19, the new arrivals will be Freda Payne, soprano, and Pat Rolle, tenor, who are also new faces. Their week's work will be on the same schedule. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue to proceed at their customary brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ A pianoforte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then—every night but Friday and Saturday—moves on to the Edwardian Room. And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, a violin begins its wooing of the local muse. The music runs until one, but Sundays are silent.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

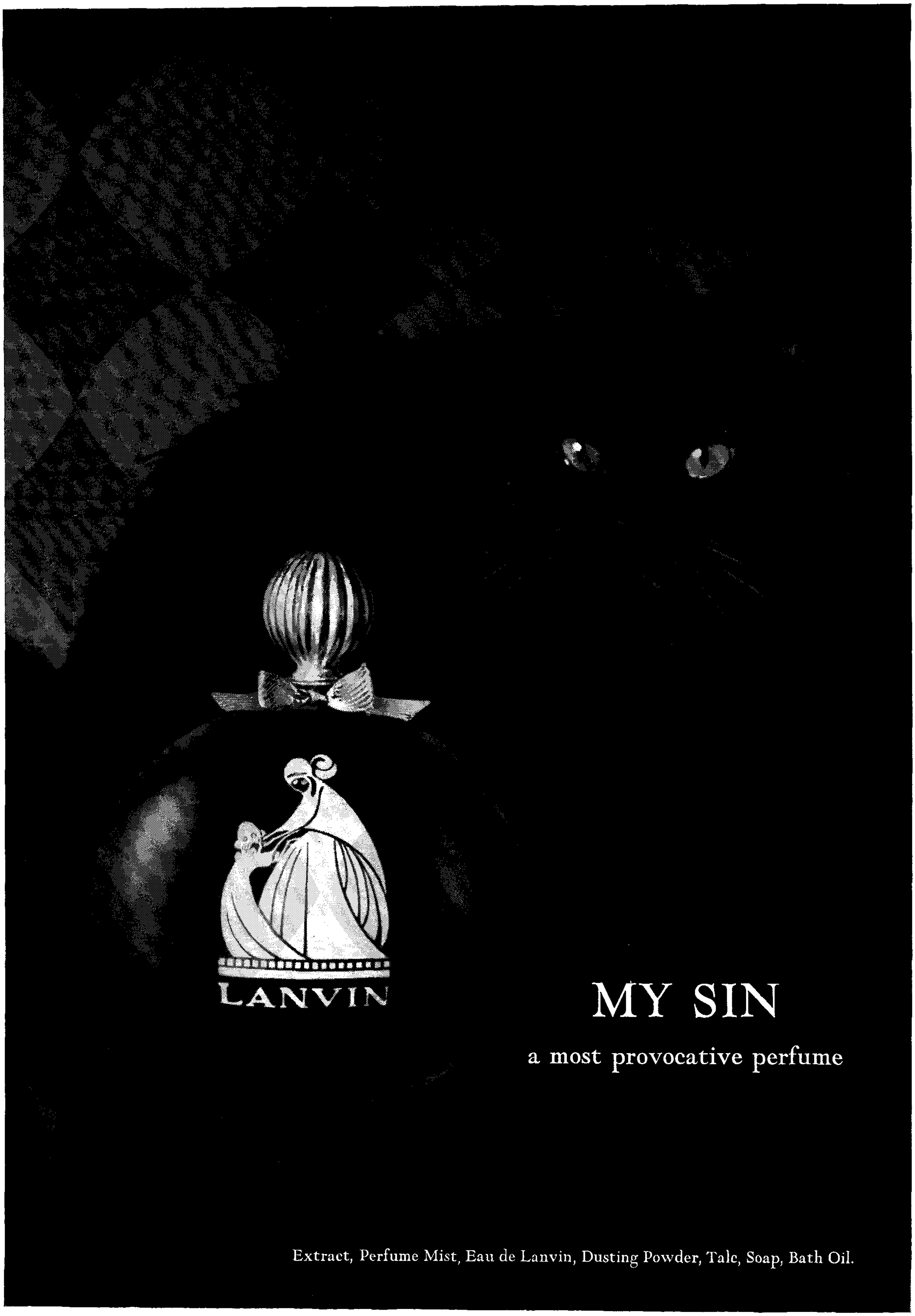
(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' local *pied à terre* is on short rations (Monday through Thursday) during the summer, but the piano of Lynn Mullinax, which begins at eight, keeps the franchise going in the proper mood. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closes after Saturday, Aug. 17, for a vacation. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): There are times when it does seem, as one casts an eye about the happy premises, that the don't-trust-anyone-over-eighteen regiment is communing only with itself and the modish, modernist music of Chuck Wayne's triad, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Fear not the Greeks bearing guitars, the Armenians bearing ouds, the Israelis bearing banter, for they make common cause in this new republic on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, the jokers; George Mgrdichian is the oudist, and Yasmine is a dancer who throws her *ventre* to the four *vents* with great grace and facility. One may dine as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are hard at it from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest's songs and piano cheer this den of propinquity, where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday. There are other players, too, none of whom need be entered in a memory book.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best is what the customers who listen to Cy Walter's forty-finger piano exercises get. Dinner until one is the schedule. On Sundays, Allan Haig is Mr. W.'s alter ego. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not exactly a château on the Loire, but there *is* a drawbridge across a much smaller stream. At the inner end, the violin of Norbert Faconi, as well as nourishment, awaits the weary traveller until late at night. All quiet Sundays, and only piano on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!)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Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A retrospective show of New York *in its Edith Wharton days. In the bar,* a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** *in the* Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though *never* on Sunday or Monday. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Muriel Roberts, a girl keyboard operator with—wonder of wonders—a firm left hook as well as a solid right, does advanced cocktail and dinner music between Monday and Friday every week.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Friday, Aug. 23. . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Sept. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays noon to 6—provided, of course, that the Museum has solved its labor problems and is open.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (*Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to* 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Sunday, Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

MOZART-HAYDN FESTIVAL—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 15: The Amadeus Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: Antonio Janigro conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as cello soloist. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 19: Lawrence Foster conducting the orchestra, with Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, pianos, and Paul Ingraham, horn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20: Tony Randall and Robert Symonds reading from Mozart's letters, with a program of music for one and two pianos played by Mr. Frank and Miss Kallir. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21: Lawrence Foster conducting the orchestra, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and William Read, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22: The Galimir Quartet, with Walter Klien, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Jascha Silberstein, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JAZZ IN THE GARDEN—Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: **BUDDY GUY.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: **RICHIE HAVENS.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled; in the event of a continuation of the Museum's labor troubles, the question won't even come up.)

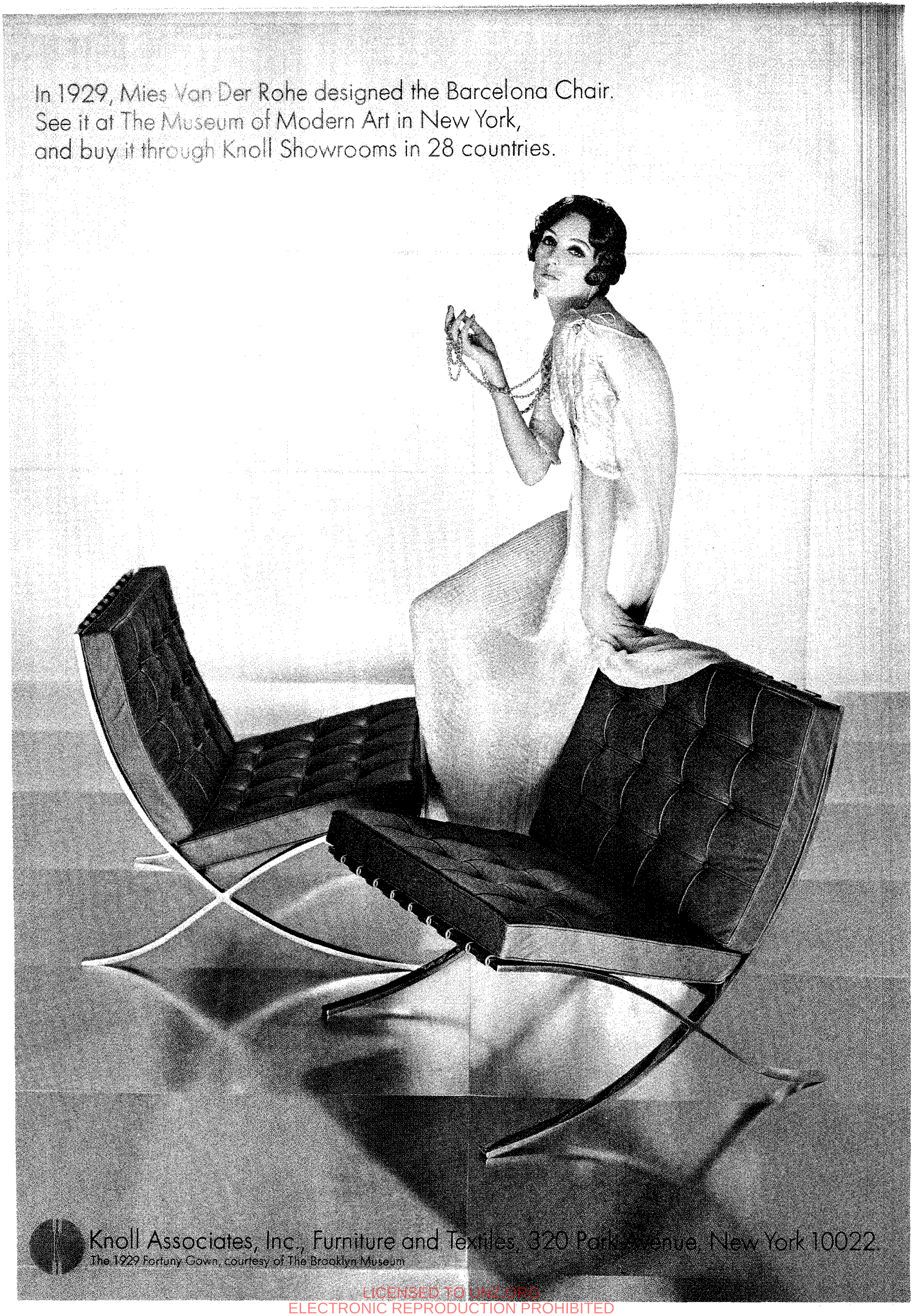
NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 17, at 7: Ray Charles and his orchestra and the Raelets, Miles Davis's quintet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, the Ahmad Jamal trio, Jimmy Witherspoon, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 6: Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, Arthur Prysock, Morgo Santamaria and his orchestra, Dick Gregory, the Lou Donaldson quartet, Jimmy Witherspoon, and others. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Julius Rudel directing the last two in this summer's series of park concerts, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; William DuPree, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and the All-City High School Chorus—**PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn. (Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.). . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL,** Bronx. (Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 16: Tom Paxton and Patrick



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Little Richard and the Chambers Brothers. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 19: The Paul Butterfield Blues Band and Tim Buckley. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 21: Country Joe and the Fish and Eric Andersen. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24: Herbie Mann and Cal Tjader. (Evenings at 8 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Frank Colasanto conducting the New York Symphonic Band. (Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

DELACORTE THEATRE—Edward T. Harn directing two free concerts by the School Band and School Chorus of America. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 17-18, at 3.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 16, at 7: A recital by Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Patricia Peardon, narrator; the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: Karel Ancerl conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Peter Nero, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: A recital by Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano, and Charles Wilson, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Wagner program, with Miss Kuhse; Jess Thomas, tenor; and David Ward, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with the Berkshire Chorus and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Masuko Ushioda, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Ivan Davis, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Simon & Garfunkel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Pete Seeger and Bernice Reagon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a varied program, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Viennese music, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Saratoga Springs.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: With Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: With Philippe Entremont, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Anna Marie Holmes and David Holmes, Don Redlich, and Lotte Goslar and her company. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 22-24: Eleanor d'Antuono and Ivan Nagy, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Sahomi Tachibana. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances—Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Paul Taylor Dance

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: The Doris Humphrey Fellows. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 23, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24-25, at 2.

Boxing—Ismael Laguna vs. Lloyd Marshall, lightweights, 10 rounds; Benny Briscoe vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds; and Frankie Narvaez vs. Antonio Amaya, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 21; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Soccer—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Generals vs. Washington, Sunday, Aug. 18, at 11:30. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Real Madrid of Spain, Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30. . . . **DOWNING STADIUM,** Kandalls Island: Generals vs. Oakland, Friday, Aug. 23, at 8.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Friday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-25.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Aug. 15 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Queen Christina" (1933), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Painted Veil" (1934), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 11:30: "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dmitri Kirsanov, and "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Anna Karenina" (1935), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Camille" (1937), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Conquest" (1937), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. If the Museum is still closed by a strike, take a walk in Central Park.)

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Re-Nutriv Liquid-Creme Foundation is a hand-blended formula enriched with Estee Lauder's famous creme of creams and whipped to a soft, smooth texture so good your skin will eat it up. In six new fashion-perfected shades, It gives your complexion

- complete coverage
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- magnificent finish

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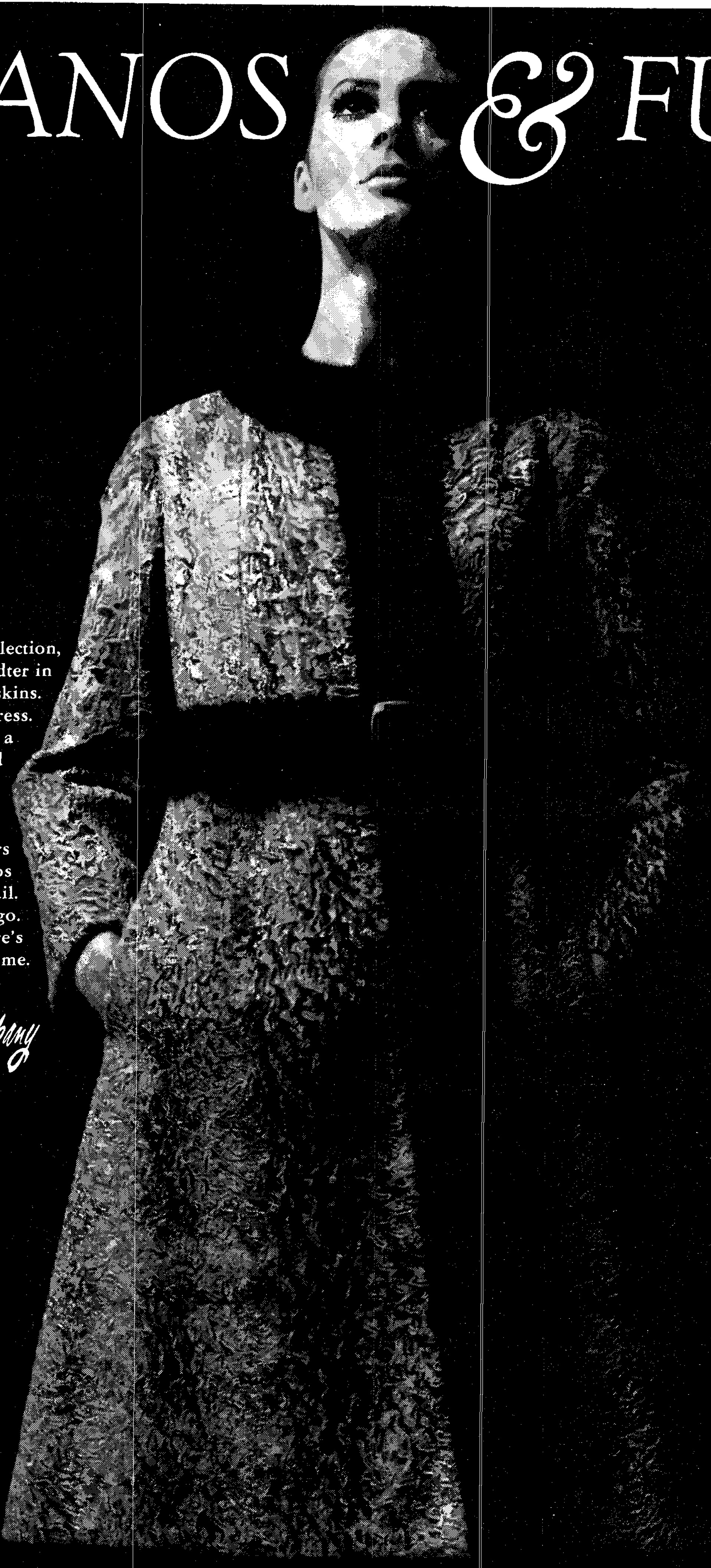

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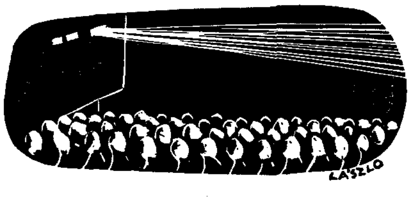
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



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Bedazzled—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock; he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 21.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Aug. 21. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. (In Swedish at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. . . . ¶ In English at the 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ In Swedish at the Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 20.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—Carries forward Ingmar Bergman's moving technical achievements in "Persona." He has mastered a quiet, attentive, fluid form to observe inner life, free of the brutish jolts of schemes that depend on narrative. In his direction of Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann he observes the minute details of a relationship between two people without dramatics or pretense of omniscience. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 21.)

Hunger—A very fine film by Henning Carlsen from Knut Hamsun's Norwegian novel about a writer in the eighteen-nineties. The central character, played by Per Oscarsson with brilliant variants of self-mockery and paranoia, is starved for food and famished for work; it is as true an account of a stalemated creative temperament as we have seen. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Petulia—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, deeply alive to modern kinds of distress, with Lester's best direction yet of actors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 90th, AC 2-1200.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets mysteriously pregnant under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Stranger—Luchino Visconti's gallant attempt to do justice to the Camus novel. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 21.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Young Törless—The best German film seen in New York since Alexander Kluge's "Yesterday Girl," made by Volker Schlöndorff from the 1906 novel by Robert Musil about a vicious apprenticeship in atrocity at a military academy. Beautifully made and acted, with a score by Hans Werner Henze. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Aug. 17.)

REVIVALS

Ashes and Diamonds (1959)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 19.)

Beauty and the Beast (1947)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 18.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 15.)

Contempt (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Aug. 17.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 21.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Aug. 17.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 21.)

Funeral in Berlin (1966)—A complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring Michael Caine. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 20.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through Aug. 20.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; Aug. 17-20.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Ordet (1957)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 20.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 20.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-20.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 21.)

The Silence (1964)—A chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 17.)

The Titan: Story of Michelangelo (1950)—A documentary film, directed by Robert Flaherty and narrated by Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; starting Aug. 21.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 20.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-20.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 16.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PRODUCERS.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 20: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 21: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Aug. 16: "Racket Busters," revival, Humphrey Bogart, George Brent; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
Aug. 17-20: **KEY LARGO,** revival; and "All Through the Night," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre.
From Aug. 21: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Zita" (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HUNGER (in Swedish).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Girl with Three Camels," a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Aug. 18: "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
From Aug. 19: "Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.

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Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 17: **YOUNG TÖRLESS** (in German).
From Aug. 18: "Hugs and Kisses" (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 21: "Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 20: **GEORGY GIRL,** revival; and "A Raisin in the Sun," revival, Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil.
From Aug. 21 (tentative): "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Aug. 17: **CONTEMPT** (in French), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 18-20: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 21: **FAHRENHEIT 451,** revival; and "To Be a Crook" (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 20: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **FUNERAL IN BERLIN,** revival.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 20: **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival; and "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," revival, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 20: "Never a Dull Moment," Dick Van Dyke, Edward G. Robinson.
From Aug. 21: "How Sweet It Is!," James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Revolution," Today Malone.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Lyceum, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
Aug. 15: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.
Aug. 16: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese), revival.
Aug. 17: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 18: **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (in French), revival.
Aug. 19: **ASHES AND DIAMONDS** (in Polish), revival.
Aug. 20: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 21: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON,** revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 21: **DOCTOR DOLITTLE.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Violent Four" (in Italian).

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Robby," John Garces.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
BEDAZZLED.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 21: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **DON'T LOOK BACK,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 20: "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard; and "Up the Down Staircase," revival, Sandy Dennis.
From Aug. 21: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 15: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and **THE TITAN: STORY OF MICHELANGELO,** revival.
Aug. 16: **THE MARK,** revival; and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in French), revival.
Aug. 17: **BREATHLESS** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 18: **CAMILLE,** revival; and "Anna Karenina," revival, Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
Aug. 19: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and four short films on opera and dance.
Aug. 20: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 21: **ORDET** (in Danish), revival; and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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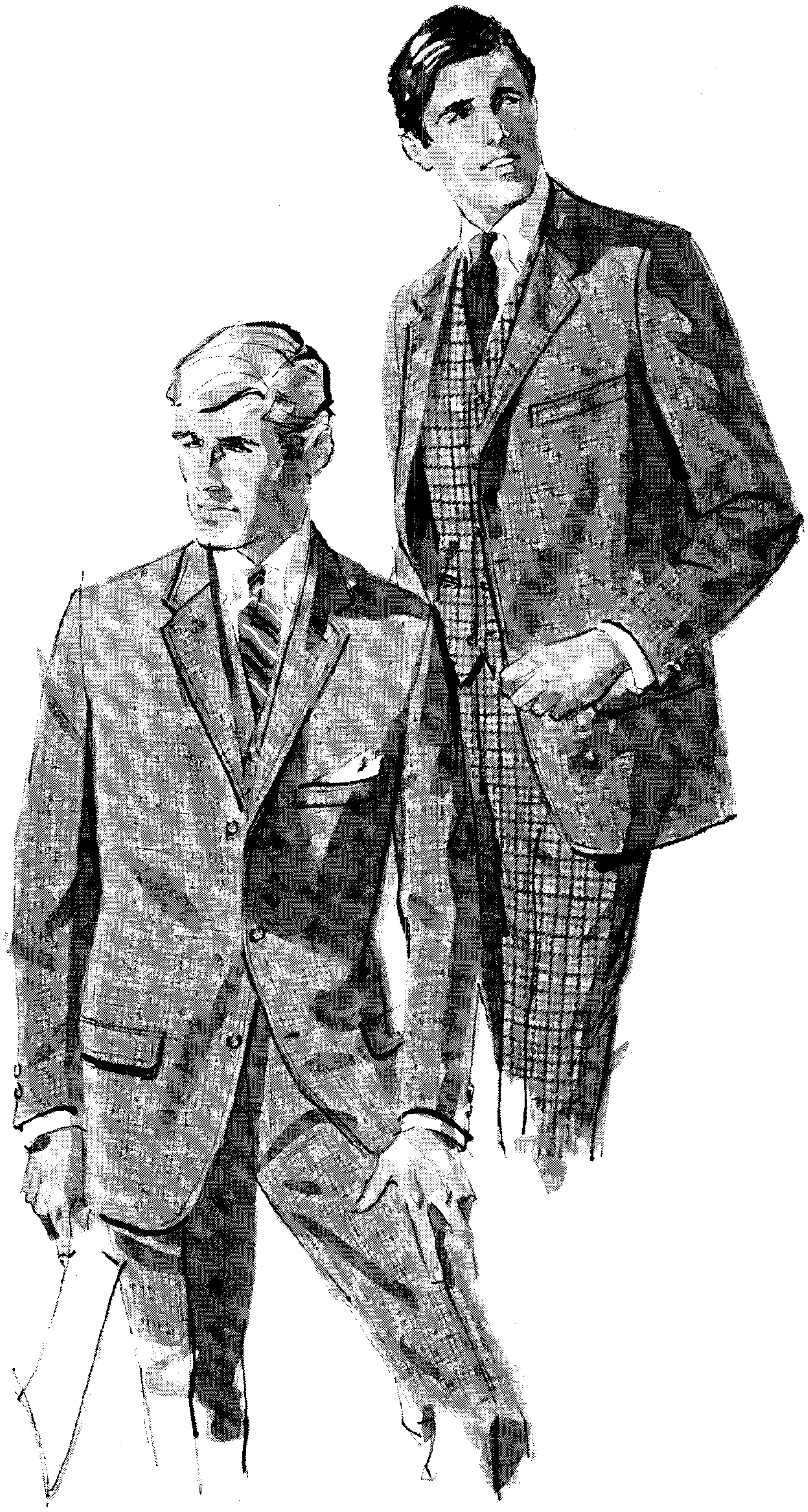
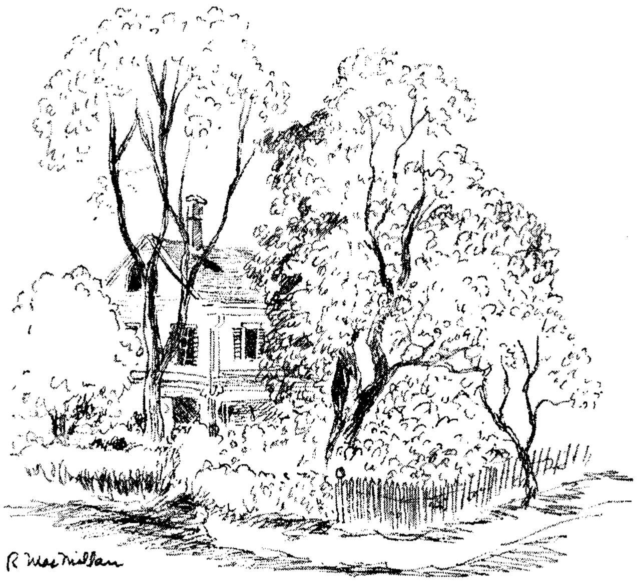


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

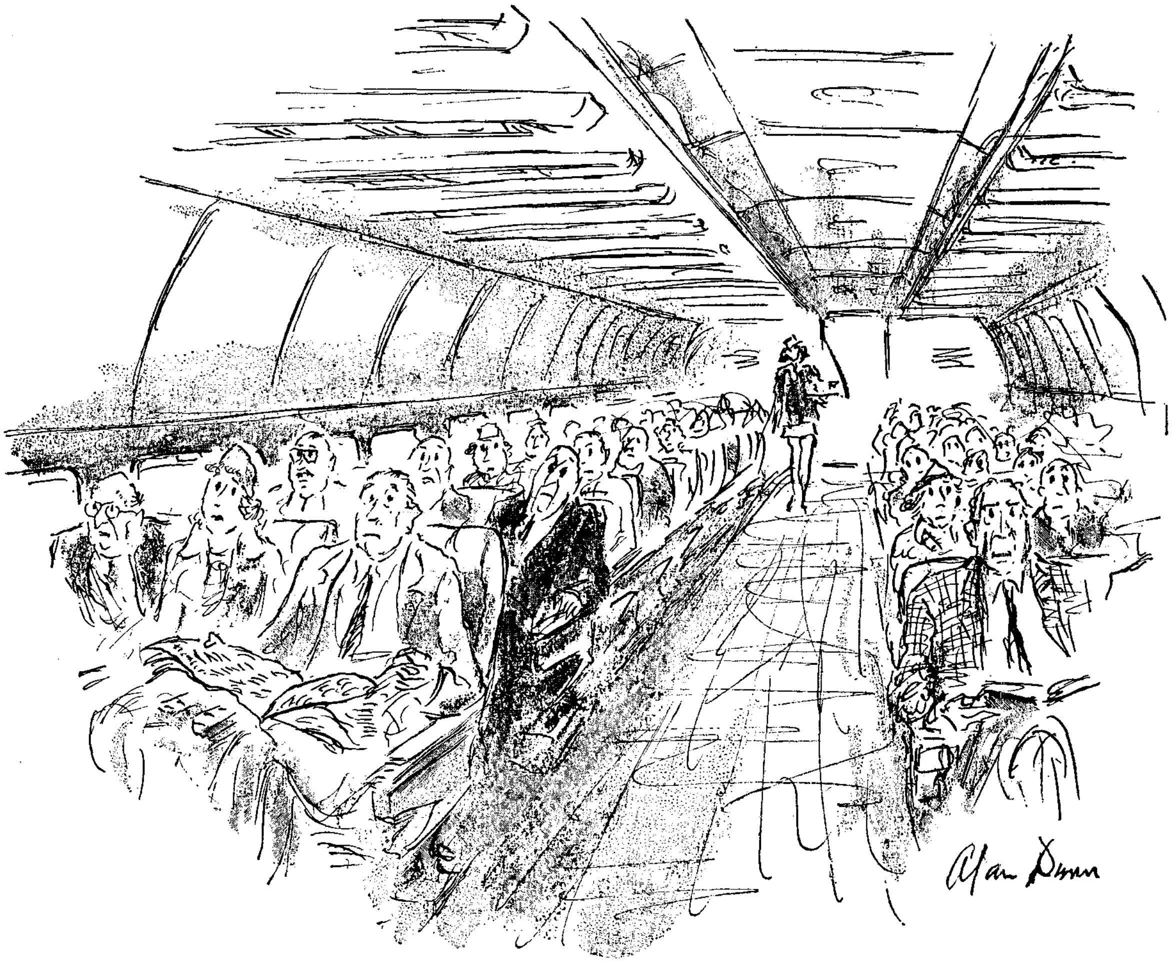
Notes and Comment

WE cannot remember a time when so much cosmic enlightenment came at us from all sides, or when we did so much listening. With so many rugs pulled out, so many foundations crumbled, so many things in question, the air is thick with theory, and a good bit of it blows our way. This reforming spirit animates a communication we have received from a flinty forefather of ours, now forging into his eighties, who insists on being called a grammarian, and who conjugates and declines the times with a characteristic bluntness, not wasting a word. We pass on some of his observations: “I think I last wrote to you about the erosion of adjectives. How trivial that seems compared to the tyranny of nouns under which we are forced to live these days! Now, that fellow McNamara—he was one of the worst noun-perpetrators in linguistic history. Instead of just thinking, he would take certain concepts under advisement. I ask you! Of course, politicians and military gentlemen are peculiarly susceptible to noun-think—they like nothing more than to reduce their complexities to a series of counters that can be moved about on a board. But now it has seeped into everybody, and we stagger under a woeful weight of nouns and noun clusters. ‘Credibility gap’—what kind of pussyfooting is that? Surely *somebody* must be *lying*! The verbs are withering away from disuse—nobody talks anymore as if he were *doing* anything. Instead, he has attributes, or a potential. Everything is translated into a possession. For somebody to have an intelligence quotient of 147 doesn’t say much about him to me. What is he *doing*? When people use nouns excessively, it’s a sure sign that they are backing off from reality. It’s that chessboard neatness again. ‘Exploring the concept of personal responsibility.’ Noun-jargon used to be attributed to Germanic influences, but that’s nonsense—it’s a habit of speech and mind, and one of the more appalling ones, if you ask me. And then you get these young people rebelling. Or ‘the generation gap,’ as our theoreticians say. Doesn’t anyone realize that it’s a rebellion against a way of using language, as much as anything? They’ve been beaten over the head with nouns all their lives, and they want some movement instead. Nouns muffle and pigeonhole. I look for the Rising of the Verbs. Act! Do something! Go, go, go! It never seems properly to dawn on anyone that he exists for others more or less in how he puts himself into words. Politicians haven’t paid anything like enough attention to this notion. That awful public language, which has just ceased to mean! The young don’t want to harden into nouns one bit. They want to live rather than just to be in possession of life, they want to *do* something rather than simply to achieve status, and they’ve realized that the noun-wielders only obscure their realities. I regret that they seem to be taking refuge in inarticulacy, but at least they fly a few blunt verbs from their mastheads. No possessions, no nouns, no theories. Go, go, go, or at least be prepared for an age of go, go, go. Parse or perish! We shall be the healthier for the verbs, although I am a bit too old for them. But I have never been a noun man, ever. My resting place, grammatically speaking, is the present participle—brooding, sleeping, and, I suppose, dying. It has the proper air of contained activity, of suspended motion, and is never really stuffy or still. I leave you the Age of Verbs, a stormy one but one that is thoroughly necessary, I assure you. Don’t take any wooden concepts, now.”



Coffee

A PLEASANT place this summer for anyone not completely devoted to Brazilian coffee has been a small, impromptu sidewalk café set up by some people (the National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia) who are completely devoted to *Colombian* coffee, and who have gone about proselytizing by serving free iced (Colombian) coffee in a little plastic glass to anyone who chances to stroll by their headquarters, on Fifty-seventh Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues. We strolled by their headquarters the other day, and noticed a number of attractive waitresses in very short miniskirts; five little white tables; some little orange chairs; some little black chairs; one young man with a camera; and ten middle-aged ladies suffering from varying degrees of heat prostration. The young man and the middle-aged ladies were sipping iced coffee from plastic glasses. We also noticed that the café itself was



"This is your captain. We are now approaching the New York area, and we have every hope of landing sometime in the foreseeable future."

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bean. At the top was a balcony, on which were displayed cans of all those brands of coffee that have the good sense to include Colombian coffee in their blend. There was also a map of Colombia covered with little pins, yellow and white. The yellow stood for "coffee-growing areas," Miss Jaramillo said, and the white for "Federation offices." She pointed to an area that was particularly full of pins, both yellow and white, and told us that that was Medellín, the city she was from. "In Medellín, it is spring all the time, which is *very* good for the coffee," she said.

On the way back down the stairs, we asked about Juan Valdéz, the figure the Federation has put forward on American television to represent Colombian coffee, and Miss Jaramillo told us that Juan Valdéz had been present *in person* at the opening of the sidewalk café, in June; that everyone at the opening, including her, had been dressed in native costume (Mr. Valdéz, of course, is rarely out of native costume); and that she and Mr. Valdéz had danced together. "It is very difficult now, because many people are confusing Juan Valdéz with El Exigente, who is promotion for *Brazilian* coffee," she said. "I understand. I was confused myself."

done up in yellow and blue and red, which we assumed (correctly) to be the national colors of Colombia. Everything seemed colorful and tidy. We were impressed by this, and we were interested in a sign informing us that a Free Exhibit inside would show us just why Colombian coffee is the best.

We went in to the exhibit area, on the ground floor of the building behind the café, and were immediately confronted by any number of confusing things—pictures, arts, crafts, mirrors, and a stairway winding around a pictorial Story of Coffee. Since we wouldn't dream of trying to work our way through anything so formidable by ourself, we headed for the offices of the Federation, on the third floor, to look for help. We found it in the person of Miss Lucy Jaramillo, who, we discovered, doesn't work for the Federation at all ("They are the rich ones," she said) but for the Colombian government. Miss Jaramillo, who is attractive and lively, told us that she had been in the United States for four years and had worked for the Colombian government for seven months, and that working for the Colombian government was "fantastic." She agreed (after a short period during which we must have looked very helpless, and seemed very ill-informed about coffee and its finer points) to guide us.

"Here," said Miss Jaramillo as we returned to the exhibit area, "we always keep the promotion of coffee and the exhibit. We have had several exhibits, including the Gold Museum of precious objects from Colombia. This exhibit is not as interesting as the Gold Museum, but it is interesting." The exhibit, which was effectively arranged, consisted largely of blown-up photographs of Colombia, most of them suspended from the ceiling by wires. ("Country Store of Art Crafts in Chiquinquirá" was one we noticed.) We walked among them, skirting some big boxes in strong primary colors which were distributed about the floor, and then set off with Miss Jaramillo for the Story of Coffee stairway. We climbed the stairs, but though there was a chapter in the Story of Coffee for almost every step, we learned (probably because of inattention) very little about the progress of the coffee

We suggested that Miss Jaramillo come out to the café with us and have a glass of iced coffee, and she agreed. We soon found that iced Colombian coffee (which, as it is served on Fifty-seventh Street, is frothy and a little bitter) isn't bad at all.

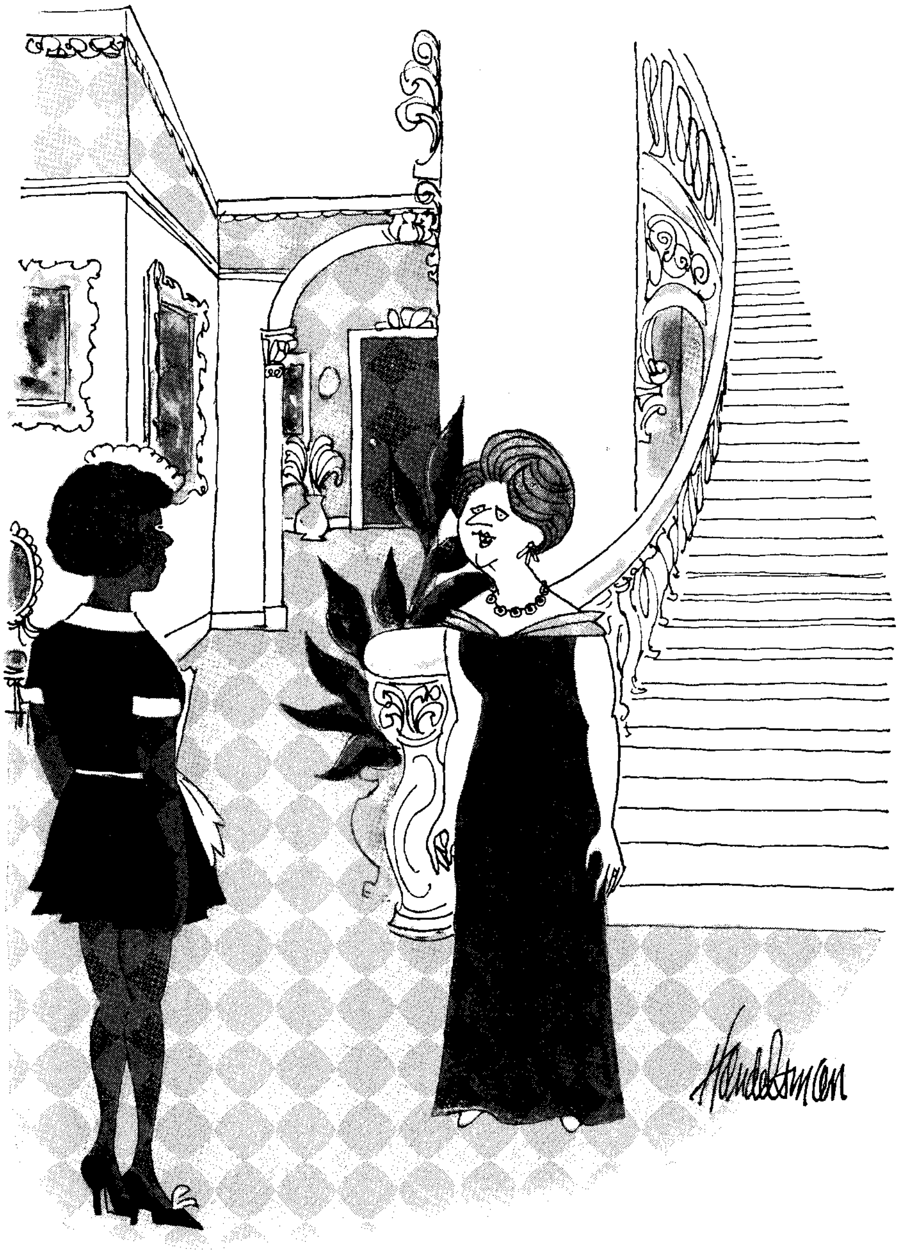
Detail

A LADY of our acquaintance has for some years dealt with a picture framer whose receipts for objects left in his possession are invariably conscientious. When she buys a print in his shop and has it framed there, the receipt reads, "Store Print." When she brings in a family photograph for framing, the receipt reads, "Customer's Own Photograph." Her husband recently shot a splendidly colorful mandarin duck in Ireland, and she decided to frame the feathers and present them to him as a birthday gift. Her receipt read, meticulously, "Customer's Own Feathers."

Stargazing

THE Department of Parks and the Hayden Planetarium have been jointly running a series of stargazing sessions on alternate Wednesday nights in the middle of the Great Lawn, to the north of the Delacorte Theatre and just out of range of its stage lights. Accordingly, on a recent Wednesday, at eleven o'clock, we turned into Central Park south of the Metropolitan Museum, whose façade was floodlit as if for a performance of *son et lumière*. The sky, too, was illuminated, like the façade of a building, for a thick overcast picked up the reddish lights of the city below; the murk over Times Square was bright orange. The clouds did not seem to augur well for stargazing. However, Dr. Fred C. Hess, the astronomer in charge of the night's event, had told us that he would hold the session, clouds or no. He said that he likes to think of himself as a master of ceremonies introducing a cast of stars to stargazers, and that this is something he can do even when the stars are behind a curtain of clouds. "My only worry is that they will be doing 'Henry IV, Part I' at the Shakespeare Festival," he said. "The Battle of Shrewsbury is hard to compete with. The cannon is so loud that it reverberates off the buildings on Fifth Avenue." (Happily, the Shakespeare Festival was doing "Henry IV, Part II," which is a quieter play.) What with the Shakespeare Festival, the cyclists, and the mounted police, the Park is safer at night than it used to be; nonetheless, we were glad to fall in with a young couple who were also making their way across the Park to the Great Lawn. They had been having a nightcap at the café outside the Stanhope Hotel when they saw the sign a little south of the Museum announcing the stargazing. "We don't see many stars, which is why we decided to come," said the girl. Her boyfriend said, "It doesn't look like we're going to see many tonight, either." However, as we pushed deeper into the Park, getting farther away from the lights on Fifth Avenue, the sky darkened, too, and overhead, through a jagged hole in the clouds, a solitary star shone down.

Dr. Hess was standing near the center of the Great Lawn, surrounded by a shadowy group of about sixty stargazers. From the Delacorte Theatre came rhetorical cadences of iambic pentameter, as faint and undefined as the trees around the Great Lawn. In the night, everything is gray, as though one were inside a black-and-white photograph. We sat down on the soft gray grass beside a young girl, a hippie wearing granny eyeglasses and a long gray checked-gingham skirt, which under the light might have been checked with red and white, like a tablecloth. Dr. Hess was talking about the one star visible overhead—Vega, which, together with Altair, invisible behind the clouds to the south, and Deneb, invisible to the northeast, helps form the Summer Triangle. As he spoke, the rent in the clouds raced on, snuffing out the Summer Triangle's only visible point. From the Delacorte Theatre there was a sudden ripple of applause. "If it were clear tonight, we would be able to see two thousand stars," Dr. Hess said defensively. He was wearing a plaid sports jacket, a white shirt, and a pair of dark slacks. He was reduced to reminiscing about other nights of stargazing, when the stars *were* there. "You haven't seen the sky until you have been to sea," he said, and paused while a group of cyclists who had joined the stargazers put down their bicycles to sit on the grass. Because the grass was getting dewy, some of the earlier arrivals arose and stood at the rear of the group. "In August, 1956, when I was on a ship com-



"The guests will be arriving any minute now. Please, Amanda, try to Uncle Tom it a little just for tonight."

ing back from Spain, I was standing on the deck looking east when the planet Mars burst forth over the horizon," Dr. Hess went on. "Mars was golden orange and as big as a soccer ball." Before he could explain this phenomenon, someone shouted from the fringe of the group, "Hey! A star!"

Dr. Hess wheeled to the southeast, where a golden-red star, which he identified as Antares, shone brightly through a rift in the clouds. A burst of trumpets and alarums came from the theatre, and then Antares vanished. Dr. Hess immediately pointed to the southwest and said, "There's Arcturus."

"Look, it's moving!" someone else shouted, but Dr. Hess said reassuringly that Arcturus wasn't moving; it was just that the swiftly streaming clouds made it look as if it were. He pointed out that Arcturus shines with a yellow light, which means that it is approximately the same temperature as our sun. At night, the stars shine in brilliant, gemlike colors, but in order to enjoy them one needs to spend about half an hour in a good, dark spot to adapt one's eyes to the surroundings. Then the full beauty of the sky reveals itself, and stars of every color are to be seen.

A man wearing a light-gray parka raised his hand to ask why stars twinkle.

Dr. Hess replied that a star's twinkling has to do with the passage of its light through the atmosphere. A good way to tell the difference between a star and a planet, he added, is that stars twinkle and planets don't.

Instantly, a lady wearing a Garbo hat and rolled up in a blanket raised her hand to ask why planets don't twinkle, too.

Dr. Hess explained that starlight is a very slender beam that appears to emanate from a point, and that the light from the planets, which are closer, is considerably thicker and is therefore not as easily distorted by the atmosphere. As he spoke, the light from Arcturus flickered and finally twinkled out as a cloud, russet from the red neon sign on top of the R.C.A. Building, blotted it.

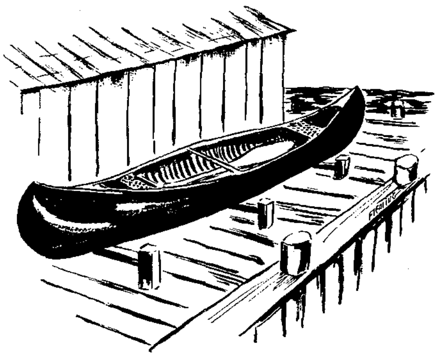
With Arcturus gone, a number of the stargazers got up to go, too. In a loud voice, Dr. Hess reminded everyone that the next evening of stargazing would be on a Sunday instead of a Wednesday, because that was when the Perseid meteor shower, a particularly spectacular one, was due. A half-dozen stargazers gathered around Dr. Hess to ask him some more questions. The lady in the Garbo hat wanted to know whether anyone had ever been hit by a meteor. There had been two such cases, Dr. Hess said. One occurred in Alabama in 1954, when a lady was asleep on her couch in the early afternoon. A meteor fragment crashed through the roof, and hit her, without injuring her seriously. She and her landlady each claimed the meteor, and took their claims to court. The judge awarded the meteor to the woman who had been hit by it. Dr. Hess told the woman in the Garbo hat, "That means that if you're hit by a meteor on Sunday, you get to keep it."

Mouse Story

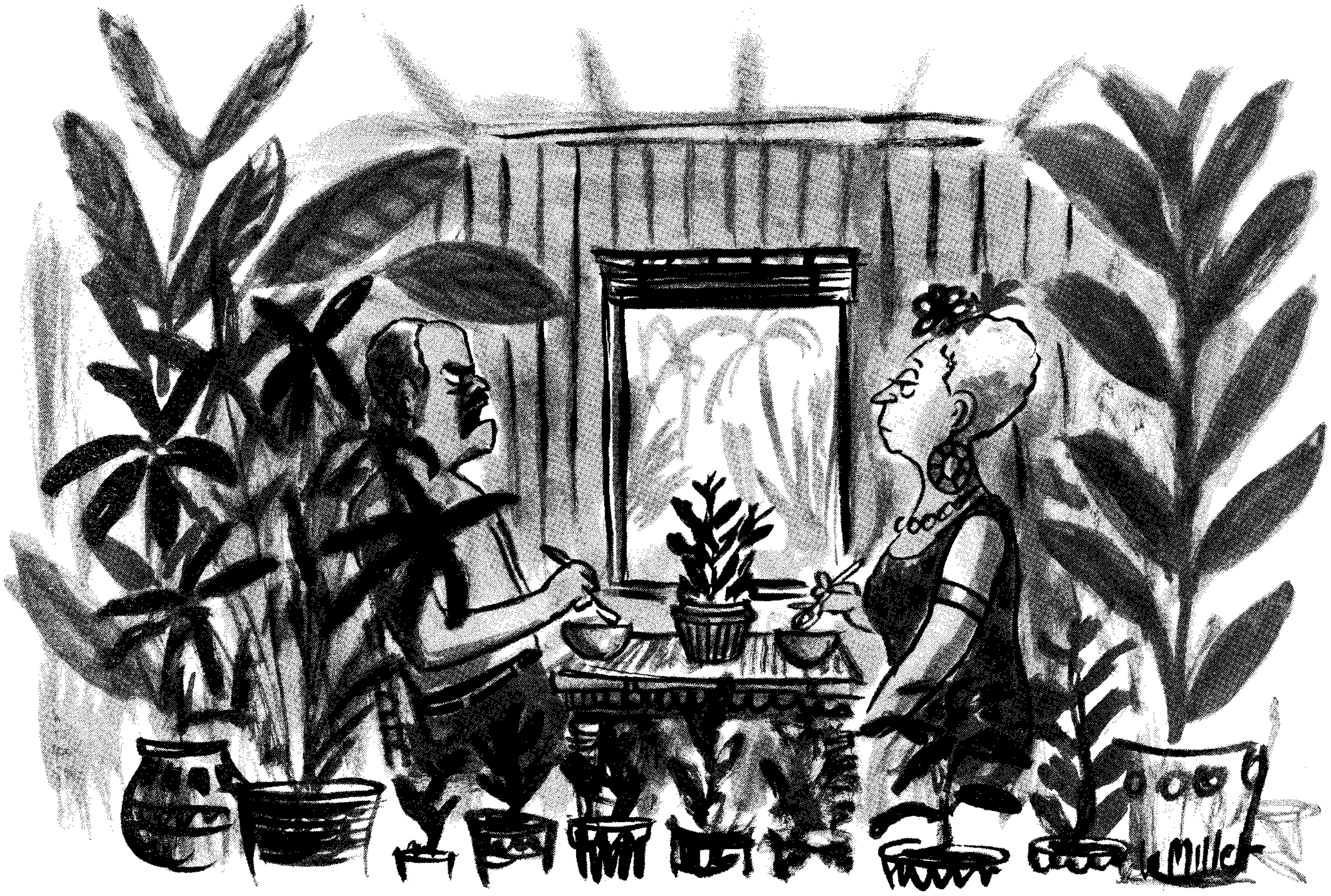
CRISIS on Madison Avenue. An advertising agency's file clerk observed a mouse playing in the files, uttered the appropriate shriek, and phoned Maintenance. Maintenance kept its cool and instantly drew up an order dispatching "one Maintenance worker to fifth floor to chase mouse." Meanwhile, the mouse tired of the files and left to pursue its carefree life elsewhere. Maintenance, armed with his order, searched for the mouse without success for about an hour, and then asked the complainant to please sign his work sheet as "Job completed" and permit him to go about his other tasks. The complainant, well versed in the intricacies of corporate practice, balked. Unless Maintenance furnished some evidence of the mouse, she said, she could not sign the completion order. "Look, lady, the order says 'chase mouse,'" said Maintenance. "It does not say 'produce mouse.' I have chased the mouse." The file clerk pondered the problem for several minutes, and finally placed her signature on the order. End of crisis.

Demonstration

ON Thursday of last week, a group that calls itself the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive ran a full-page ad in the *Times* asking people to attend a demonstration beginning at 12:30 P.M. that day in Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza whose purpose was to encourage world leaders and the United Nations to exert themselves more strenuously in the search for a way to bring relief to the estimated five million people who face starvation in Biafra. "Let's not eat lunch," the advertisement read. "Go to the United Nations and let the world know that no American will ever say: 'But we didn't know.'" We went over to Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza at six o'clock in the evening. There we found about seven hundred people attending the demonstration, and we were told that attendance had reached a peak of about twenty-five hundred at lunchtime. The crowd marched up and down the broad sidewalk in a long loop, keeping in the shade of two rows of trees. At the center of the loop there was a platform with a public-address system, which was playing Bach organ fugues when we arrived and later switched to Beethoven string quartets. Most of the demonstrators wore pins that said "Keep Biafra Alive." These were being sold at a table at one end of the loop, for a minimum of twenty-five cents each. (By six o'clock, a carton used to hold the proceeds from these buttons was half filled with dollar bills.) And while some people were bringing money to buy food for the Biafrans, others were donating the food itself; there were two large and steadily growing piles of canned goods and packaged food on the sidewalk in front of the platform. Occasionally, women joining the demonstration would stop to unload a few cans of tuna fish or boxes of apricots from shopping bags and add them to the piles.



We spoke to Philip Nix, a member of the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive, who spent two years in Biafra as a Peace Corps volunteer, and he told us that the committee had been formed around eight former Peace Corps volunteers who had been in Federal Nigeria or in Biafra. He said that until the war began, the Peace Corps had sent more volunteers to Nigeria than to any other country except India, and that by the middle of 1967 over fifteen hundred volunteers had worked there. We asked Mr. Nix how the committee had got going, and he said, "Some of us just got together at a party, and others called in when they heard about it. A few of us were in the same



"If you love plants so damn much, why can't you just go outside?"

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Peace Corps group and knew each other from Nigeria. We set up an office, and people would walk in off the street and say, 'What can I do?' Or people would call up and say, 'This can't happen!' One man has taken a leave of absence from his job for the whole summer and risks losing it. A girl came in one evening and stayed and worked all night. We feel that the situation in Biafra is intolerable. We're disgusted with the use of the word 'politics' in connection with this famine. We feel that there is a point at which people cease to exist solely for the sake of their government. What we want is an immediate airlift, by the U.N. or by whatever government has the courage to do it. We aren't taking sides politically. I think that we have to ask ourselves what the Nuremberg trials really meant. Are we willing to sit around while a whole people is destroyed?"

The crowd, which grew to well over a thousand as the evening progressed, was composed mostly of people whom we took to be in their twenties. There was a noticeably large proportion of college-age girls, and a peppering of Africans and American Negroes. Some people carried signs consisting of large photographs of half-starved Biafran children, and others carried signs saying, among other things, "Stop Man's Inhumanity." As dusk fell, the demonstrators were handed lighted candles at one end of the loop. The candles lit up their faces from underneath, and they had to walk at a slower pace to keep the candles from blowing out. It appeared that most people had come to the demonstration alone or in twos, and as they walked silently around the loop in the darkness, carrying their signs or photographs and their candles, they expressed by faintly stiff postures and uneasy glances the embarrassment and sense of vulnerability that people tend to feel when they display themselves publicly for the sake of a strictly humanitarian cause—one that has no political intent, and is backed by no continuing movement or organization that could conceivably appeal to their self-interest or personal ambition.

We joined the people walking around the loop to ask some of them what had drawn them there. Most of the ones we spoke with seemed shy about discussing their motivation, and ended up saying things like "I read the newspaper ad" or "I wanted to do *something*" or "I just came." As we walked, we overheard two young men in business suits arguing over whether they had come for truly idealistic reasons or had really just wanted to get what one of them called "ego satisfaction." They went on to discuss whether or not the demonstration would be effective. One carried a photograph of Biafran children, and the other carried a candle. We asked them what their work was, and they said they were computer consultants. We then talked with a white-haired man, who told us that he was a court stenographer, and that he had seen the ad in the paper. "I wanted to do something, but I didn't know what. This isn't much—it probably won't solve anything—but for a selfish bastard like me it's something," he said. We also spoke with three women—two Negro and one white—who were walking together. They said they were teachers, and one of the Negro women told us, "I saw the news in the papers, and from then on it was just a terrible nightmare. We just thought we had to *do* something."

EUGÉNIE GRANDET

Balzac's novel "Eugénie Grandet" was published in 1833. Grandet, a rich miser, has an only child, Eugénie. She falls in love with her young cousin, Charles. When she learns he is financially ruined, she lends him her savings. Charles goes to the West Indies, secretly engaged to marry Eugénie on his return. Years go by. Grandet dies and Eugénie becomes an heiress. But Charles, ignorant of her wealth, writes to ask her for his freedom: he wants to marry a rich girl. Eugénie releases him, pays his father's debts, and marries without love an old friend of the family, Judge de Bonfons.
—*Thesaurus of Book Digests.*

"OH, oh, where's Old Grandet going so early in the morning, running as though his house were on fire?"

"He'll end up by buying the whole town of Saumur!"

"He doesn't even notice the cold, his mind is always on his business!"

"Everything he does is significant!"

"He knows the secrets and mysteries of the life and death of money!"

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"It looks as though I'm going to be quite successful here in Saumur," thought Charles, unbuttoning his coat.

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A great many people are interested in the question: Who will obtain Eugénie Grandet's hand?

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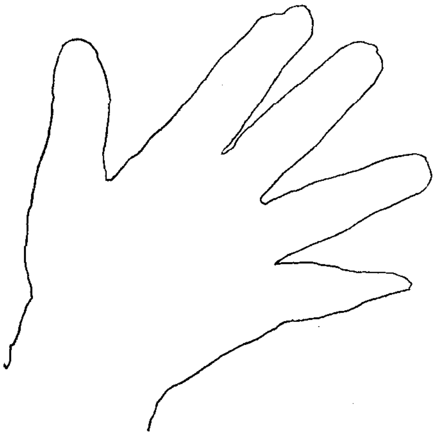
Eugénie Grandet's hand:



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Judge de Bonfons arrives carrying flowers.

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"Mother, have you noticed that this society we're in tends to be a little . . . repressive?"

"What does that mean, Eugénie? What does that mean, that strange new word, 'repressive,' that I have never heard before?"

"It means . . . it's like when you decide to do something, and you get up out of your chair to do it, and you take a step, and then become aware of frosty glances being directed at you from every side."

"Frosty glances?"

"Your desires are stifled."

"What desires are you talking about?"

"Just desires in general. Any desires. It's a whole . . . I guess atmosphere is the word . . . a tendency on the part of the society . . ."

"You'd better sew some more pillowcases, Eugénie."

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Part of a letter:

. . . And now he's ruined, a
friends will desert him, and
humiliation. Oh, I wish I ha
straight to heaven, where his
but this is madness. . . . I re
that of Charles.
I have sent him to you so
news of my death to him and
in store for him. Be a father to
not tear him away from his
would kiss him. I beg him on m
which, as his mother's heir, he
But this is a superfluous ple
will realize that he must not
Persuade him to give up all his
time comes. Reveal to him th
which he must live from now
still has any love for me, tell
not lost for him. Yes, work, wh
give him back the fortune I ha
And if he is willing to listen
who for his sake would like to

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"Please allow me to retire," Charles said. "I must begin a long and sad correspondence."

"Certainly, nephew."

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"The painter is here from Paris!"

"Good day, painter. What is your name?"

"My name, sir, is John Graham!"

"John Graham! That is not a French name!"

"No, sir. I am an American. My dates are 1881-1961."

"Well, you have an air of competence. Is that your equipment there, on the stagecoach platform?"

"Yes. That is my equipment. That is my easel, my palette, and my paint box containing tins of paints as well as the finest camel's-hair brushes. In this bag, here, are a few changes of clothes, for I anticipate that this portrait will take several days."

"Well, that is fine. How do you like our country?"

"It appears to be a very fine country. I imagine a lot of painting could get done in this country."

"Yes, we have some pretty good painters of our own. That is why I was surprised to find that they sent an American painter, rather than a French one, to do Mlle. Eugénie's portrait. But I'm sure you will do a first-class job. We're paying you enough."

"Yes, the fee is quite satisfactory."

"Have you brought any examples of your work, so we can see what kind of thing you do?"

"Well, in this album here . . . this is a portrait of Ellen West . . . this one is Mrs. Margot Heap . . . that's an Indian chief . . . that's Patsy Porker. . . ."

"Why are they all cross-eyed?"

"Well, that's just the way I do it. I don't see anything wrong with that. It often occurs in nature."

"But *every one* is. . . ."

"Well, what's so peculiar about that? I just like . . . that's just the way I do it. I *like* . . ."

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"In my opinion, Eugénie wasn't fondled enough as a child!"

"Adolphe des Grassins wasn't fondled enough either!"

"And Judge de Bonfons?"

"Who could bring himself to fondle Judge de Bonfons!"

"And Charles Grandet?"

"His history in this regard is not known. But it has been observed that he is forever *patting himself*, pat pat pat, on the hair, on the kneecap, pat pat pat pat pat pat. This implies—"

"These children need fondling!"

"The state should fondle these poor children!"

"Balzac himself wasn't fondled enough!"

"Men are fools!"

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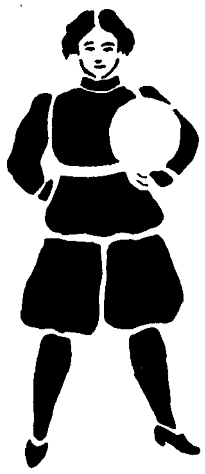
Eugénie Grandet with ball:



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Charles and Eugénie understand each other.

They speak only with their eyes.

The poor ruined dandy withdraws into a corner and remains there in calm, proud silence.

But from time to time his cousin's gentle, caressing glance

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"No more butter, Eugénie. You've already used up a whole half pound this month!"

"But Father . . . the butter for Charles' eclair!"

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Butter butter

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Eugénie Grandet decides to kill her father.

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Charles decides to try his luck in the Indies—that deadliest of climates.

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"Here, Charles, take this money of mine. This money that my father gave me. This money that if he finds out I gave it to you, all hell will break loose. I want you to have it, to finance your operations in the Indies—that deadliest of climates."

"No, Eugénie, I couldn't do that. I couldn't take your money. No, I won't do it. No."

"No, I mean it, Charles. Take the money and use it for worthy purposes. Please. See, here is a ducat, minted in 1756 and still bright as day. And here are some doubloons, worth two escudos each. And here are some shiny quadroons, of inestimable value. And here in this bag are thalers and bobs, and silver quids and copper bawbees. Altogether, nearly six thousand francs. Take it, it's yours."

"No, Eugénie, I can't take your money. I can't do it."

"No, Charles, take my money. My little hoard."

"O.K."

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In order not to interrupt the course of events which took place within the Grandet family, we must now glance ahead at the operations which the old man carried out in Paris by means of the des Grassins. A month after the banker's departure. Grandet was in possession of enough government stock, purchased at eighty francs a share, to yield him an income of a hundred thousand francs a year. The information given after his death by the inventory of his property never threw the slightest light on the means by which his wary mind conceived to exchange the price of the certificate for the certificate itself. Monsieur Cruchot believed that Nanon had unwittingly been the trusty instrument by which the money was delivered. It was at about that time that she went away for five days on the pretext of putting something in order at Froidfond, as though the old man were capable of leaving anything in disorder!

With regard to the affairs of the house of Guillaume Grandet, all the old man's expectations were realized. As is well known, the Bank of France has precise information on all the large fortunes of Paris and the provinces. The names of des Grassins and Félix Grandet of Saumur were well known there and enjoyed the respect granted to all noted financial figures whose wealth is based on enormous holdings of unmortgaged land. The arrival of the banker from Saumur, who was said to be under orders to liquidate, for the sake of honor, the house of Grandet in Paris, was therefore enough to spare the deceased merchant's memory the shame of protested notes. The seals were broken in the presence of the creditors, who

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"Here's a million and a half francs, Judge," Eugénie said, drawing from her bosom a certificate for a hundred shares in the Bank of France.

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Charles in the Indies. He sold:
Chinese
Negroes
swallows' nests
children
artists

Photograph of Charles in the Indies:

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The letter:

DEAR COUSIN,

I have decided to marry a Mlle. d'Aubrion, and not you. Her nose turns red, under certain circumstances: but I have contrived a way of not looking at her, at those times—all will be well. If my children are to get into the École Normale, the marriage is essential; and we have to live for the children, don't we? A brilliant life awaits me, is what I am trying to say to you, if I don't marry you, and that is why I am marrying this other girl, who is hideously ugly but possessed of a notable, if decayed, position in the aristocracy. Therefore those binding promises we exchanged, on the bench, are, to all intents and purposes, mooted. If I have smothered your hopes at the same time, what can I do? We get the destiny we deserve, and I have done so many evil things, in the Indies, that I am no longer worthy of you, probably. Knowing chuckles will probably greet this news, the news of my poor performance, in Saumur—I ask you to endure them, for the sake of

Your formerly loving,
CHARLES

•

"I have decided to give everything to the Church."

"An income of eight hundred thousand a year!"

"Yes."

"It will kill your father."

"You think it will kill him if I give everything to the Church?"

"I certainly do."

"Run and fetch the Curé this instant."

•

Old Grandet clutches his chest, and capitulates. Eight hundred thousand a year! He gasps. A death by gasping.

•

Adolphe des Grassins, an unsuccessful suitor of Eugénie Grandet, follows his father to Paris. He becomes a worthless scoundrel there.

—DONALD BARTHELME

BITS OF GLASS

FRAMED in black, "734" stood in gilt numerals above the door that clattered. Philip opened and shut the door, and the window with the number on it shook. The door was green, heavy, and had a bent brass knob. The glass hummed. There was a tile floor—dirty green and white squares. On the wall, a strip of metal and a row of small windows; underneath, buttons. He pushed them all, standing on tiptoe. Voices: "Yes?" "Who is it?" "Hello?" "Just a minute." Upstairs, in the halls above the stores, doors opened. He jumped outside, down the one step, his sneakers landing flat on the hot sidewalk. The door slammed behind him. He ran past the window where the sausages were hanging, slipped around the corner, walked up a long alley, and climbed heavy stone steps at the back of the brick building.

There in the yard, a huge yellow-and-red truck stood, and Papa and some men were lifting things out of it. Table—Philip said it in English and in Greek. Chairs. Dishes in baskets. The men grunted, and the dust under their feet rose into the hot air. A big woman stood and watched from the doorway of a gray house. The men carried the things up another set of stone steps onto a long porch, then inside. They struggled up more stairs, sweating. Philip followed. The outside hall was dark. There were fingerprints on the wall, and he put his own dirty hand over them. It felt cool.

A man slipped and almost fell back on top of Philip. "Oh, *scusi*, sonny, watchou', you get hurt." He had a big black mustache.

At the top of the stairs, everyone turned right: the apartment back door, cracks in it. Inside, a hall—long, dark. Rooms half empty; boxes, bureau drawers on the floor.

"You wan' inna kitchen here?" one of the men asked.

Papa said, "Yeah, pudem here." The table scraped.

Kitchen: two tall narrow windows close together, with bright hot light coming through them, falling yellow on the floor. Papa wiped his face with his hand, and then wiped his hand on his undershirt. Then he put his hand on Philip's hair. The hand covered Philip's whole head. Papa said in Greek, "Where are your brothers?"

"Outside."

"Where?"

Philip shrugged.

Then a fascinating thing. Another man, with no hair on his head, and the man with the mustache and Papa all bent over a heavy gray thing on legs and heaved and grunted and clinked wrenches and swore. "Son of a bitch. You got it?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Mmm. Oh. There. Easy. Now. Nnnhn."

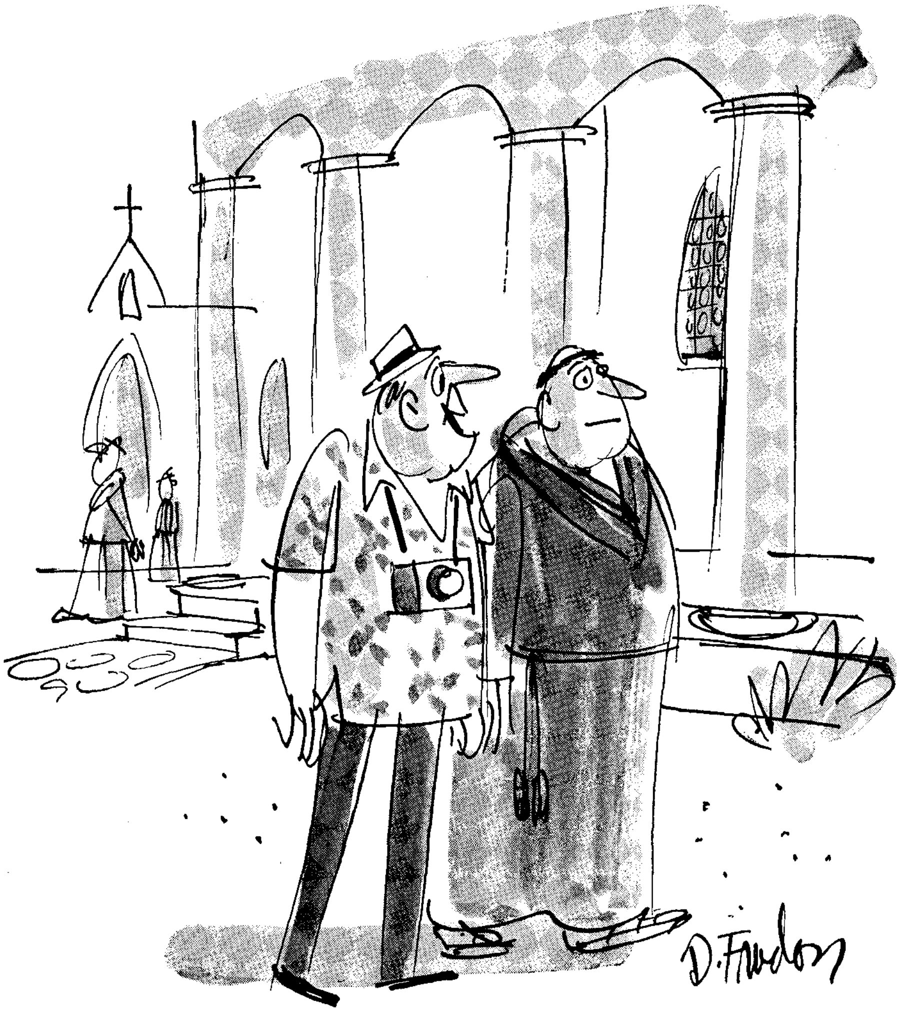
They carried it out through the hall, out the back door, and down the stairs. They put it in the cellar.

Philip looked at the place where the thing had been. Two small pipes stuck up there out of the floor. Mama came in from the front rooms and stood near the empty spot. She said nothing. Philip went over and stuck his fingers into the pipes. He took a handful of marbles from his pockets and swiftly dropped them one by one into the pipes. He looked up at his mother, a dark form in the light. She lifted her arm, and the gold behind it moved. Her shadow lay across the floor. The shadow of her arm moved black and long across and up his body.

"Get away from there before you get hurt," she said in Greek, softly. She always spoke in Greek, and that was his first language. Now he was rapidly learning the other from his brothers.

MAMA picked him up and put him into the tub. The water danced, and he splashed. She leaned over him and, filling a small pan, spilled the warm water over his head. The brown hair flattened down into his eyes, and he shut them, wiped his hair back. She did it again. He laughed. Light streamed in through the spaces between the dark-green shade and the mahogany-stained window frame, and through the bottom half of the window.

Mama bent down. Her face was close to his. It was very white, with a straight nose and great dark eyes. Her black hair shone in the light. Her teeth were white and perfect. She kissed his wet face. She got up and turned around to get some soap, moving softly in a dress of red flowers and green leaves on white cloth. The water moved. Philip watched its shadows on the white



"I can't tell you how much I admire you fellows who take the vow of silence. Is it hard?"

enamel bottom of the tub and on the pale-green wall. Light from the water swirled, mixing with the motionless light from the window. He was happy.

After a while, the days had a pattern. He got up, and Mama made him and his two big brothers drink orange juice. It was oily and fishy. A bottle with oil dripping down its side stood on the counter. "Cod-liver oil," his oldest brother, Tommy, said. Mama put a spoonful of the oil in each glass of foaming orange juice. They drank it in the pantry, where she had squeezed it—a dim little room, with closet doors high up, shelves, a sink. They had hot oatmeal to eat. Mama made coffee in a tiny copper pot, and it smelled very sweet and strong. She sat at the dining-room table, her back straight and her head up, and drank it slowly from a small flowered cup. Philip went down into the yard. His brothers went off somewhere to play. His little sister slept in a crib upstairs.

One day, he stood on the porch facing the big yard that had no trees. To his left at the rear of the yard was the gray house. To the right of that, a brick building, then two stone walls with the alley between them, then other buildings, and others, stretching far away—brick, granite, tall. He stopped in the cool shady doorway and stared at the white sheets hanging on a clothesline on his left. It came out of a window on the first floor of his house. He heard voices across the alley. In another yard, two children were crouched in the sunlight, playing in the dirt. Philip moved forward on the gray wooden porch and leaned on the rail, watching them. A truck came rumbling up the alley and turned under the porch. He watched it disappear between the boards beneath his feet. A wonderful gasoline smell seeped up. A man got out of the truck, but Philip was not interested. He was looking at the children.

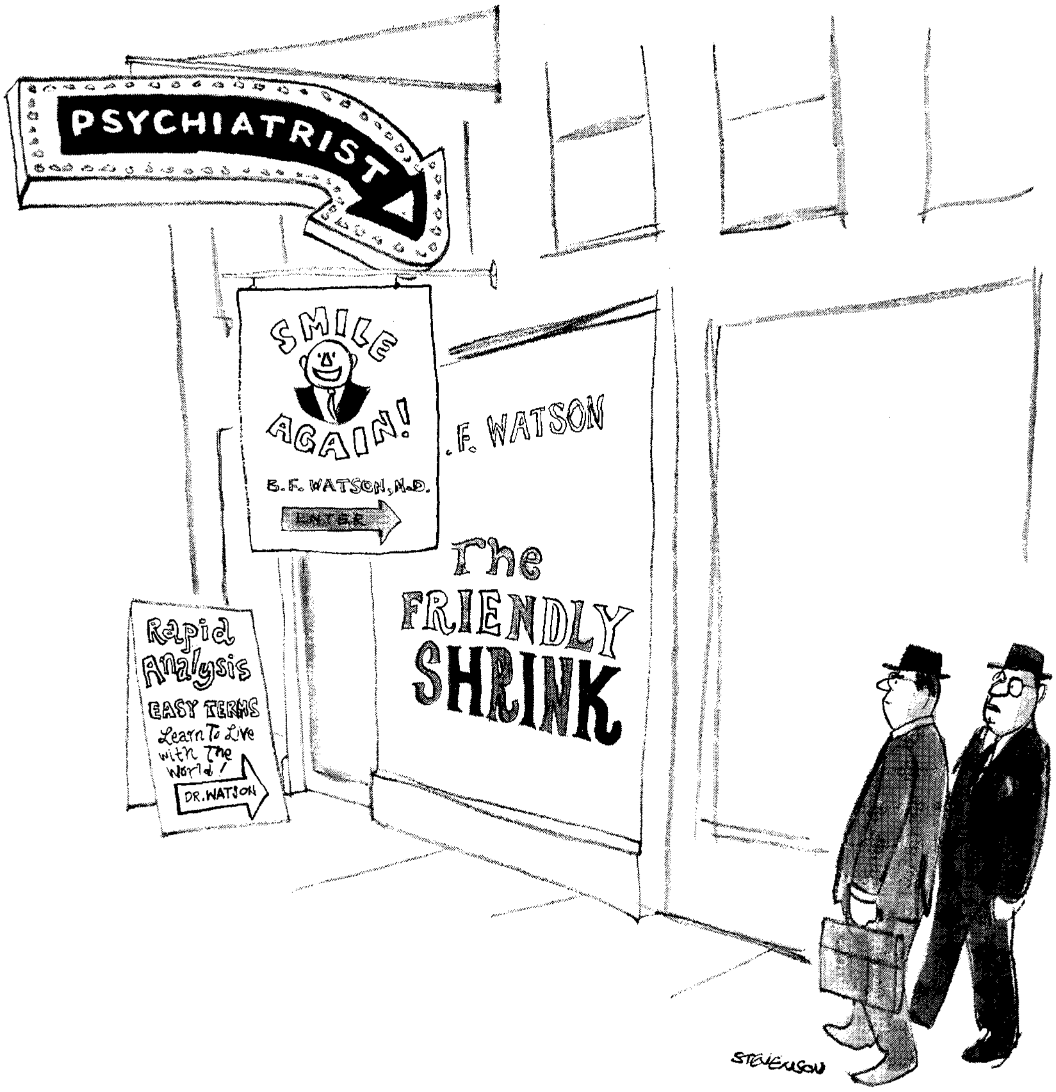
The window behind the clothesline opened. He turned, and a woman hung out a small piece of cloth next to the sheets. The bleach smell of the sheets and the dripping cloth was clean and sharp. Philip stared at the woman, and finally she looked at him and smiled. He flushed, looked down at his sneakers, and then looked up again. She said, "Hello."

He ran down the steps. The morning light was strong on his red sunsuit. He stood alone in the yard. There were cinders under his feet, bits of hot stone. He picked up a shiny piece of red glass, held it up to the sun, and put it in his pocket. He looked up at the window; the woman was gone.

A door opened downstairs in the gray house. A big boy with black curly hair ran out, lumbered down the short flight of stairs, and rushed past Philip. The woman who had watched the moving of furniture that first day stood in the doorway and yelled, "Goddama sonomabitch!" and then much more in a language Philip did not understand. But the black-haired boy did not seem to hear. He had run into the alley and down to the street.

Philip picked up more bits of glass. He went over to a row of garbage pails that stood near the wall above the alley and looked in them. Fat shiny green flies buzzed and stopped. In one of the pails, a great paste of little worms writhed and squirmed. They made a noise, zzzz: a noise softer than the flies but more horrible. He shuddered and walked to the rear of the gray house. It was dark and cool there. The ground was black and smelled of trucks. Behind the gray house, there was a little brick building, and between them a tree with small shining green leaves that danced.

Philip went back through his yard, into the back hall, and upstairs. There was soup for lunch, with tomatoes and beans in it. His mother had made it. His brothers didn't talk to him, because they were big and he was little, except that Jimmy, who was next oldest, said, "You got dirt on your face." Tommy said nothing at all. He was always quiet like their



"As a new member of the A.M.A. ethics committee, Stan, you'll find that some cases are more clear-cut than others."

mother. She never said much when they were together. His little sister Mog sat in the high chair and spilled soup and laughed. Philip said, “She got dirt on her face.” His mother said, “Be quiet and eat.”

After lunch, Tommy and Jimmy went away again. Mama went to her room, undressed, put Mog in the crib next to her bed, and lay down and pushed the crib with her foot. “Margarita,” she sang softly, over and over again. The greenish-black window shade was pulled down, and dots of light came in through tiny holes in it. Philip got into bed with his mother and lay against her body. It was soft. His mother smelled good, sweet. Mama’s room smelled like that whether she was in there or not, except when Papa was there, and then it had another smell, too. They were both good smells. Mog went to sleep, and Mama turned on her side toward Philip. He touched her breast, the brown soft lump on it. She held her breasts in her hands and said, “These are my birds, pretty birds. This one is a boy and this a girl.” She smiled and her black eyes were beautiful. A pinpoint of light shone behind her shoulder, and he fell asleep.

The thunder woke them. His mother was afraid of lightning, terrified. She got up and slipped the flowered dress down over her round body, pulled her long black hair out over her collar. She shut all the windows in the house.

Philip followed her, mimicking the thunder. “Boom!”

“Be still!” Her black eyebrows were pulled together, her face was red. They went into her bedroom and sat on the edge of the big bed. Mog played in the crib. Mama covered her eyes, and when it thundered she cried out, “My mother!” Philip watched the lightning make the pinpoints in the shade come alive.

His mother jumped up suddenly, walked down the dark hall past the bathroom, past Tommy’s room, into the last room, where Philip and Jimmy slept. She opened the window and called, “Tommy! Jimmy!” as if she were singing. She called again. There was no one there in the yard—nothing except the pouring rain and the sheets of the woman who lived downstairs. They were sagging, all gray now. The downpour muffled his mother’s voice as she called once more. There was a strong, bitter, silvery smell in the air. The two boys didn’t come.

His mother went back to her room and sat on the bed and wept. Philip watched the twisted face before him until she covered it with her hands. He touched the flowers of her dress. She looked at him, put her arm around him, sat up straight. She combed her hair and rolled it into a bun. Hairpins flashed from her mouth to her fingers and disappeared into the bun.

“Ducky,” the young man said.

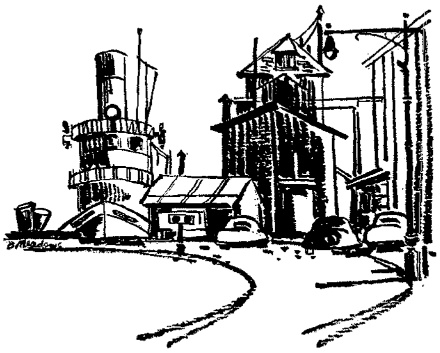
“No. Philip.”

“Ducky Philip.”

“I’ll tell my father.”

The young man wore glasses. He sat on the porch steps, pounding a ball into a glove. “Would you like some ice cream? Come with me.”

They walked down the porch to the back hall, but instead of going upstairs to Philip’s apartment they turned right and went through a door directly below his back door. They walked down the dark hall to the kitchen. The woman who had smiled at him through



the window was sitting by the stove. She was wearing an apron and white socks.

“Mom, this is Ducky,” the man said.

“Not Ducky!” Philip shouted. “Philip!”

“This is my mother, Mrs. Glynn, and I’m Ronny.”

“Ducky Ronny,” Philip said.

Everyone laughed. Mrs. Glynn had a laugh that was high like his own, and Ronny had a deep one like Papa’s.

“What’s your last name?” Mrs. Glynn asked.

“Neros.”

“I thought Philip would like some ice cream. Do we have any?” Ronny asked.

“I think so,” Mrs. Glynn said. She went to the icebox.

Philip said, “Our icebox is over there. Where you have that thing. My father took ours out when we moved in.”

“That’s a set tub,” Mrs. Glynn said. “I wash clothes there.”

“Mama washes ours in the bathtub. She has a wrinkled board that makes a noise when she rubs the clothes on it. She gets down on the floor and it goes, ‘Urrah, urrah, urrah.’ ” He imitated her on her knees at the bathtub, scrubbing.

Mrs. Glynn said, “Now for some ice

WHAT’S SAUCE POUR L’OIE IS SAUCE POUR L’ÉTAT C’EST MOI

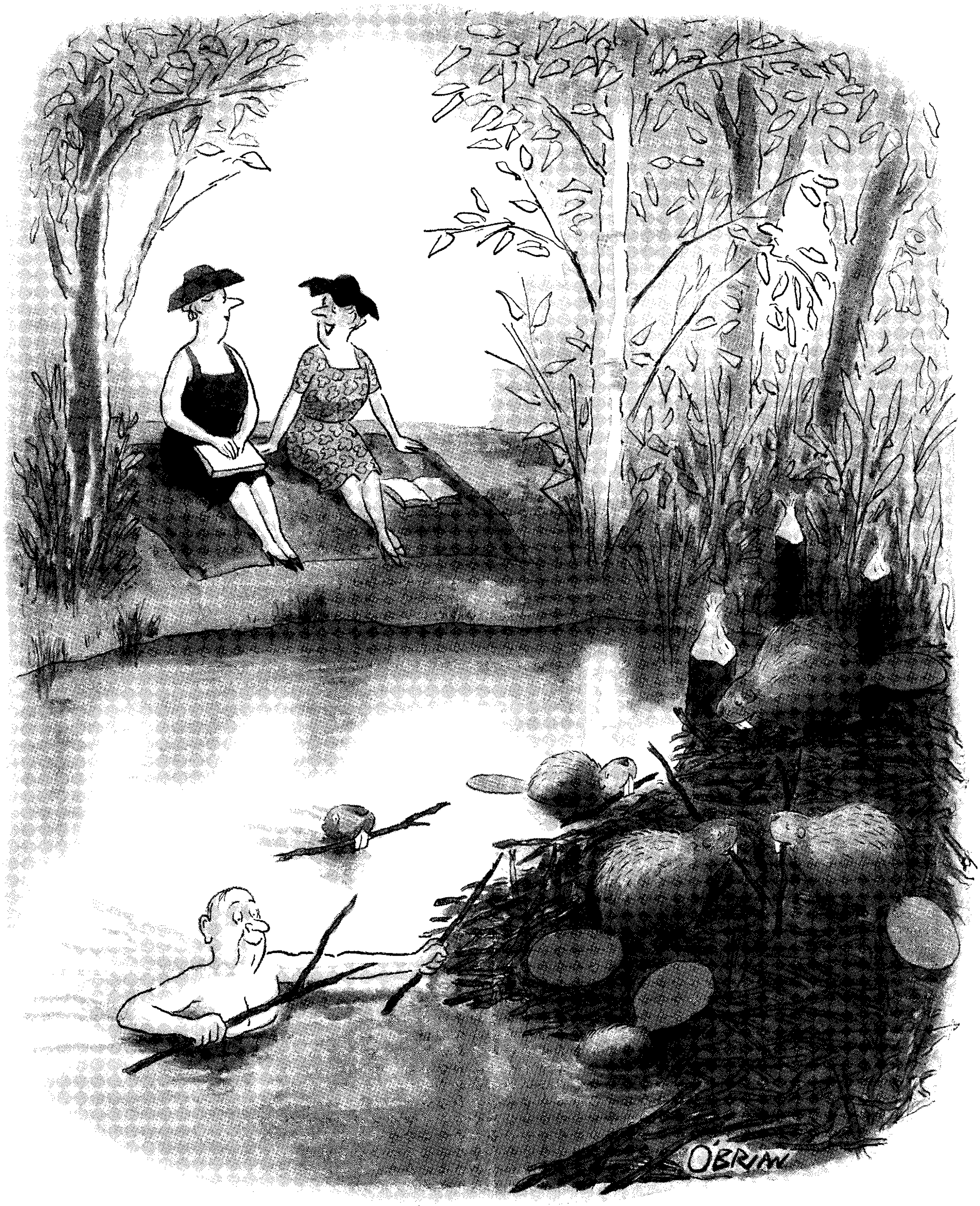
I know, *mon Général*, it hurts your pride
To see your cherished language Yankeefied,
Your pure, precise Parisian prunes and prisms
Walk cheek by jowl with Americanisms:
Your earnest students of Racine and Zola
Consuming *le hot dog* and *Coca-Cola*,
Or roaming through *le drugstore* in a quest
For paperbacks depicting *le Far Ouest*.
Although I do not wonder that you fuss,
Have you considered what you’ve done to us?
Just take a gander at your addenda, pardner,
To the heritage of Shakespeare and Ring Lardner.

Let’s to the Opal Room, where for a fee
We’re seated ringside by a *mater d’*—
In such crepuscule *ambience* are we meant
To reach a *démarche*, or perhaps *détente*?
A young *chantoose* is facing her *premeer*.
On her dressing-room *chaise lounge* lies her *brazeer*.
Aglow from kneading by a skilled *massoose*,
Her cheek is pink, her *lonjeray chartroose*.
The *gourmet* meal is guaranteed to please,
Concluding with that hybrid treat, *bleu* cheese.

I, too, conclude with this observation cursory:
English makes prettier French than vice versary.

—Ogden Nash

• •



"For a while after he retired he was lost. He didn't know what to do with himself."

• •

cream after such a fine performance."

She had a wonderful pink face. Her hair was gray, not black. She wore it in a thick braid around the top of her head.

When Philip had finished his ice cream, Mrs. Glynn and Ronny took him through the dining room into the living room to sit. Philip liked the rooms. They were different from the rooms upstairs. There was a white linen cloth on the dining-room table, and a tall glass vase in its center. There was more furniture. His apartment was plainer. He would have to take a good look upstairs to see all the differences. One thing was a big odd piece of furniture. He pointed.

"That's a piano," Mrs. Glynn said. She got up and walked silently across the carpet and sat down. She lifted her hands and began to play.

It was more beautiful than anything he had upstairs. "Piano," he said, standing beside Mrs. Glynn's chair as she played, and the word was beautiful, too.

She stopped and got up and went back to the sofa. She moved so quietly, like his mother. "There," she said. Under a thin line of sweat, faint hairs grew on her upper lip, and some sprigs of it on her chin. Her blue-gray eyes sparkled. Philip wanted to touch her, to kiss her.

"What do you want to be when you get big?" Ronny asked.

Philip shrugged.

"How old are you?"

"Five."

"How do you know?"

"My brother Jimmy told me."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, but I'm going next month."

"How do you know?"

"Jimmy said I'll be in kinnygarden." Philip got up and went to one of the front windows. It was too high for him to see out of. The shade had a black wooden pull that was a flat, woman's face in profile. He twirled it. There was noise of traffic in the street below. "Can I see?" he asked.

Ronny held him up over the windowsill. Ronny said, "There are lots of cars in the street." Philip squirmed, and Ronny put him down.

"You mustn't ever play in the street," Mrs. Glynn said. "The cars can hurt you."

"I'm going now," Philip said. He started running through the dining room.

"Don't ever run in the house," Mrs. Glynn said. "Walk." She followed him through the kitchen, through the hall.

Not far from the back door, Philip pointed to a standup telephone on a small table. "I wish we had one," he said. "Jimmy told me about it."

As he was leaving, Mrs. Glynn said, "You must say 'Thank you' for the ice cream. That will show that you were happy to have it."

"Thank you."

"Come again," she said, and she shut the door.

He heard a key turn in the lock. The gray-painted hall was dark after Mrs. Glynn's bright rooms, and empty after the piano. Philip went upstairs and sat on his own small back porch above the big main porch, and he moved his hands the way Mrs. Glynn had moved hers over the keys of the piano—gently.

Noise from the other yard startled him. It was the two boys across the alley again. They were fighting, throwing dirt at each other and shouting.

PHILIP'S father was not home every day. At a supper of plain *pita* and salad his mother had made, Philip said to Tommy, "Where's Papa?"

"On the island," Tommy said, looking at him with dark eyes like his mother's. His black hair fell over his forehead and fine features.

On the island. What did that mean? He asked his mother in Greek, "Where's Papa?"

She said, "On the *nisí*," and he did not know the word "island" in English or in Greek.

"But what is that?" he said to her.

"The place you were born. The place your father works."

Philip frowned. He said, "Works."

His mother said, "Papa works to get money so that we can buy food to eat and pay for our house and our clothes."

"What does he do on the island?"

"He works in the fruit store. You'll understand when you get older."

Philip wanted to be older. "When will Papa come home?" he asked in English.

"Sunday," Jimmy said, just as if he had said "Bread."

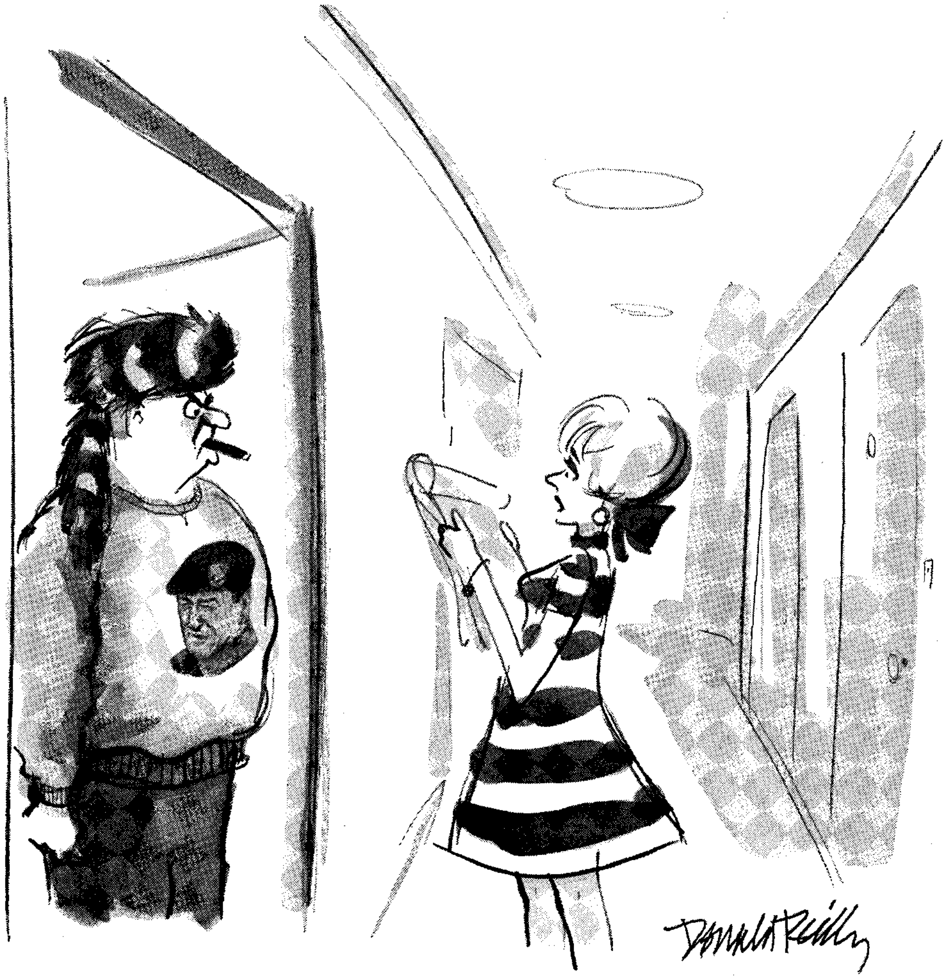
Philip asked the question in Greek.

His mother said, "Sunday. Papa comes home every Sunday—that's the only day. Sunday is God's day."

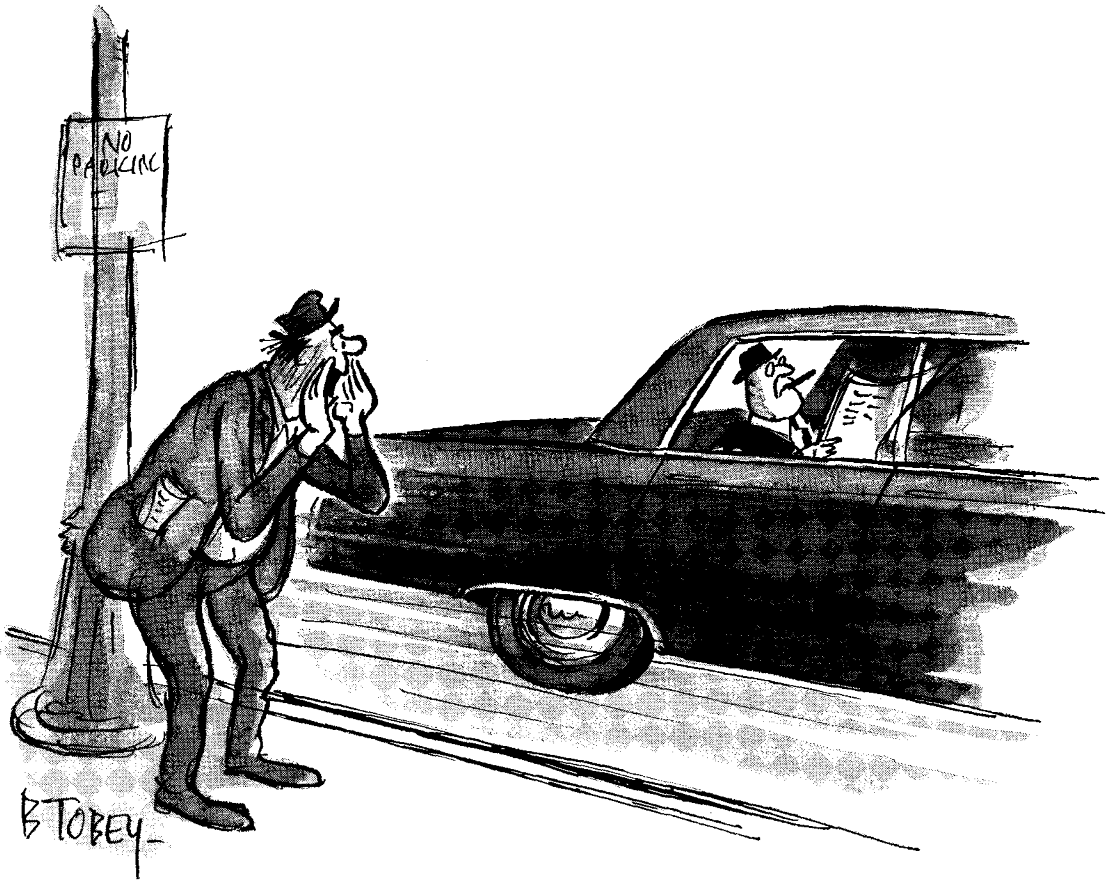
God. God meant that Philip stood every night in front of the picture on the wall in the open wooden archway between the dining room and living room and held three fingers of his right hand together. With his mother and brothers beside him doing the same thing, he made a cross: head, stomach, shoulder, and shoulder. "No, the right shoulder first," she always said, placing his hand there. She said many words each time, always the same words, and she never smiled when this thing was going on.

Philip learned to know Sunday, when his father came home. It was quiet. Not many other children played in the yard. There were only a few cars moving on the street. His father's small truck sat in the yard. Philip climbed into the back. It was black and shiny, and had leather flaps rolled and tied in under the roof. Often he heard a hollow voice booming from somewhere in his big brick house, "Hey, kid, get the hell out of that truck!"

Philip shouted, "Who said that?" He put his foot up on the tail and frowned. "This is my *father's* truck!" he said. There was never an answer.



"I don't suppose you'd want to sign a gun-registration petition?"



"Tax-free municipals! Ya-a-ah! Ya-a-ah! Ya-a-ah!"

• •

Philip was a little afraid of the voice, because he didn't know where it came from. But he always stood up and said, "This is my *father's* truck!"

One Sunday, some of the neighborhood children gathered around the truck. "Can I get on?" they all asked.

"O.K., just you and you," he said, pointing. The two boys who lived in the house across the alley jumped on—Robert and Sebastian. Robert had become Philip's friend. His small brother Sebastian was a nuisance, but they tolerated him. Robert was Philip's age. Robert did not know what an island was, or a piano. But he said that *his* father went to work, too.

"Why?" Philip had asked.

"To get money."

"So don't mine. You wanna banana?" Philip whispered to Robert.

"Sure."

They jumped down, and Sebastian started crying. Philip and Robert helped him down, and they all fell in the gravel and scrubby weeds. Sebastian cried some more, and Robert said, "Go home and Mama will help you," his eyes wide and his brows raised, his head nodding. "She has ice cream for you." Sebastian left.

Philip and Robert went upstairs. Philip went into the apartment, and after a minute came out into the hall. He held a finger over his lips. "Sh-h-h," he said. "My father's sleeping." His father always seemed to be sleeping on Sunday. Philip pulled two bananas from under his polo shirt. They celebrated Sunday, God's day, sitting at the top of the long flight of stairs, eating bananas. Philip was happy sitting there with Robert.

But something sad happened later. Philip was in the hall behind the kitchen, playing marbles by himself. His father came down the hall to the kitchen. He was wearing only his pants.

"Thalia," he said. "Where is supper?"

Philip heard his mother say, "I'm going to make it now."

"Christ! What have you been doing all afternoon?"

Philip was behind the wall so that he could not see them, but he heard his mother's voice rise. "All afternoon? Work, that's what. Washed clothes on my hands and knees and ironed your shirts for the week and took care of the baby and put up curtains. All afternoon while you slept."

"Slept? I *should* sleep. I sweat selling lousy lettuce and peaches to those rich bastards all week, and then I come home to hear you whine."

His mother's voice was nervous, high-pitched, afraid. "You aren't the only one who works. I work my hands red all week, day after day without end. Look at them!"

"That's what you're for. Work. Who do you think you are, the crown princess of Greece?"

"No, but I'm no slave, either. I'll never be a slave for you or anyone else. I never had to be."

"That's the trouble with you—you and your whole crazy family. Always too good for work. I don't know why I married you."

"You, either," she said. "I liked my life the way it was. Peaceful. Not having a child every year. And you don't have to insult my family. One of them makes ten of yours look like gypsies."

Philip had looked around the corner of the doorway. His mother's face was red. She was scowling. She stood stiffly by the stove, shaking her forefinger. His father's back was toward him.

"Gypsies!" he said. "I'll show you gypsies." He stepped across the kitchen in his bare feet in one long stride, lifted his arm, and struck her across the face.

Philip and his mother screamed at the same time. Philip moved around the corner and sank back into the hall.

"Too much pride!" his father shouted. Philip heard another blow and then a struggle against the table and chairs, and his mother's screams and his father's heavy grunts.

His father walked down the hall. Philip heard the bathroom door slam.

Silence.

In a little while, a soft crying came from far away, a high, muffled sobbing. Philip went to the living room. His mother was standing by the front windows. She wiped her eyes and came to him, her shoulders stooped.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm not," she said, bending down to hug him. He felt the heat of crying in her face.

She held him and said, "Go and find your brothers now before it gets dark and tell them to come home to eat. You must forget what you saw."

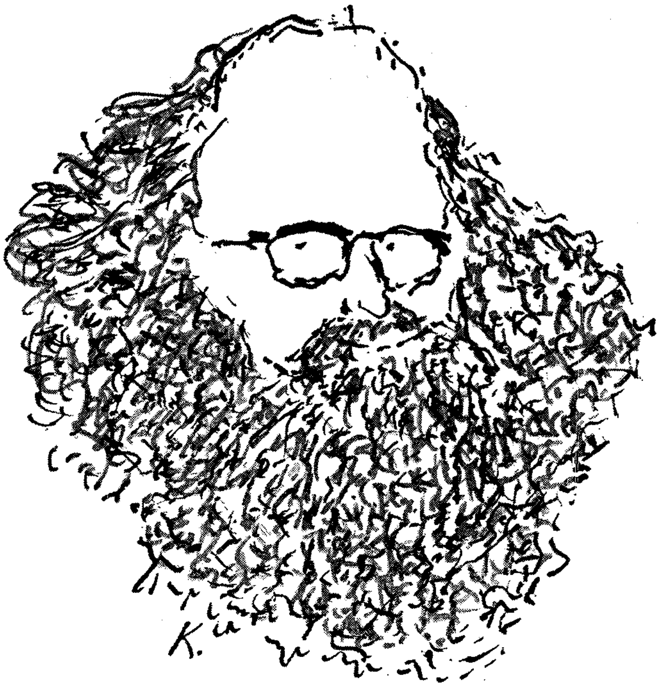
Philip ran as fast as he could through the whole length of the apartment to go after his brothers.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

PROFILES

PATERFAMILIAS—I

"You're such an *experimenter*, Allen."—*Louis Ginsberg to his son Allen, Paterson, New Jersey, March 18, 1967.*



IN January of 1967, on the night before the first evangelical picnic anywhere to be called a Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In, Allen Ginsberg, the poet, took off his shoes and sat down cross-legged on the living-room floor of an apartment in the Haight-Ashbury, in San Francisco, to preside over what was very likely the oddest planning-committee meeting in the city's crazy and indulgent history. There were eight people in a circle on the floor with Ginsberg. It was their last chance to arrive at some sort of schedule for the next day's program of poetry readings, sacred Sanskrit chanting, psychedelic-rock concerts, and communal love, and they worked together smoothly for about an hour. Then, when they were down to the last item on the agenda—determining whether the LSD enthusiast Timothy Leary, who was coming to the be-in all the way from New York, was to be considered a poet, and therefore allotted seven minutes on the bandstand, or a bona-fide prophet, and therefore entitled to a full half hour—the committee members found that they could not agree. Philosophically baffled by the fine line between poetry and prophecy, they took a break, at Ginsberg's suggestion, to think things over and wait for guidance. Gary Snyder, a red-bearded Zen monk from the state of Washington, who is a poet himself, immediately stripped for meditation down to the earring in his left ear and went to work displacing his rib cage with violent yogi machinations. Near him, a chubby Hasidic book reviewer named Leland Meyerzove started bouncing up and down with his eyes shut tight and was soon transported, wailing softly in tongues. Lenore Kandel, a local love priestess and poet, began belly-dancing in front of an attentive, tweedy English professor from Berkeley, who sucked contemplatively on his pipe, and Michael McClure, the poet and playwright, who lived in the apartment, picked up his autoharp from a coffee table and, accompanying himself, cherubically crooned a song that he had just composed, called "Come On, God, Buy Me a Mercedes-Benz." The official master of ceremonies for the be-in, a neighborhood guru with the *nom de psychedélie* of Buddha, wandered around the room in a radiant array of pink, orange, green, and purple silks and velvets, kissing everybody until he was faint with affection and sank down on the floor next to a pretty young photographer, who was stretched out on her back taking pictures of the ceiling. The last committee member was Freewheelin' Frank, the secretary of the San Francisco Hell's Angels and the commandant of a be-in honor guard of motorcycle outlaws, who were going to protect the celebrants and their electronic paraphernalia from saboteurs. Freewheelin', who had been leaning against a wall nodding noncommittally from time to time, took stock of the available opportunities for spiritual refreshment, shrugged, and began pacing Mr. Meyerzove's bounces with a tambourine that was fastened to one of the cartridge rings on his leather belt.

Ginsberg himself—forty years old, getting bald and a little myopic—stayed in the middle of the floor, his horn-rimmed glasses on and his shoes off, staring at a pair of unmatched socks. He made a comfortable, avuncular presence—a rumpled, friendly-looking man with a nice, toothy face, big brown owl eyes behind the glasses, and a rather affecting weary slouch. Without his beads, and the bushy tangle of full beard, droopy mustache, and long black ringlets, hanging like a thatch corona from his bald spot, that has become as emblematic as the Beatles' bangs or Albert Einstein's mop of wild white hair, Ginsberg might have passed for the market researcher he once was, for a few years in the fifties. Tonight, he was dressed in chinos, a worn white button-down shirt, and an old striped Shetland pullover. He had put on two necklaces for the meeting—a string of blue Hopi stones and some Yoruba beads, from Cuba, in the seven colors of the seven Yoruba gods—and also had a Mexican Indian metal god's-eye dangling from a piece of rope around his neck, and he was wearing a Tibetan oracle's ring on the forefinger of his right hand. On the floor in front of him were two brass finger cymbals from Times Square and a purple woollen shopping bag from Greece. The bag contained a large address book, an appointment pad, one of the School Time composition books in which he likes to jot down thoughts, and a tattered copy of "Prajna Paramita Sutra," a sacred Buddhist text concerning the ultimate nature of the universe.

"Man, I'd just as soon no one says a word tomorrow," Buddha said to Ginsberg half an hour later, when the thinking was over and the committee had formed a new circle on the floor. "Just beautiful silence. Just everybody sitting around smiling and digging everybody else."

"What we really should have is a sunset celebration on the beach," Ginsberg said.

"Yeah, naked," Snyder said, getting up and stepping back into his pants. "That would spook the city of San Francisco."

Ginsberg banged his cymbals. "And maybe, at the end, a groovy naked swim-in," Ginsberg said.

"Tim Leary's a professor—he's not going to want to smile and walk off, or swim," Meyerzove broke in, panting a little and pushing back a peaked astrakhan hat, which had slipped over his forehead during his trance.

"Well, how much time *do* we allow

Leary?" Ginsberg asked, laughing. "*I* say he gets the same time as the poets."

"Is Leary a prima donna?" the photographer, Beth Bagby, asked. She was still lying on her back.

"Man, I don't think so. After all, he's taken acid," Buddha replied.

"Leary just needs a little of the responsibility taken off him," Ginsberg said firmly. "Seven minutes, and, anyway, if he gets up tight and starts to preach, Lenore can always belly-dance."

Seven minutes was set aside for Leary's speech, and Ginsberg, who had been eying his cymbals, announced that now, if no one minded, he was going to chant. Looking extremely happy, he closed his eyes. He rocked for a while to the high, clattering counterpoint of the cymbals, and then he began a mantra to Siva, the Hindu god of destruction, preservation, and cannabis. The words of the mantra were "*Hari om namo Sivaye*," and he chanted them slowly at first, in a kind of low, plaintive wail. His voice was deep, sweet, throbbing, and full of melody ("He sounds more like a rabbi than a swami," Meyerzove whispered to McClure), and soon most of his friends were up and dancing around him. Miss Kandel began to whirl, her arms kneading the air and her stomach rippling to the mantra sounds. Meyerzove shook, groaning ecstatically. Snyder bounded around, samurai-like. Buddha hopped, waving a nursery rattle. And Freewheelin' swayed, shaking his tambourine. Ginsberg chanted faster and faster, until he was sobbing, singing, and laughing at the same time. His head pitched forward with each beat of the cymbals. He seemed on the edge of consciousness, and then, for a minute, he seemed beyond consciousness and part of the strange, hypnotic rhythm of the chant. Suddenly, he was exhausted. He slumped forward, with a shudder. One by one, the others dropped onto the floor.

"Wow!" Freewheelin' Frank said.

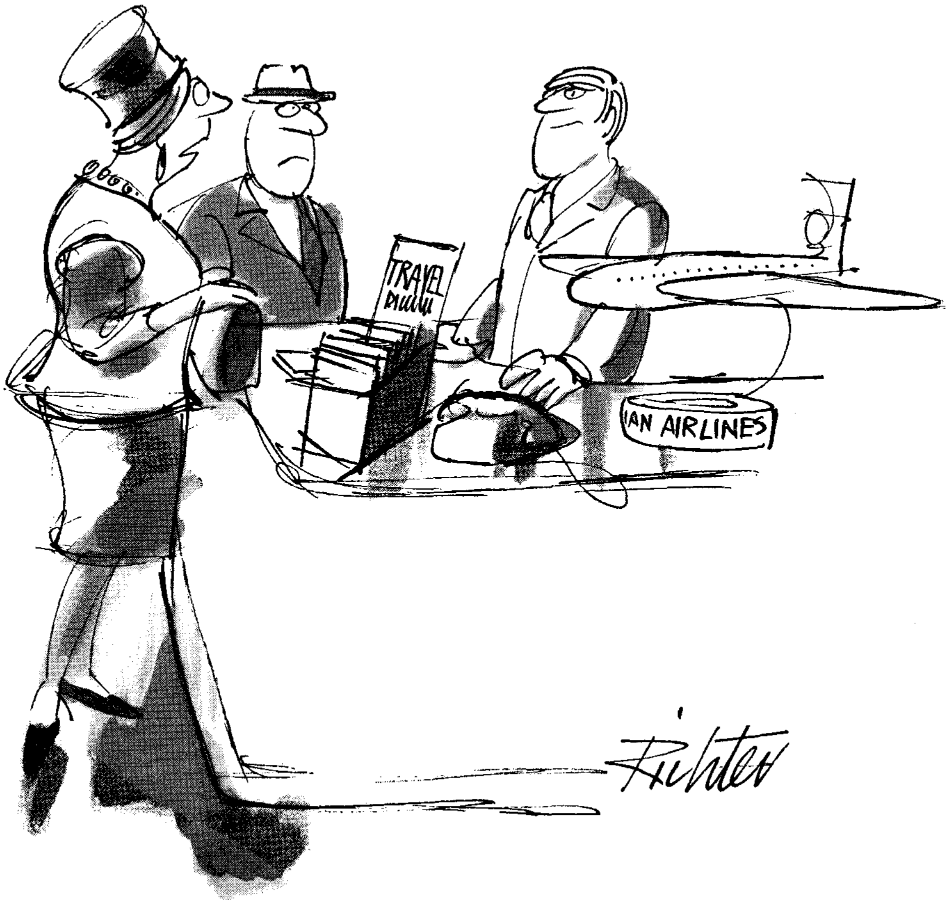
"We should be doing this tomorrow, in the park, with like five hundred thousand people," Ginsberg said. His eyes were shining.

"Yeah, but for a minute there we were really on our way to the delicatessen!" Buddha cried, shaking his head.

Ginsberg jumped up, and started laughing. "Hey, I'm hungry," he said. "Who wants to hit the doughnut shop?"

IN a country that has never been very comfortable in the presence of poetic heroes and prophetic poets, Ginsberg is a poet, a hero, a prophet, and a man who was largely responsible for the love-happy condition of a multitude of children. He has been revered by thousands of flower-wielding boys and girls as a combination guru and paterfamilias, and by a generation of students—who consider him a natural ally, if for no other reason than that he terrifies their parents with his elaborate and passionate friendliness—as a kind of ultimate faculty adviser. Flower Power began in the fall of 1965, when he presented a rally of beleaguered and embittered Berkeley peace marchers with a set of instructions for turning political demonstrations into "exemplary spectacle . . . OUTSIDE the war psychology": "Masses of flowers—a visual spectacle—especially concentrated in the front lines. Can be used to set up barricades, to present to Hell's Angels, police, politicians, and press & spectators, whenever needed or at parade's end. . . ." Later, preaching and colonizing a brave new never-never world of bearded, beaded, marijuana-smoking, mantra-chanting euphoria, Ginsberg set the tone of the countless be-ins, love-ins, kiss-ins, chant-ins, sacred orgies, and demon-dispelling exorcisms of local draft boards, all of which began with the San Francisco Gathering of the Tribes.

A year and a half has passed since the Gathering and the first epidemic of hippie celebrations. Although there are still many hippies around—this summer particular attention has been given to those on Boston Common—they have begun to drop back into history. In the youth movement, the emphasis has shifted from love to political activism. The Haight-Ashbury has outlived its short, exemplary season and has deteriorated into a bizarre and shadowy nighttown, feeding on some of the hippie culture's more grotesque innovations, but it has been replaced as a Utopia by hundreds of hippie enclaves in cities and towns, and on campuses, across the country. Two hundred thousand children are estimated to have left home to try anything from a week-end to a life of sackcloth and marijuana ashes, and, from all reports, a few million others have spent a good deal of time wistfully thinking about following them. Over the past year and a half, while stern city councilmen debated hippie-curbing legislation (in Dallas, where an ordinance was passed last summer barring hippies from the downtown business section of the city, one impeccably bearded young pediatrician threatened a lawsuit against the municipality when policemen began rerouting his car as he hurried back and



"It doesn't matter. *Anywhere* will do."

FOR THE BRIDE

I breathed the fragrance of the spray
My mother showed me: "For the bride."
"Where does the orange blossom grow?"
"Not in this country," she replied,
But in that sunlit elsewhere land
Some call Spain, some Italy,
Or in marbled orangeries
Where upon branches ever green,
Sown thick with buds and opening flowers,
Hang golden fruit among the leaves.

An old lace curtain for a veil
Crowned with hawthorn, lovely may,
White shells of newly opened flowers,
Heavy anthers ruby red
Poised on their filaments of gold,
All day I was, in solemn play,
The bride no bride can ever be,
Yet knew the May Queen was not I,
That none has ever seen her face
Whom immemorial stories praise,
Bud, and leaf, and blossoming tree.

Modelled in plaster or in wax,
Behind her plate-glass window poised,
Her veil with synthetic garland wreathed,
Aphrodite in her shrine
To whom the passing shopgirls pray
That each, someday, one day may be
Beauty upon her bridal day,
Whose form the image rectifies,
Sweet face and gentle fingers sheathed
Under coarse flesh and common clay.

She is the pang that wounds the heart,
Nuance of consciousness so fine,
Elusive recollection stirred
By scent of syringa in a park,
By Palestrina or Purcell,
Or an old Hebridean song,
Lydian or mixolydian mode,
A passing sweetness in the air,
Her still reflection in our dream
With orange or with myrtle crowned,
Whose sacred nuptials are elsewhere.

—KATHLEEN RAINE

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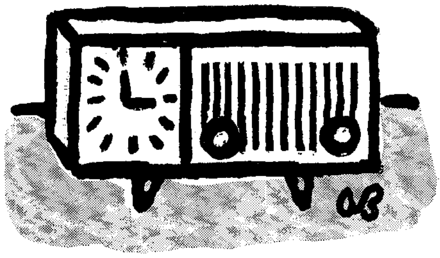
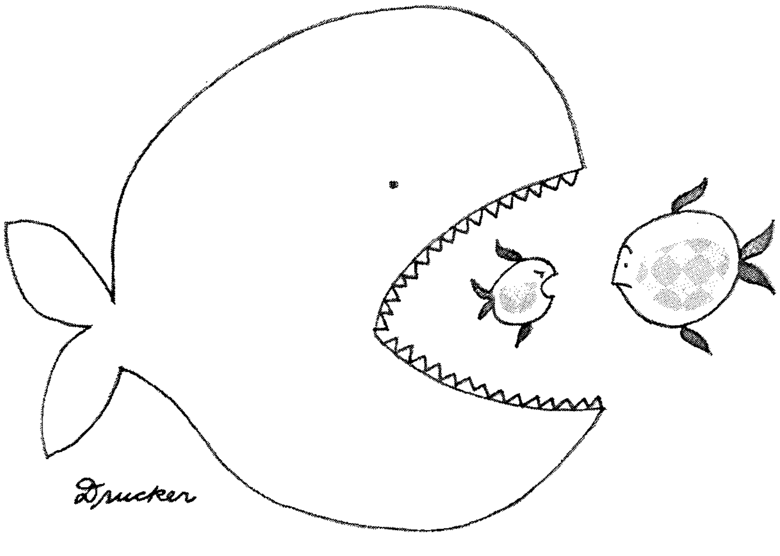
forth across town on house calls), the love people held their ground and, in fact, took over the landscape. They began calling press conferences to announce their metaphysical conclusions, and the media, in reply, took to carrying hippie news as a matter of national concern. Nearly every national magazine ran off a hippie issue, complete with on-the-spot coverage of the most alarming sort of LSD hallucinating and, invariably, an earnest, thoughtful "I Was a Hippie for Two Weeks" essay by one of its younger reporters. The San Francisco press boomed on fillers from the Haight-Ashbury, and toward last summer the minutiae of life in the East Village were recorded on an almost daily basis in the *Times.* The television networks, for their part, were busy dispatching camera crews to neo-Buddhist festivals and to teen-age "seed-power" collectives, where crops were tended on advice from the Ouija and the "I Ching." The hippies, who were alternately worshipped, wooed, and taken over, soon became too fashionable to be altogether apocalyptic. By the time a group of fledgling hippie economists had torn up all their money and floated it down from the visitors' gallery onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, chanting "Make Love Not Profits" and ringing bells, several of upper Fifth Avenue's specialty shops were showing their first psychedelic collections and at least one brokerage house in San Francisco was offering the auxiliary services of a securities astrologer. Underwear was out and bare feet were de rigueur, according to the women's magazines, which scoured the underground for signs of chic, and the barber business was trailing far behind the national growth rate, according to the International *Herald Tribune's* recap of the financial year. Yoga replaced the Canadian Air Force exercises as the latest antidote to overeating; the Jefferson Airplane was being piped into office elevators, Greyhound waiting rooms, and Chinese restaurants; suburban couples started taking off their clothes at parties and painting each other to resemble Day-Glo Apaches; and a cheerful living-room poster of Ginsberg, whose name was once synonymous with the word "Beat" in all its connotations, became tantamount to an instant full-blown hippie ambience.

Ten years, a religious revival, a cold war, a hot war, and lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD, separated the Beat scene from the first hippie season. The Beats had been, originally, a literary event—a scattered pack of writers who had broken through, in print and in person, what Ginsberg once called "the syndrome of shutdown." Almost all of them were born into the Depression, and they grew up during the Second World War to take up their pens under the long shadow of McCarthyism and the grim prosperity that supported it. Somebody once described them as Hugh Selwyn Mauberleys in sweatshirts. Their holy men were all the pariahs of American life, and they practiced, in print, a metre and a diction drawn from their own extravagant and often desperate experiences. In person, they practiced a sort of sociological hit-and-run, rattling people who were too close to the shutdown and too new to the riches to listen to them. As it turned out, the best thing about the Beat credo was the writers who invented it. Its disciples were conspicuous mainly for the thoroughness of their rejections, and they were left behind when the Beat literati eventually moved on to explore new ground. Ginsberg spent most of the early sixties travelling around the world, and came home to a generation of postwar babies who were ready to shed the stigma of real or imagined complicity in the spiritual lag. The coincidence of Ginsberg's homecoming, the Beatles' inauguration of a new sound-sensibility, and Timothy Leary's LSD crusade marked the beginnings of a mystique for them. Somebody has described these little hippies as champions of the pretty. Their style was somewhat limited by an aesthetic based largely upon the forms of the East as interpreted by novelties manufacturers and appraised, through crystal beads, under the influence of hallucinogens, but they worshipped good intentions, and this in itself was something of a religious leap. (It is difficult to imagine Jack Kerouac or Norman Mailer arriving at the Stock Exchange with flowers in his hair.) *Their* holy men were holy men, and they invited everybody to join them in a loving universe of family sacraments, group trips, and total rapport.



Ginsberg himself was too political to settle down with the hippies for very long. Given the priorities as he saw them, he was content to leave the details of a loving universe to his friends while he went back to work trying to preserve the universe at hand. Last summer, he flew to London



"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it."

for a long symposium called the Dialectics of Liberation, with Ronald Laing, Paul Goodman, Gregory Bateson, Stokely Carmichael, and Herbert Marcuse, and then, in the fall, he took a room in a *pensione* in Venice, next door to Ezra Pound, to start putting together three new books of journals and poems. From Europe, he plotted what was very likely the first American rite of exorcism since the Navajo Enemy Way, whipped up a fine Pentagon mantra as an accompaniment, and by these and other appropriate means directed *in absentia* the mass circumambulation of the Defense Department by several thousand demonstrators on October 21st. The anniversary of the San Francisco Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In found him in court in New York, accused of having blocked the entrance to the Whitehall Street induction center during End the Draft Week. (He pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor and was given an unconditional discharge. It was his first conviction, and his East Village neighbors, who wanted him to run for President, were very unhappy about it.) A week or so later, he turned up at a rally at Town Hall protesting the indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock for encouraging resistance to the draft. He spent the rest of January digging up information on the sins of the American military-industrial complex, and in February, armed with statistics, he left for a tour of thirty or forty colleges. In March, he was in Washington, talking with Robert Kennedy about the war. When the Democrats meet in Chicago, he will be there with his bells on, for "a mass manifestation of gaiety" by a few hundred thousand of his friends.

Out in the world, Ginsberg has proved to be so irreproachably immune to the rewards held out to tractable, commercially exploitable, or socially decorative bohemians that over the past year he has become something of a symbol of the profound and often comic incompatibility between the values of the Establishment and the values of the amalgamated hippie-pacifist-activist-visionary-orgiastic-anarchist-Orientalist-psychedelic underground whose various causes and commitments he has managed to espouse. He has been the subject of more argument between the generations than any other American poet since Whitman, whom he admires, and his impact has perhaps been stronger than Whitman's, for, whether enthusiastic about Ginsberg or enraged by him (possibly, Ginsberg says, because of "the unjust equation of *my* long hair with *their* nightmare visions of some monster beatnik"), people who know him, or know about him, seem to put a great deal of energy into reacting to him. Much of Ginsberg's mail, which is voluminous, comes from strangers: "Dear Allen, This letter was written due to a line where you stated 'Communicate with me.' Do you realize that you would not be you if not for me? Please acknowledge my presence," and "Dear Mr. Ginsberg, Occasional escape from reality is good, but it seems to me that you are too real . . . and your 'ultra' reality in which you blot out the unreal shows you're not really where it's at and probably just an exhibitionist." Some of the writers need advice: "Dear Allen, How do I become a poet? Could you just tell me *something* about it?" and "Dear Allen, I am very sad and want to ask you whether or not you believe that an innate capacity for opening the mind and loosening the heart exists in all, however angry, afraid, submerged they may be?" and "Dear Allen, Being a student and, at the same time, being a *person*, I am searching for reconciliation through art and the self. . . . I am 20 years old and do not expect magical solutions. Merely insight, and a new view. Would you correspond with me?" Others want information: "Dear Allen Ginsberg, I plan on heading toward northern India and Nepal and on to Japan, if necessary, in search of a guru. . . . I was wondering what my chances would be of finding one that spoke English. If you happen to know of certain individuals who might instruct me on my search for the realization of the truth, I would appreciate it very much if you would let me know," and "Dear Mr. Ginsberg, In my English course we are required to write ten short papers on various topics. You are my first topic. . . ." In one day's batch of mail a few months ago, Ginsberg received requests for a character reference and a guarantee of financial support from a Japanese poet who wanted a permanent visa with which to enter the country; for a piece of his beard (which he immediately clipped and mailed) as a contribution to the annual fund-raising sale of a high-school literary club in Bakersfield, California; for a manuscript (which he sent) to be auctioned off at a benefit in London for the relief of South African political prisoners; for a manuscript (which he also sent) to be auctioned off at a benefit in France for a new committee to end the Vietnam war; and for a love potion of his own choosing, from a petitioner who wrote, "If you are whimsical or have time, send something to the boy I love. He has had acid already. I wish it worked" (which he did nothing about). In addition, there was a note from an Albuquerque jail, which went, "Mr. Ginsberg: I am also a poet. . . . I was arrested in Albuquerque, New Mexico, late last year for the possession of the herb; three dollars' worth. I am now awaiting trial. . . . May I, Mr. Ginsberg, with your permission, read your statement on marijuana from the *Atlantic Monthly* at my trial? . . . I saw you once from afar and said, 'Hello, Mr. Soul.' "

Ginsberg also gets a great many letters from friends. They write to let him know where they are: "Dear Allen, Another day in the bug house!" and "I am on my way to India and the India beyond India but I will see you before and there, of course. You were right. Siva really dances!" And they keep him up to date on what is happening there: "Dear Allen, Things really seem to be in a state of chaos here in London. The news. First, 12 policemen visited the bookstore on Thursday last week. . . . They seized *all* back issues of the *International Times* (about 10,000 copies), including all the reference copies, they didn't leave us one . . . and from the shop they seized all the copies we had of: 'Naked Lunch,' 'I, Jan Cremer,' 'Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer,' by Patchen, 'The Sonnets' by Ted Berrigan . . ." and "Hello Allen, The students at the London School of Economics are 'doing a Berkeley.' They have been holding sit-downs, fasts, marches with flowers, etc., and recently declared the formation of an 'open university' within the school. . . . But everyone—poets, pop stars, students, intellectuals, kids—is moving together into a united force in reaction to the official heavy hand."

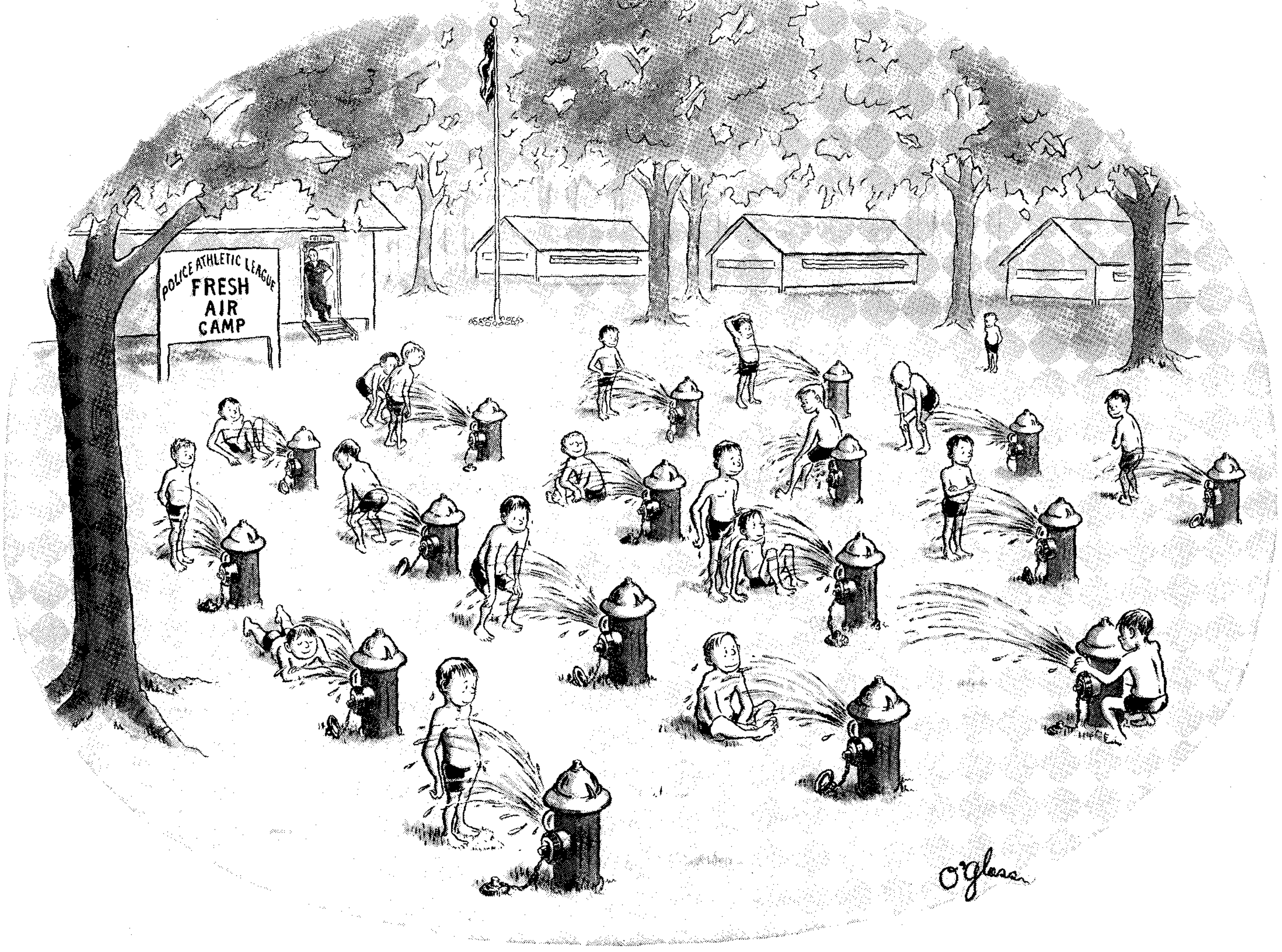
Ginsberg answers all his letters. He puts them first into a big, worn manila envelope with "Unanswered" scribbled over an old address. Then they go into a second worn manila envelope—this one marked "Answered"—which, when it is full, is stuffed into one of many bulging cartons, labelled "Letters," that are stacked in vaguely chronological order on the floor of a five-room apartment he lives in on East Tenth Street, in New York. Important mail, such as communiqués about drug laws and obscenity trials, is clipped, underlined, and stowed away in the appropriate folder in a cross-referenced file cabinet in his dining room.

One of Ginsberg's friends has called him the central casting office of the underground. He enters in the address book that he always carries in his purple bag the name, address, and phone number of anyone he meets who plays, or is apt to play, a part in what he thinks of as the new order, or has information that might be useful to it, and he goes to considerable trouble to put people he likes in touch with each other and with sympathetic and influential Establishment characters who might be helpful to them. In this way, he has managed to create a network of the like-minded around the world. Any one of his friends who goes to a city that Ginsberg has ever visited knows in advance where to stay, whom to see, and what local statutes to avoid breaking, not to mention who the local shamans are, what politicians are friendly, who has bail money, who sells pot, the temperament of the chief of police, the sympathies of the editors of all the newspapers, the phone numbers of the local activists, and where the best sex and the best conversation can be found.

Ginsberg's passion for an entirely communicado underground has made him the most practically effective dropout around. He has contacts in Washington and most of the big city halls, and also in law firms, Civil Liberties Union offices, and universities scattered across the country. Since most of the information that he needs is at his fingertips, Ginsberg can accomplish with a phone call what many of his friends would take months to plow through. He will direct a friend with a problem to a United States senator's office—"Call. They owe me a favor"—or, with the aplomb of a bank president, ring up the Mayor of San Francisco for a hippie in distress, and he can recommend a lawyer by offering a complete rundown of pertinent cases undertaken and a conclusive "Use him. He's good. He turns on." Ginsberg's friend Gregory Corso, the poet, once complained that Ginsberg was operating like a businessman, but all of Ginsberg's friends—including Corso—agree that as an operator he is invaluable. Few of them have either his talent for coping with the tangly protocol and bewildering façades of the square world or his tolerance and affection for its unregenerate inhabitants. He likes most people, and, consequently, he does not share the compulsion of many of his companions to dismiss them, avoid them, or put them down. He tries his best to be soothing rather than startling. He will scold a friend for frightening a fellow-being on the other side of the Establishment fence by "coming on like some spooky super-exclusive angry beatnik egomaniac madman," and he works hard to assure everybody that nothing human—not even Ginsberg—is really terribly alarming.

"I hope that whatever prejudgment you may have of me or my bearded image you can suspend so that we can talk together as fellow-beings in the same room of Now, trying to come to some harmony and peacefulness between us" was the way he introduced himself to Senators Quentin Burdick and Jacob Javits at a special Judiciary Subcommittee hearing on narcotics legislation in the spring of 1966. "I am a little frightened to present myself—the fear of your rejection of me, the fear of not being tranquil enough to reassure you that we can talk together, make sense, and perhaps even *like* each other, enough to want not to offend, or speak in a way which is abrupt or hard to understand." Senator Javits, who was a little jittery at being in a room of Now with Ginsberg, interrupted the poet to tell him not to worry so much about his bearded image, but Ginsberg went along calmly, talking to the senators about his peyote visions, about learning to love better under the good influence of ayahuasco, and about praying for Lyndon Johnson's "tranquil health" after taking LSD on a cliff cove at Big Sur on the day of the President's gall-bladder operation. He told the senators to try to think of LSD as "a useful educational tool" and (this was long before any records that could be considered reliable had been compiled on the psychological and genetic dangers of LSD) to consider the possibility that the terror preceding most of the acid breakdowns that had been reported was an effect less of the drug itself than of threatening laws and unfriendly social circumstances. Then he said that to *really* discourage the use of LSD the senators should supply the kind of society in which "nobody will need it to break through to common sympathy." The senators were no more unnerved by this piece of advice than Timothy Leary was when Ginsberg told *him*, one night last winter, that in a "groovy" society drugs like LSD would be irrelevant. Leary had just invited Ginsberg to join him on "an LSD march around the world." Ginsberg replied that in his opinion it would be far more sensible for everybody to stay home and help the government figure out how to stop the war. "All I'm trying to do, really," Ginsberg said later, "is get the people who smoke pot and take acid talking to the people who don't, and clear up some of the paranoia around."

The people who don't are apt to have learned about Ginsberg's mission—Senator Burdick introduced Ginsberg to his colleagues as the Pied Piper of the drug movement—from newspaper pictures of the poet chanting



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"*Hare Krishna*" at one of Leary's sell-out psychedelic celebrations or marching across Sheridan Square with a big grin on his face and with a homemade sign saying "POT IS FUN!" pinned to his overcoat. Actually, Ginsberg has spent years doing research on the ins and outs of the marijuana laws and compiling historical, scientific, and religious arguments against them. Marijuana, known in its various incarnations as hemp, hashish, ganga, kef, and *Cannabis sativa*, is smoked, chewed, baked into cakes, or brewed into tea and enjoyed as a daily pick-me-up in a good part of the world, by Africans, Latin Americans, Hindus, and Moslems, many of whom regard the ingestion of alcohol as a sin; the official panic about the herb in the United States has therefore always been something of a mystery to travellers like Ginsberg, who has shared it by the pipeful with Arab Sufis and sipped it in milk with professors in Indian faculty clubs. In fact, it was legal in this country until a onetime Prohibition officer by the name of Harry Anslinger became commissioner of the newly created Federal Bureau of Narcotics, around the time of Repeal. Anslinger steered through Congress the country's first marijuana-control bill, the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, and within a few years he had managed to convert the Bureau from a tiny Treasury Department offshoot concerned with the collection of taxes on opiates into a massive watchdog operation, with a staff of agents, that enjoyed near autonomy within the government. Under Anslinger and, more recently, under Henry Giordano, the Bureau, which is empowered to prefer federal "possession" charges carrying high mandatory minimum sentences, has been embroiled in a running war of wits with Ginsberg and his friends. The war involves match-point propaganda—once, in 1961, Ginsberg attacked the Bureau on a Saturday-night television panel show, and the Bureau demanded, and received, equal time—and a good deal of tactical one-upmanship. The Bureau, which used to train agents as beatniks, now has a crack corps of hippies and "students" circulating in the universities and through the underground. Ginsberg, for his part, keeps a volunteer "marijuana secretary" busy cataloguing the clippings, documents, and correspondence that accumulate in his apartment, and his marijuana file is one of the most complete and accurate private records of its kind anywhere. (His favorite among the articles about marijuana he has turned out, a long piece for the *Atlantic Monthly* called "The Great Marijuana Hoax," was sprinkled with footnotes and citations from such ponderous and unlikely authorities as the 1925 Panama Canal Zone Governor's Committee's report on marijuana and the *Report of the British India Hemp Commission, 1893-1894.*) Reporters use the file, and so do the students and scholars of the marijuana movement who live around New York. Lawyers preparing marijuana cases refer to Ginsberg's papers, and the papers are the basis of the poet's own latest marijuana project—the sponsorship and support of a brief to the effect that the existing marijuana statutes violate the legal right of artists to the necessary materials of their trade. Ginsberg would like to use the brief in Washington, eventually, in a test case in the Supreme Court. He estimates that the

"No more for me, thanks. I have to climb down."

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costs will come to some fifty thousand dollars.

Ginsberg likes to call his own well-known experiments with marijuana and the hallucinogens "pious investigations." He often compares himself in this respect to the French Symbolist poets, and, like them, he has kept a faithful record of his investigations in poems and journals written over the years and under a variety of influences—ranging, in his case, from psilocybin mushrooms to his dentist's laughing gas. The first of these records, a journal, covered the day he took peyote for the first time. Ginsberg, then twenty-four, was at his father's house, in Paterson, New Jersey, and after gagging down the last of the peyote, which is terrible-tasting stuff, he sat down to a phantasmagoric Sunday dinner with a crowd of bickering, unsuspecting relatives. His published letters from Peru to William Burroughs (and Burroughs' letters to him from a visit that Burroughs had made earlier) were written under and about yage, which is a hallucinogenic brew distilled by local *curanderos* from a vine called *Banisteriopsis cappi.* Part II of Ginsberg's poem "Howl" was inspired by a peyote vision that he had in San Francisco, staring out of his window one night at the tower of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel and being reminded of Moloch by the tower's grinning, mask-like façade; the long elegy to his mother, "Kaddish," was the product of forty-odd hours awake on a combination of amphetamines; and the recent "Wales Visitation," which he calls his "first great big Wordsworthian nature poem," was written under LSD.

In the course of more eclectic pious investigations, Ginsberg has also meditated toward satori with a Zen roshi in Kyoto, made fire magic with a North African witch doctor, shared hemp and nakedness with the burning-ghat saddhus in Calcutta, explored the spiritual transports of yogic breathing and "chant turn-on" with Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta, circumambulated sacred Indian mountains in California, burned butter to Siva with a teacher of Sanskrit at Columbia, and communed with the Oakland Hell's Angels through a split sacrament of the "Prajna Paramita Sutra" and LSD. Lately, he has been writing poems with titles such as "Consulting 'I Ching' Smoking Pot Listening to the Fugs Sing Blake," "Wichita Vortex Sutra," and "Holy Ghost on the Nod Over the Body of Bliss," and he has been waving goodbye, on the way out of his apartment, to a little private shrine on a bookshelf above his television set. The shrine consists of his Tibetan oracle's ring, an Islamic amulet, a small bronze laughing Ho Te Buddha, a miniature of Krishna and Radha, a Maltese cross, a zodiac poster, some holy cards depicting his favorite Christian martyrs, a package of cigarette papers, and a photograph of his roommate of thirteen years, Peter Orlovsky, posing as a Jain saint.

One night at the hot springs of the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, Ginsberg, who was looking forward to a panel discussion on religion with Gary Snyder, Bishop James Pike, and Dr. Harvey Cox, of the Harvard Divinity School, found himself sharing a bathtub with a group of visiting Episcopal ministers and their wives. After a long talk about Christianity, punctuated by sulphurous splashings on all sides, one of the ministers asked Ginsberg what, exactly, his religion was. Ginsberg slid deep into the water and began thinking about this. After a while, he said that he was probably a Buddhist Jew with attachments to Krishna, Siva, Allah, Coyote, and the Sacred Heart. Then he said no—he was simply on a sort of pilgrimage, "shopping around." In a minute, he corrected himself again, saying that he really thought *all* the gods were "groovy," and so, in fact, he was more of a Buddhist Jewish *pantheist.* Climbing out of the steaming yellow water, he pointed to Orlovsky, who was perched on a railing by the ocean conversing in loud braying noises with the full moon. "I figure one sacrament's as good as the next one, if it works," Ginsberg said.

THE day of the first Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In was hot and splendidly sunny, and the twenty thousand people who came to the Polo Field in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park were able to Be in their brightest, barest psychedelic costumes, without the dreary camouflage of overcoats and boots. In fact, ac-

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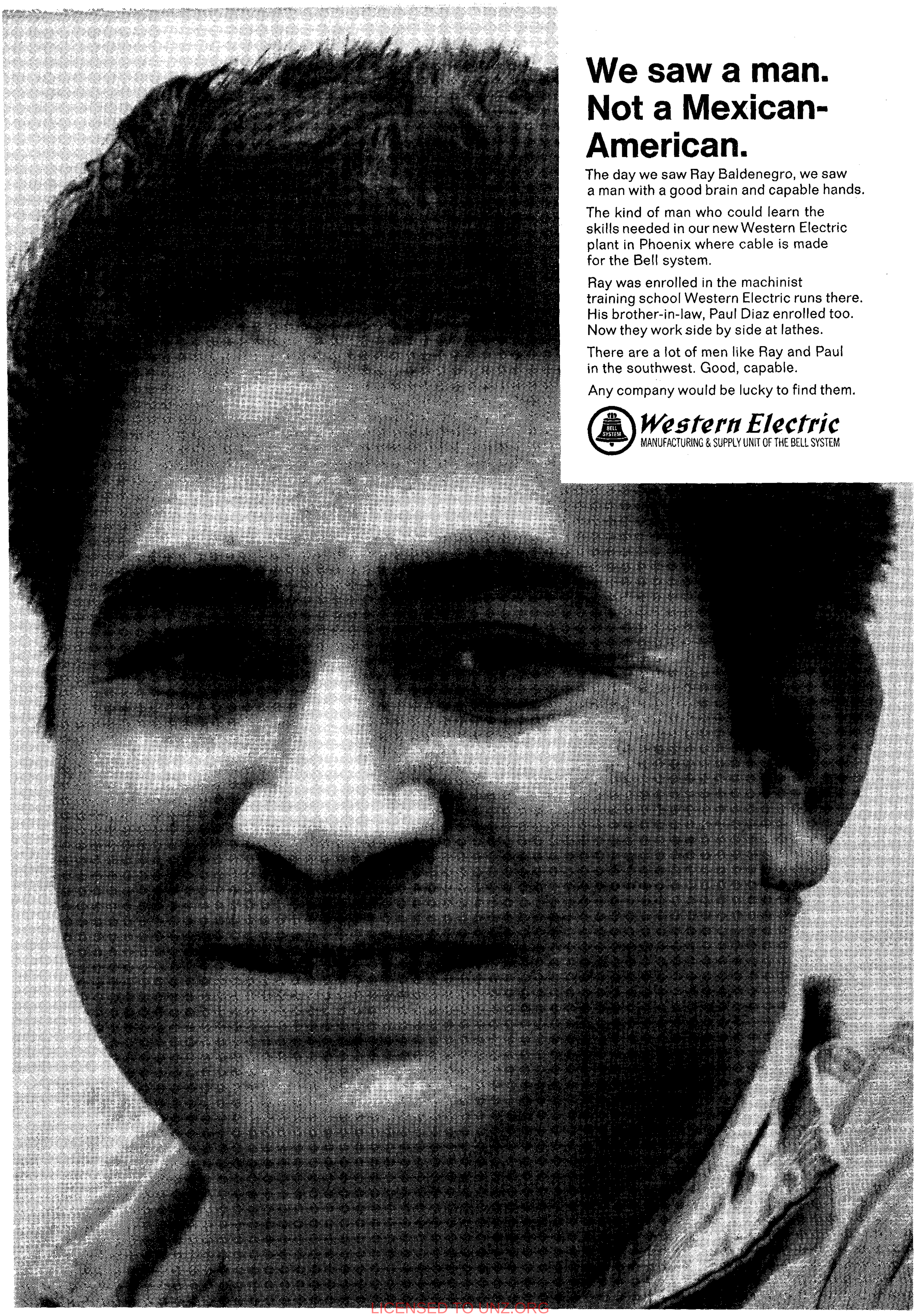
cording to an announcement that morning by Michael Bowen, a young Haight-Ashbury painter with an inspirational tale of having been rescued from an amphetamine habit by love, Tantric Buddhism, and LSD, Mexico had generously exchanged climates with northern California, at the intercession of his Mexican guru, in the interests of a thoroughly successful day. (Bowen said that it had snowed hard in Mexico.) Ginsberg himself came to the park in a pair of blue rubber bathing thongs, which he had picked up at a Japanese stall on the way over to the park, and a hospital orderly's white uniform, which he likes to wear for ceremonial events. Seven hours later, with his dress whites muddy, sweaty, and stained by flowers, he was to be found hunting for his new sandals under piles of electronic-rock equipment on a deserted bandstand at one end of the field. It was a calm pink twilight. People were moving in slow, sleepy coveys toward the road. Ginsberg, who had just led them in silent meditation on the setting sun and in a closing mantra—"*Om Sri Maitreya*"—to the Buddha of the Future, stopped to watch some of them disappear over the crest of a hill bordering the field. He looked elated, exhausted, and a little sick at his stomach, from fruit, cookies, candy bars, cigarettes, Cokes, and peanut-butter sandwiches that had been pressed on him by his admirers, and he was covered from head to toe with gifts of beads, bells, amulets, buttons, and one enormous, dazzling flowered tie.

It had been a beautiful day, Ginsberg told a boy who climbed up onto the bandstand to say good night and to admire the tie, which the poet held out proudly, saying, "Hey, look! Someone laid this groovy tie on me today." He had arrived at the park at eleven, before the crowds, in order to chant some Buddhist dharanis, or short prayers, for removing whatever disasters might be hovering in the vicinity, and to circumambulate the field—a purification ritual that he had learned from the Hindus, who always circumambulate *their* fields before a mela, which is a similarly gala Indian gathering of seekers and holy men. The Hell's Angels had pulled up on their Harley-Davidsons a little while later, as they had promised, to guard the generators and trunk lines for the rock groups who were going to play. Unfortunately, Freewheelin' had presently fallen off a sound truck onto a ketchup bottle and cut his face in several places, but he had been the only casualty of the day. Someone *had* slashed one of the feed lines to a sound truck belonging to the Grateful Dead, but it had been repaired quickly, and one of the Dead musicians, who wanted to make a citizen's arrest of a heckler "for destroying my sanity," had been quietly persuaded by his colleagues that the destruction of sanity was a Constitutional prerogative. Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin, a young Berkeley activist who had been bailed out of jail that morning expressly for the be-in, had both made short, loving speeches, to the relief of the planning committee. (Leary had spent most of the day on the bandstand playing pat-a-cake with a steady succession of stray children.) A young man in a black mask had floated down from the sky, attached to a Paisley parachute, and landed in the middle of the field, frightening a few picnickers but giving rise to considerable speculation among the others as to whether the Buddha of the Future had not appeared at last. A sulphur bomb, planted by a nonbeliever, had exploded under the bandstand at three in the afternoon, but the celebrants in the immediate area had been so euphoric by that time that they took it for a new brand of incense and applauded enthusiastically. Shortly before the bomb went off, Roshi Shunryu Suzuki, the master of the Soto Zen Center, in San Francisco, had arrived unexpectedly, carrying a wreath of flowers and followed by a human chain of brown-robed disciples, and had smiled his blessing on the vast, frolicking manifestation of illuminated consciousness. The costumes had been beautiful. There had been Colonial petticoats, buckskins and war paint, Arabian desert robes, Paisley body stockings on girls and Paisley diapers on babies, Hopi tops and Hindu bottoms, mistletoe escutcheons, bedspreads, capes, togas, and ancestral velvets. Roughly one-fortieth of the population of the city of San Francisco had spent the afternoon in the park together, and the keynote had been sounded by the poets: "Peace in your heart dear/ Peace in the park here" (Ginsberg), "Let it go, whatever you do is beautiful" (Kandel), and "This is really it, and it is all perfect" (McClure).

Looking at the boy on the bandstand, Ginsberg grinned. The boy was wearing a suit of armor, which he had draped with rosebuds, daisies, and daffodils. He was a peace warrior, he said. "I guess you can tell by the way I'm dressed," he added. "I kind of dig freedom."

"I wish I had a camera," Ginsberg



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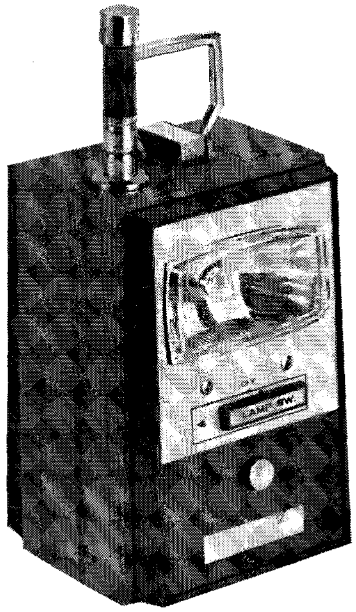

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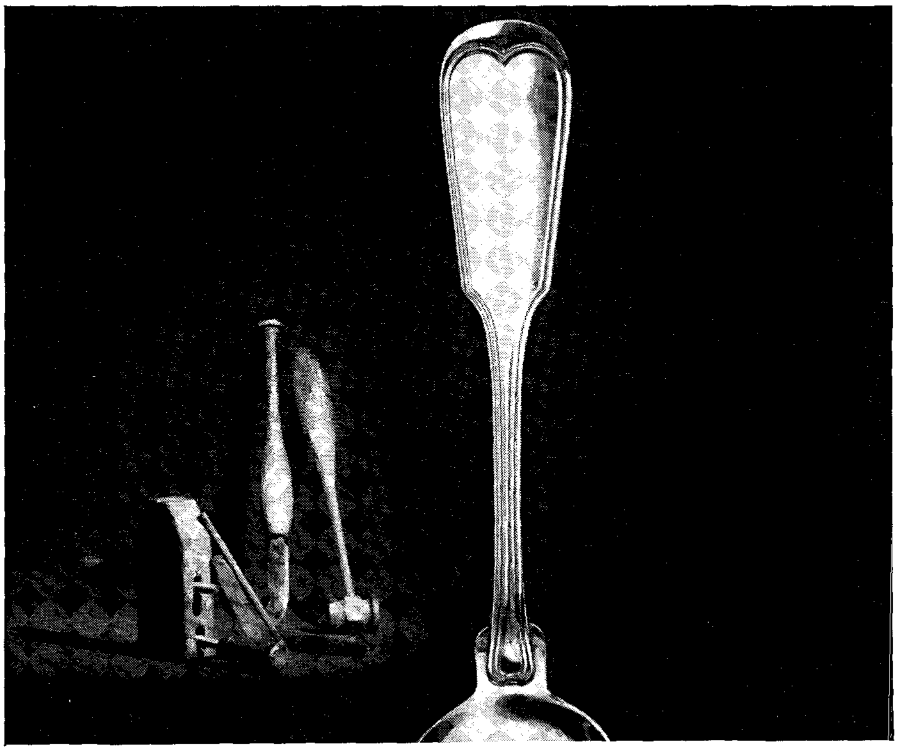

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said. Then he jumped off the bandstand and ran up the hill to catch his friends.

Ginsberg was due at Bowen's place on Haight Street for a macrobiotic supper and some chanting, and half an hour later he was standing in front of one of the fancy, battered Victorian buildings that lined the street and managed to give it a somewhat less belligerently shabby face than the hippie enclaves in Chicago and New York. He was with a girl called Maretta, a gaunt, shy sibyl of twenty-four with long, blond hair who had been travelling with him ever since she returned that fall from India, where she had spent two years in a relentless search for her sadhana, or true path. Maretta had hitchhiked from Europe to India, and had eventually been converted to Tibetan Buddhism, which was the favorite Buddhism of visionary people then. At the moment, Maretta was talking to Ginsberg about her sadhana, which she believed to be hashish this time around in her cycle of rebirth. They had been watching the street for Peter Orlovsky and Peter's older brother Julius, both of whom they had lost track of during the afternoon. Peter Orlovsky, who has described himself as a loony lyric poet of manic compassions, was in the habit of wandering off with a rag and a big bottle of Lysol to scrub down cars, stoops, windows, and sidewalks, in line with his own sadhana, which was keeping the universe clean. His brother also had a habit of disappearing. Julius had once spent twelve years of his life in silence, and even now, with Ginsberg and Peter looking after him, he rarely said a word. Ginsberg told Maretta that he suspected Julius of having taken off at the be-in to have a talk.

Ginsberg and Maretta waited on the sidewalk for five minutes, and then left messages for the Orlovskys with an assortment of hippie pedestrians and climbed a flight of stairs to Bowen's apartment, where the post-celebration celebration was already under way. Bowen greeted them at the door—a big, gangly young man with a mop of fuzzy brown hair, rosy cheeks, and a boyish gap between his two front teeth. He had thrown off his dress shirt—an elaborate purple jerkin—at some point during the be-in, but he still wore several strands of beads and a pair of expensive-looking brown suède pants. Maretta admired them, and Bowen complimented her on her own costume—she had on flowing houndstooth culottes, red on one leg and green on the other, an orange middy blouse, and a red fringed head shawl, and she was trailing a length

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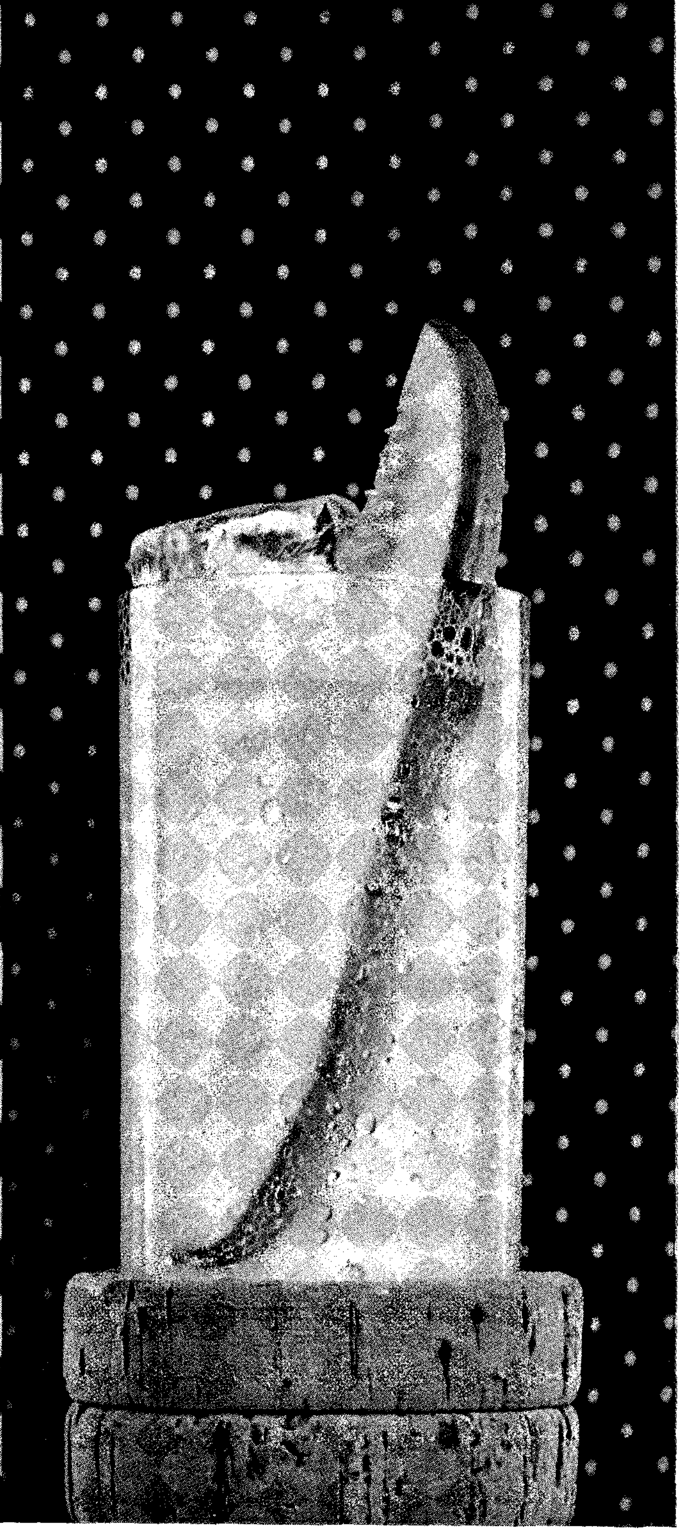

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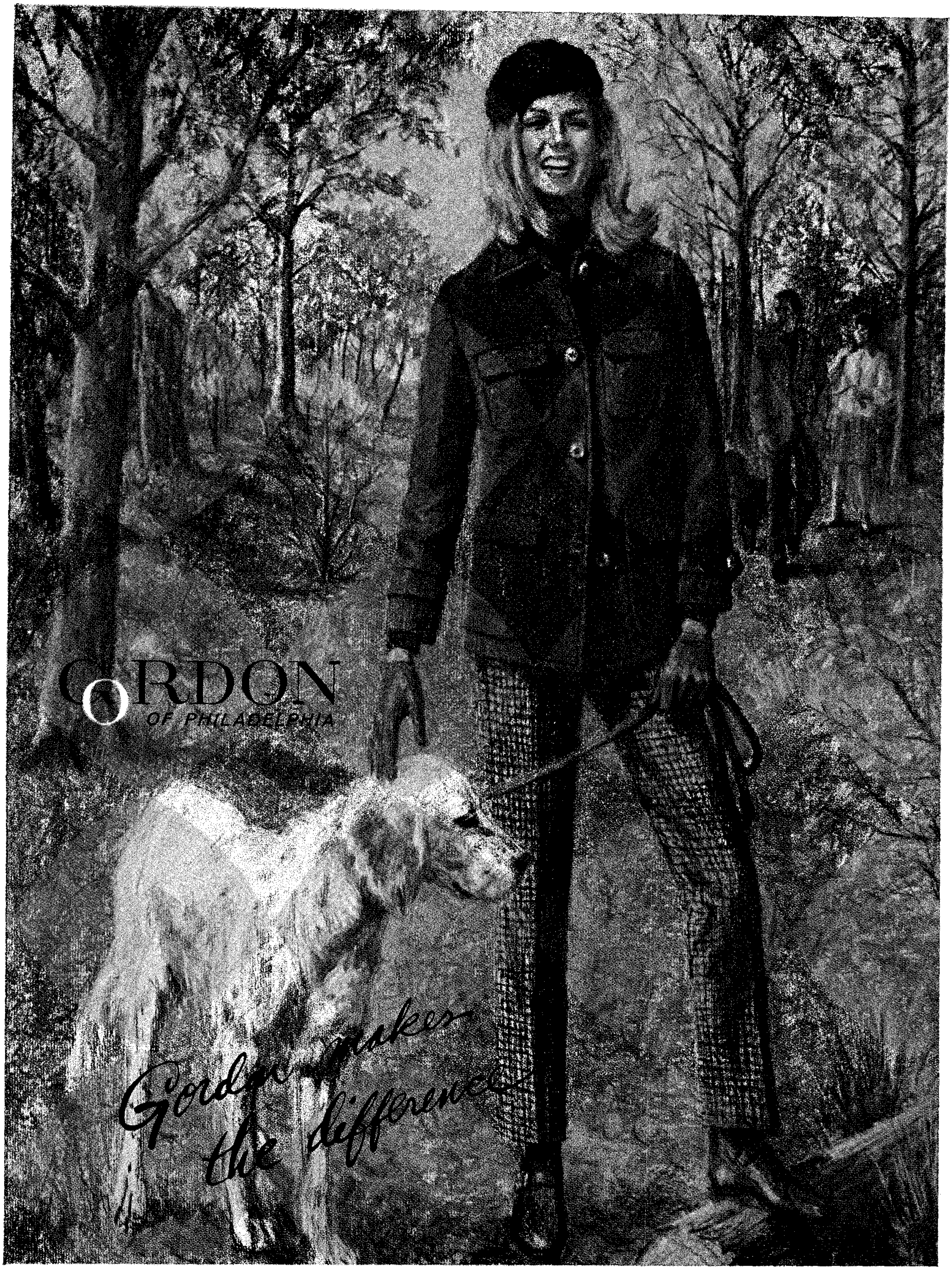

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of gauzy purple sari cloth. Then he announced that, according to a calculation by Gavin Arthur, a grandson of Chester A. Arthur who was a local clairvoyant, the population of the earth at that particular moment in time was equal to the total of all the dead in human history. "That means we're all back, we're all together," Bowen said.

"Beautiful," Maretta murmured.

"Groovy," Ginsberg said. "Are we too late for dinner?"

Bowen pointed down the hall to a brightly lit kitchen, where a young woman in a long green corduroy skirt was standing over a stove dishing out brown rice to a line of wan and softly chanting hippie girls. The young woman, who will here be called Lavinia, had abandoned her own last name—she felt that it did not express the "real" her—when she first left home for San Francisco, and now, at twenty-one, she was a veteran hippie householder. She had settled down with Bowen in the fall, after several months of purifying meditation alone in a tent at Big Sur, and her experience in the woods as a hunter-gatherer-meditator had made her a heroine to the newer arrivals in the Haight-Ashbury, who regarded her retreat as a kind of ultimate gesture. Whereas Bowen was admired for the aphorisms of hippie life that he regularly loosed on visiting reporters from the news weeklies—"The psychedelic baby eats the cybernetic monster in San Francisco" and "We are building an electric Tibet in California" were two of his favorites—Lavinia was famous locally as an expert on nonpoisonous berries, outdoor mantra chanting, latrine digging, and all-weather dressmaking. Ginsberg had known her since the fall of 1966, when they had gone, with Snyder, on a five-week camping and climbing trip through the Northern Cascades, and he greeted her warmly while helping himself to a slice of damp, leaden homemade wheat-germ bread that was lying on the kitchen table. Then he introduced her to Maretta, who said, "Got any hashish, man?"

"My yoga at the moment is cooking," Lavinia answered dryly. "Feeding everybody with natural breads and oats and corn. Seeing that the people here get wholesome, vegetarian food."

"*My* yoga is giving up smoking—that is, until this week it was," Ginsberg said, laughing. He reached into his jacket pocket for a Pall Mall. "In New York, I met this really groovy swami named Satchidananda. At a party Christmas Eve, I think it was. And I was complaining about smoking too

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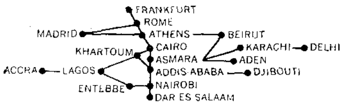

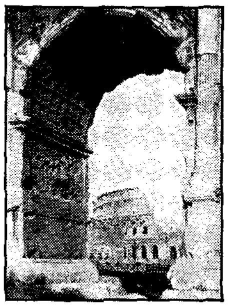

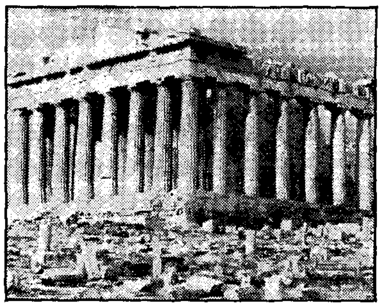

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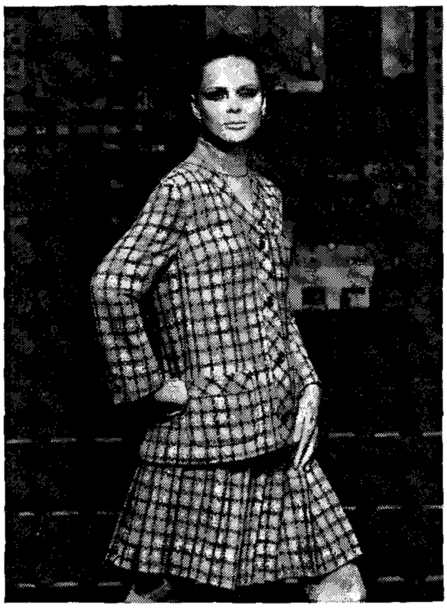

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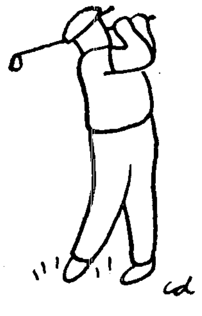
much, and like he said that giving up smoking could be interpreted as a valid form of yoga. Like it involves all the yogic disciplines—control of temper, concentration, devotion, the happy concurrence of body and mind. So like I vowed then and there to stop, and I was doing all right till I hit San Francisco." Ginsberg shrugged, looking ashamed of himself.

Lavinia handed Ginsberg a plateful of steaming rice, and he stayed in the kitchen for a while, eating and gossiping. Then, with Maretta in tow, he wandered down the hall, following the sounds of voices, bells, and cymbals, and the sharp mingled smells of incense and tobacco, to a small, square room that was dimly lit by a set of fat black dripping candles. The room, which was Bowen's meditation room, was hung with the batik bedspreads that served in psychedelic circles as everything from wallpaper to evening gowns. Thin mattresses had been laid out, side by side, around the walls, and in the middle of the room, on a worn Oriental rug, there was a low, scrolled wooden table holding a candelabra, a saucer of burning incense, a tiny bronze Buddha, and a scattering of flowers. The remains of a light fixture on the ceiling were draped with bells, god's-eyes, and long strands of crystal beads, which dipped down almost to the floor and swung, tinkling, whenever anybody touched them. One of Bowen's paintings, an LSD vision of eyes, hearts, broad squiggly lines, and strange Coptic-looking configurations, was tacked to one of the bedspreads, next to an aquatint of Mary and Jesus at an angel party of some sort, and across the room, taking up most of a wall, was a large and extremely rare Tibetan tanka, or silk-scroll painting, of the Maitreya. (Snyder had discovered the scroll in Kyoto, Ginsberg had paid for it, and they had entrusted it to Bowen to be used as an altarpiece, probably for an "indigenous American ashram" in the Haight-Ashbury.)



About eighteen people, in their be-in costumes, were snuggled in companionable heaps on the mattresses. Some of them were talking or chanting quietly to themselves. The others were staring amiably into space. They were all in the process of sharing a peace pipe when Ginsberg and Maretta, tripping over a pile of people on the threshold, stumbled in. Maretta headed for a dark corner, where she staked out a few feet of mattress, curled up into a ball of culottes and fringe, and almost instantly fell asleep. Ginsberg located Snyder on a mattress behind the candelabra and sat down next to him. Snyder was wearing clothes—a pair of green corduroy jeans and a green blouse blocked with big mauve leaves and flowers—and waving a gallon jug of California Bordeaux around. Just as Ginsberg reached for the jug, a light went on, and two television men, dragging kliegs and cables, began maneuvering toward him. They said that Bowen had invited them. Ginsberg groaned.

"I don't know why, but this whole day strikes me as absolutely sane and right and beautiful," one of the men said cheerfully, holding a light meter up to Ginsberg's nose. "Mike must have put something in my tea last night."

"What's so *in*sane about a little peace and harmony?" Ginsberg asked him, inching over on the mattress to make room for Maretta, who had been awakened by the light. Maretta nodded sleepily.

"It was beautiful, man," she said.

"Like *thousands* of people would like to come to the park on a day like today," Ginsberg went on. "So they can relate to each other as—as dharma beings. All sorts of people. Poets, children, even Hell's Angels. People are lonesome. *I'm* lonesome. It's strange to be in a body. So what I'm doing—what we're all doing—on a day like today is saying, 'Touch me, *talk* to me.' "

"People are groovy," Snyder said.

"Zap!" Ginsberg said, and snapped his fingers. "You know how Reagan said, 'Once you've seen one redwood tree you've seen them all.' "

"That's an incredible mentality to us," Snyder broke in.

"Actually, I used to be in love with Reagan in the thirties—I used to see all of his movies," Ginsberg said, smiling ingenuously. "So Ronald Reagan and I are one. Ronald Reagan, you and I are *one!*"

Bowen came running into the room with a telephone in his hand and called to Ginsberg that he had Santa Barbara on the line. "In Santa Barbara, they meditated with us for six whole hours while we were at the be-in," Bowen shouted as he leaped over a mattress, dropped down on his hands and knees, and began tossing pillows aside to find an extension socket in the wall.

"You mean to say you have a phone in your meditation room?" Ginsberg said, and he burst out laughing.

"Electric Tibet, baby," Bowen said,

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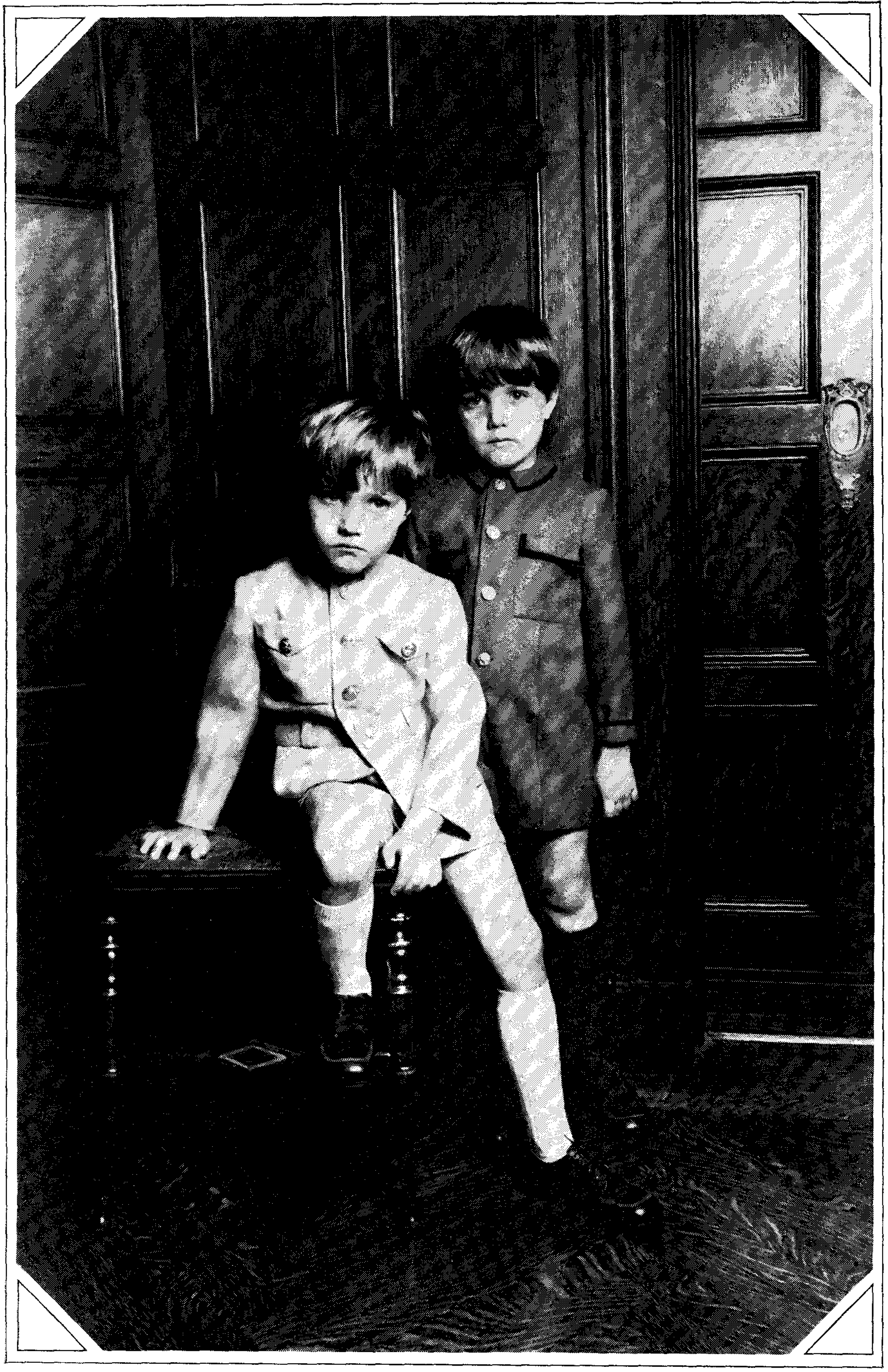

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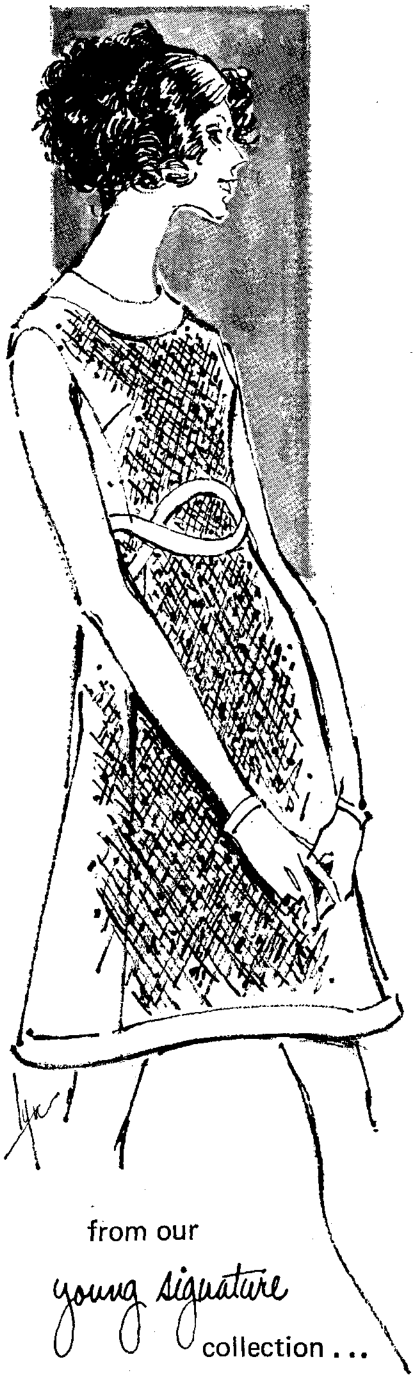

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flipping Ginsberg the phone. "Say something, will you, Allen?"

"Hello. What's your name?" Ginsberg said, sticking a finger in his free ear. "Bright? Hey, that's a groovy name." Ginsberg turned to Snyder. "His name is Bright. That's nice." And then back to Santa Barbara. "We're just saying that Ronald Reagan should prove his good faith by turning on."

"In the middle of the redwood forest, tell him!" Snyder shouted.

Bowen reached for the phone. "It's really far out here, man," Bowen said.

Ginsberg peered at the television man, who was crawling around him with a long microphone cord in one hand.

"Take the phone call, for example," Ginsberg told the television man. "It's like we've bridged the gap between all sorts of people with this— this kind of community festival. I thought it was very Edenlike today, actually. Kind of like Blake's vision of Eden. Music. Babies. People just sort of floating around having a good time and everybody happy and smiling and touching and turning each other on and a lot of groovy chicks all dressed up in their best clothes and . . ."

"But will it *last*?" the television man asked.

Ginsberg shrugged. "How do *I* know if it will last?" he said. "And if it doesn't turn out, who cares?"

"I met a policeman at the park who really dug the consciousness today," a boy in a plaid blanket whispered from across the room. "He told me that he thought today was beautiful."

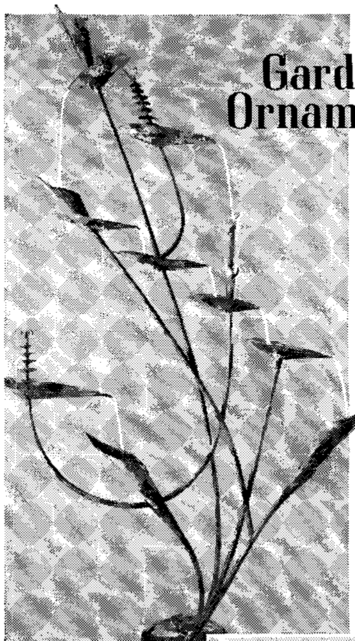
"Even the Hell's Angels dug the consciousness," Ginsberg added, nodding. "Like they were all turned into big, happy, benevolent beings."

The television man wanted to know how important LSD was to this new benevolence.

"Come on, there are other yogas besides LSD, you know," Ginsberg said. "Chanting, for one. Sex. Love. Giving up smoking. And running laps—that's also yoga." Ginsberg stopped to pat a baby who had crawled into the meditation room and was reaching for his beard, gurgling with curiosity.

"Acid just happened to turn up as the product of this particular society, to correct its own excesses," Snyder said.

The television man signalled to his partner, who had moved back to the door and was standing there with a hand-held camera, to start shooting. They worked for half an hour, and just as they ran out of film, Timothy Leary, in a bright-red Aran Islands sweater, rushed into the room. Leary



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was a little out of breath, and so was his Los Angeles lawyer, a man in a pink shirt and a tweed Eisenhower jacket, who ran in after him.

"Out there, on the street!" the lawyer, whose name was Seymour Lazar, called to the meditators. "Five paddy wagons! At least five. And they're arresting kids right and left."

"What for *now*?" Ginsberg asked them.

"Non-dispersal, or something," Leary said. "All I know is that we were taking a walk up Haight Street and heard a group of kids singing outside the Psychedelic Shop, and then suddenly the police arrived, out of nowhere, and started busting everybody."

"Well, they're not busting *us*," Snyder said.

"But they're grabbing hostages, and for a reason," Bowen, who was pulling on his jerkin, said. "Terror's the reason, man."

Most of the people in the room nodded.

"Oh, come on," Ginsberg said, getting up and heading for the stairs. "The police are people. They're just a little paranoid. Something must have scared them. Anyway, I'm going down and have a look around."

Ginsberg left with Leary, Lazar, and perhaps ten people from the party. He returned about ten minutes later, stuck his head into the meditation room to say "Someone threw a bottle, or something," and then went into a huddle with Lazar and Leary on the kitchen table. He told Lazar that the Haight needed to organize and hire a lawyer to handle its troubles with the police.

"You see, if you've got trouble—LSD, marijuana, prostitution—just talk to Seymour," Leary told some boys and girls who had followed the men to the kitchen and were standing at the door, listening.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about the busts tonight," Ginsberg said, finally. He was perched on the table, in between several loaves of fresh natural bread.

"Tell me something, Allen," Lazar, who had been watching Ginsberg, said suddenly. "You must have a little money now. You can *afford* things. Tell me why you stay in such funky places."

"How do *you* know?" Ginsberg demanded. "You ever been to one of our funky places?" He began chanting, cheerfully, at the lawyer.

"And all this chanting," Lazar said.

Ginsberg shrugged. "It's kicks," he said. "*Hare Krishna*, Seymour."

Ginsberg hopped off the table and, still chanting, padded barefoot back

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into the meditation room and sat down on a mattress. Snyder welcomed him with a blast from a conch horn that he had blown to the four winds at the be-in that afternoon. The conch horn was wrapped in blue net and garlanded with wild flowers, and Ginsberg said that he thought it looked very magical. Then he began talking to it. "Tell me, O Conch, will I have to give up love at the fourth level of enlightenment?" He held the conch to his ear and waited for an answer.

Everyone giggled but a young man in a turn-of-the-century merchant-marine dress uniform, who had been staring sullenly at Ginsberg from a mattress across the room. "Here you are, the great Ginsberg, sitting there talking like this was *your* scene," the boy said.

"We had some of this scene going ten years ago," Ginsberg told him. "At least some of us were accomplishing *something* like this then."

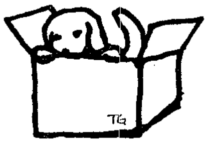
"Yeah, but then there were ten years when you had nothing to say to the world," the boy said.

"You're right." Ginsberg nodded agreeably.

The boy glared, and added, "Anyway, I didn't mean *this* scene, like here tonight. I meant the *communal* scene."

"But we had a communal thing going, too," Ginsberg said, chuckling. "The trouble was that less people wanted to commune."

Snyder spoke up, looking at the boy. "I'd say the big difference between our old scene and now is *this*. We had a friend then—a poet—who killed himself, and he took a lot of bad karma, magically speaking, with him when he died. We knew we didn't need or want that kind of self-defeating scene anymore."



"Anyway, we *did* have a big, friendly, family scene," Ginsberg said. "It's recorded literary history. Anybody who wants to can look it up." He glanced around the room. "Like we even took off our clothes at parties."

"Well, why not now, or on the street, man?" Bowen said enthusiastically.

The boy shrugged. "I take it that you—the older generation—are responsible for *this*, for the way we live, for—"

"Sure, why not?" Ginsberg said, and, leaning toward the boy, he put his fingertips together and touched them to his forehead, to signify that he recognized and respected the presence of another sentient being in the meditation room.

"The great Ginsberg won't even let me finish," the boy complained.

Bowen jumped up. "Hey, man, we don't get nasty here," he said.

"What do you want to hurt my feelings for, anyway?" Ginsberg asked the boy. He sounded curious.

Snyder started laughing. "Don't take it all out on Allen," he said. "This has been going on since the Stone Age. Why, there's a chain of us going back to the late Paleolithic. Like Jeffers, and Whitman. *They* had good scenes going."

"The only thing is that more people love and kiss and touch now," Ginsberg said.

"And more people kill and bomb—that's the *other* side of Kali," Bowen broke in. He sounded astonished at his insight.

"But the other side of Kali is Parvati, and she's beautiful, and dances!" a girl in orange feathers called out from the bottom of a pile of people.

"It's all one, baby," Bowen philosophized.

Ginsberg stood up, stretching. Leary had just walked in with the early edition of the next day's *Chronicle*, and he handed it to Ginsberg. On the front page, over a picture of the be-in, was the headline "HIPPIES RUN WILD."

"That's ridiculous," Ginsberg said when he had finished reading their reviews. "Like it was an aesthetically very good scene. They should have sent an art critic."

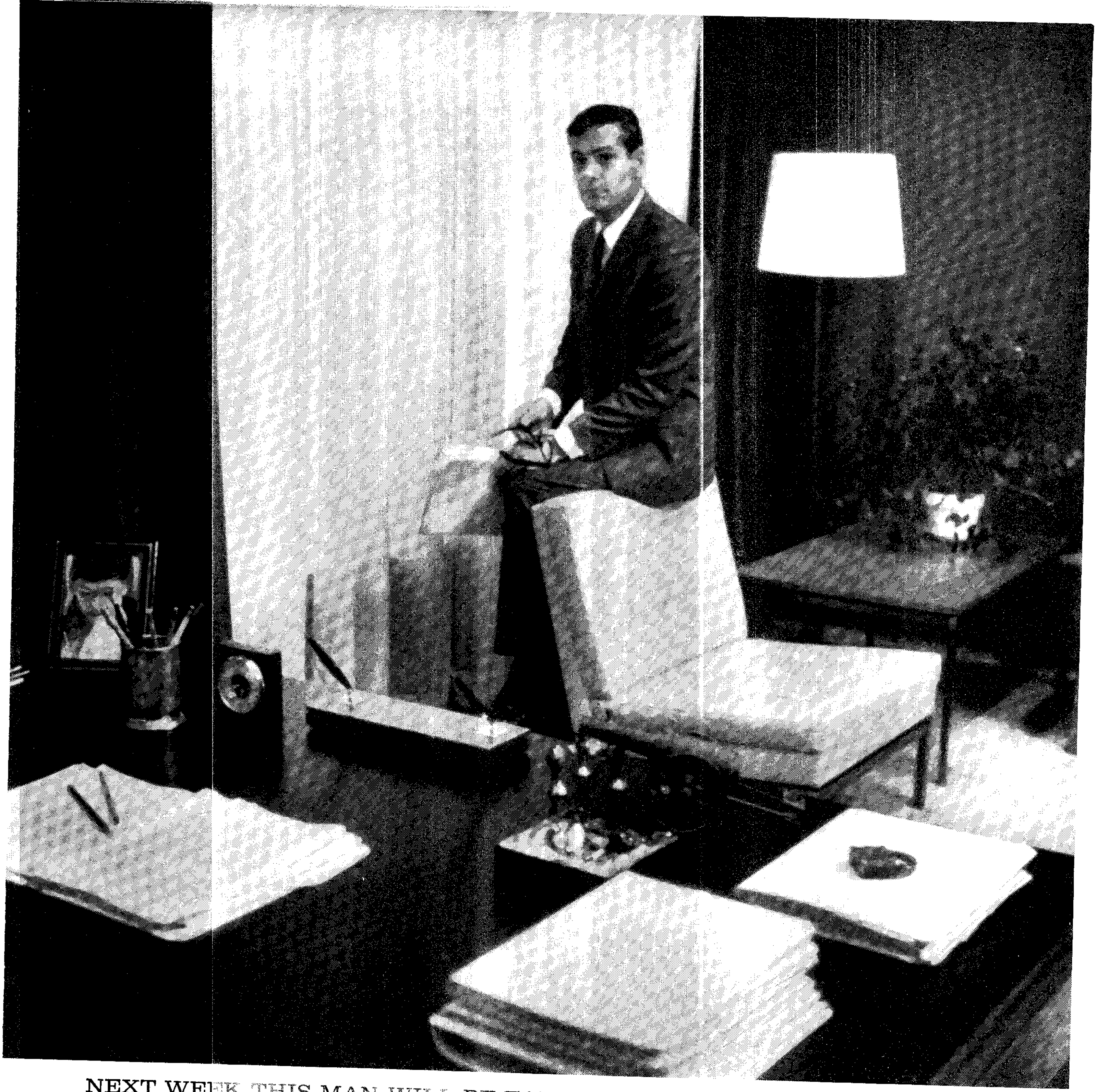
"It's a bad bag, reporting," Snyder mused. "Somehow, I don't think it's possible to be in that bag and get anywhere, spiritually speaking."

Ginsberg said that, nevertheless, he had "better straighten things out." He left the meditators debating the spiritual pitfalls of journalism, and, down the hall in Bowen's studio, where there was another telephone, he dialled the *Chronicle* and asked for the night editor. Maretta trailed in after him, holding a cigarette. He took a long, weary puff.

"What is this nonsense about hippies running wild?" Ginsberg said, scolding the night editor. "Your story has the kind of inaccuracy of tone and language that's *poisoning* the community. Is *that* what you want to do?" He proceeded to dissect the story, word by word. "What do you mean nobody *told* you that?" he said. "What kind of reporting is *that*?"

"We sent our hippiest reporter," the night editor said.

"I don't know what kind of hippies you've got over there at *your* place,"



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Ginsberg said, chuckling. "Besides, what is this hippie business? What does 'hippie' mean, anyway? These kids aren't hippies—they're *seekers*. Today was a serious religious occasion."

Maretta nodded vigorously.

Ginsberg gave her a hug. He told the night editor to expect him early Monday morning for a talk with the reporter about an accurate followup.

The editor agreed.

"Well, peace," Ginsberg said, and he hung up.

GINSBERG was twenty-seven when he arrived in San Francisco for the first time, and he had thirty borrowed dollars in his pocket, an introduction from William Carlos Williams to Kenneth Rexroth, and a modest reputation in the market-research business as a young man who would go far if he ever kept a job. It was 1953, and no one in San Francisco then had ever heard of him. He had been living in New York since the summer of 1943, when he enrolled at Columbia on a small scholarship and a stipend from the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Paterson. He was, for all practical purposes, unpublished. And the other writers he knew—Ginsberg had lived with William Burroughs, off and on, for years, and Jack Kerouac and Gregory Corso were his closest friends—were all based on the East Coast. "It was like a big prophecy, taking off for California," Ginsberg has said. "Like I had passed one season of my life and it was time to start all over again." He spent a year getting there. He hitchhiked to Florida, hopped a plane to Cuba, decided to explore Yucatán ("Like Shelley in Italy, I was busy poking around big, history-less Mayan ruins and wandering all over alone, absorbing that kind of antiquity and sense of transience and thinking up big, long poems about native grounds"), and ended up on a jungle cocoa *finca* near the Guatemalan border, visiting a retired Tarzan-movie Jane, whom he had met on the roof comb of one of the Palenque ruins. When he finally did reach California, after six months at the *finca*, he headed for San Jose to see his friend Neal Cassady, a sometime railroad brakeman who liked memorizing Proust and reading Kant before bed. Cassady was the prototype of Dean Moriarty in Kerouac's "On the Road," and he was revered by Kerouac, Ginsberg, and their friends as a kind of savant-in-the-raw. (He later teamed up with the novelist Ken Kesey as the driver of Kesey's Psychedelic Bus, a Paisleyed piece of old

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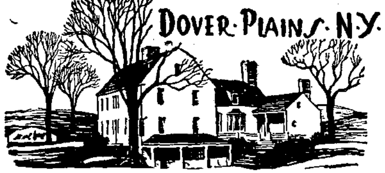

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machinery that carries the writer and his followers, who call themselves Merry Pranksters, on an endless holiday up and down the West Coast. In Mexico last February, he took a lethal combination of liquor and barbiturates and was found dead on a railroad track outside San Miguel de Allende.) Ginsberg moved in with Cassady and Cassady's wife—he had made up his mind to abandon market research for railroading, which paid more in those days, but no one would hire him—and stayed, he says, until Mrs. Cassady "got a little bugged." Cassady dropped him off in San Francisco.

Ginsberg settled down in a six-dollar-a-week room in a North Beach transients' hotel, at Broadway and Columbus. It was around the corner from Lawrence Ferlinghetti's bookstore, City Lights, and Ginsberg, having taken a stack of his poems over to Ferlinghetti and introduced himself, spent his first few weeks in town there, getting to know the local poets. Then he happened to find both a job, at a small market-research firm called Towne-Oller, and a girl friend, and soon he and the girl were installed in what he says was an appropriately executive apartment on Nob Hill. After a year of keeping house and plotting the effects of cold-cream and toothpaste advertising campaigns on supermarket sales, Ginsberg concluded that the time had come to ask a psychiatrist why he felt so dissatisfied with doing both. He began shopping around for a doctor—trying, he says, to forget the fact that, asking roughly the same question, he had already run through a number of psychiatrists, in New York. The first New York psychiatrist, who was a Reikian, had dismissed Ginsberg for smoking marijuana against doctor's orders. Ginsberg wanted to go back to him some months later, after having an auditory hallucination of William Blake reading "Ah! Sun-Flower," but he says that when he phoned the doctor and said, "Look, I have to see you—William Blake is in my room," the doctor shouted "You must be crazy!" and hung up on him. The next psychiatrist, who was assigned to Ginsberg during an eight-month visit he paid to the Psychiatric Institute of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center on what he now refers to as "my leave of absence from college," apparently felt the same way. "In our first week's conversation, I was trying to explain to him where I was at, and I said, 'It's like the telephone is alive,' " Ginsberg says. "Now, had he been a doctor of any kind of wit, like they had in the old days, he

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would have said, 'And what does the telephone say, Allen?' But instead he got annoyed and stamped his foot and said, 'The telephone is *not* alive.' So he didn't know where I was at at all." The last of several Institute doctors was a young Freudian starting out in practice, and he and Ginsberg got along. "He had my diagnosis changed from psychotic, or schizophrenic, or something terrible like that, to 'extreme but socially average neurosis,' which gave me a lot of confidence, because ever since then I've had formal credentials of not being insane," Ginsberg says. But the doctor soon got married, moved to Park Avenue, raised his rates from seven-fifty an hour to twenty-five, and told Ginsberg to get a better job.

It was a psychiatrist in San Francisco who "gave me the authority, so to speak, to be myself," Ginsberg says. "I had like a beautiful conversation with him one day, and the key thing I said was that I was dissatisfied with what I was doing, I was very unsure of myself. So he said, 'What would you like to do? What *is* your desire, really?' I said, 'Doctor, I don't think you're going to find this very healthy and clear but I really would like to stop working forever—never work again, never do anything like the kind of work I'm doing now—and do nothing but write poetry and have leisure to spend the day outdoors and go to museums and see friends. And I'd like to keep living with someone—maybe even a man—and explore relationships that way. And cultivate my perceptions, cultivate the visionary thing in me. Just a literary and quiet city hermit existence.' Then *he* said, 'Well, why don't you?' It was the last thing I expected him to say. I asked him what the American Psychoanalytic Association would say about *that*, and he said, 'There's no party line, no red book on how people are supposed to live. If that is what you really feel would please you, what in the world is stopping you from doing it?' So I said that the only thing stopping me was my being in psychoanalysis and feeling that that kind of screwy thinking wasn't exactly contributing toward my general development, and he said that it obviously was contributing toward *something*, if it was what I wanted to do with my life. So that was really delightful, getting that kind of talk from an analyst. The thing I was suddenly beginning to realize about this analyst was that he actually liked me and wanted to see me pleased and happy and free to develop in my *own* way, and I was curious about this, and said, 'But this is so far distinct from your way of life. Don't you feel any conflict?' He kind of shrugged, and said, 'No, *I'm* happy with what *I'm* doing, and I don't see any reason for *you* not to be happy with what *you* do.' Like he just was a very good person, a good human being, and I guess that's what I had needed all along."

Ginsberg went home that night and drafted a report on the economic advantages of installing a small I.B.M. machine at Towne-Oller to replace him and his two secretaries. He says that Mr. Towne and Mr. Oller were moved by his consideration and ingenuity, which, it turned out, would save them seven hundred dollars a month. They obligingly fired him, to specifications, with a signed statement to the effect that Ginsberg was the unfortunate victim of technological progress. Ginsberg began collecting forty dollars a week in unemployment checks. Soon after that, he met Peter Orlovsky.

Orlovsky was the son of a White Russian cavalry officer who had gone A.W.O.L. and had ended up in lower Manhattan making silk-screen ties. The family's tie loft was a Dickensian sort of place, according to Orlovsky—grim, dank, and run entirely with forced labor in the form of the Orlovsky children. Orlovsky, who was not enthusiastic about ties in the best of circumstances, left it at sixteen to clean the geriatric wards of a mental hospital nearby. He was drafted at eighteen, was assigned to Presidio, an Army base in San Francisco, and was eventually presented with a medical discharge. Many years later, at a literary cocktail party in Chicago, he sized himself up with the introduction "I'm Peter Orlovsky. I'm very fine and happy and crazy as a wild flower." His only autobiography, a paragraph written in 1960 for a poetry anthologist, reads, in part, "Grew up with dirty feet & giggles. Trouble in school: always thinking dreaming sad mistry problems. Love pretzles & cant remember dreams anymore. Will somebody please buy me mountain with a cave up there. I dont speack any more. Wanted to be a farmer went to high school for that & worked hard, hard, I tell you, very hard, you'd be amazed. Did weight lifting with bus stops. Got to enjoy burnt bacon with mothers help. Stare at my feet to much and need to undue paroniac suden

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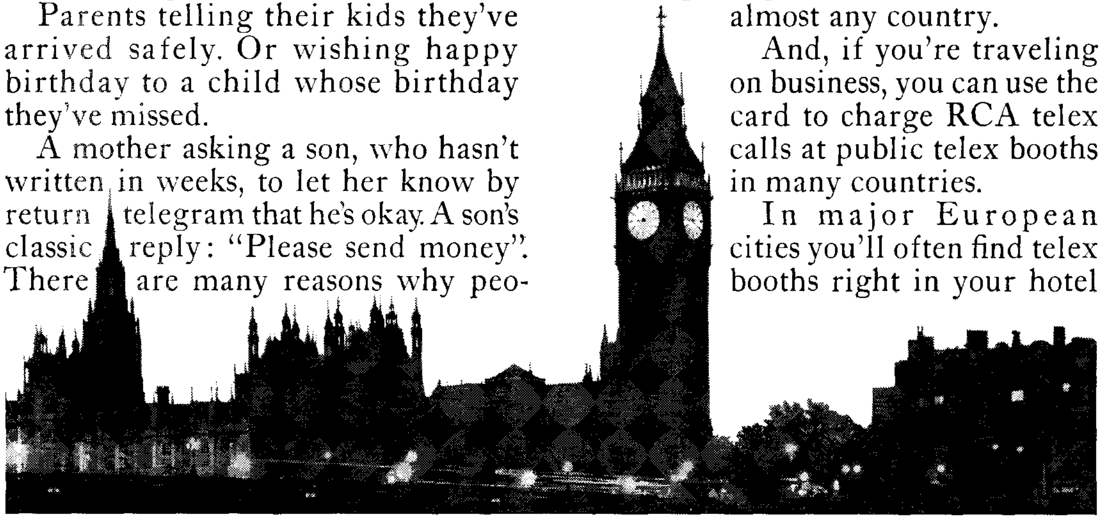

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When Ginsberg discovered him, around Christmas of 1954, Orlovsky was twenty-one. "I had wandered out to Foster's Cafeteria that night"—so Ginsberg tells the story—"and got talking to a painter named Robert La Vigne, and after a while he asked me over to his house to take a look at his things. There was this giant picture there, over the fireplace—a very beautiful portrait of Peter, naked, with a Greek kind of drapery around him. Kind of a Matisse style painting, very sexy and very innocent. And something happened sort of between me and it, that is, like I fell in love with it, and so I was delighted a few minutes later when Peter actually walked in the room—he was a sophomore at some local junior college—with his schoolbooks under his arm. We had a long, long, long, beautiful talk. It was like there was a great deal of correspondence between our experiences. His father and mother separated, just like mine, his Russian background, and then this particular visionary thing he told me about that was so beautiful—that at the height of his depression in San Francisco he was walking toward school and had started weeping, and that the trees on the street had all bowed to him. It reminded me of my Blake thing, so like right away we found a mutual key, which was very ethereal, talking about dreams and the nature of consciousness and about what we were seeking, and discovering that we were more or less seeking to exchange souls with each other. Then, one night a while later, we went down to North Beach together and got a little drunk. It was like some sort of very idealized, happy Dostoevskian confrontation of souls. Then—at about three one morning, in one of the cafeterias downtown—we finally made a kind of vow. It was a very strange, illuminating, subjective moment, with the burden of fear and doubt falling off for both of us. Everything lit up. It was a *great* moment. Now my *girl* friend—I wasn't living with her anymore, but I was still ardent about her, and that for me was a relief—she got cold and annoyed at me for some reason that I couldn't make out. She came over to the new apartment I had taken with Peter and threw a fit one night. She

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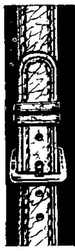

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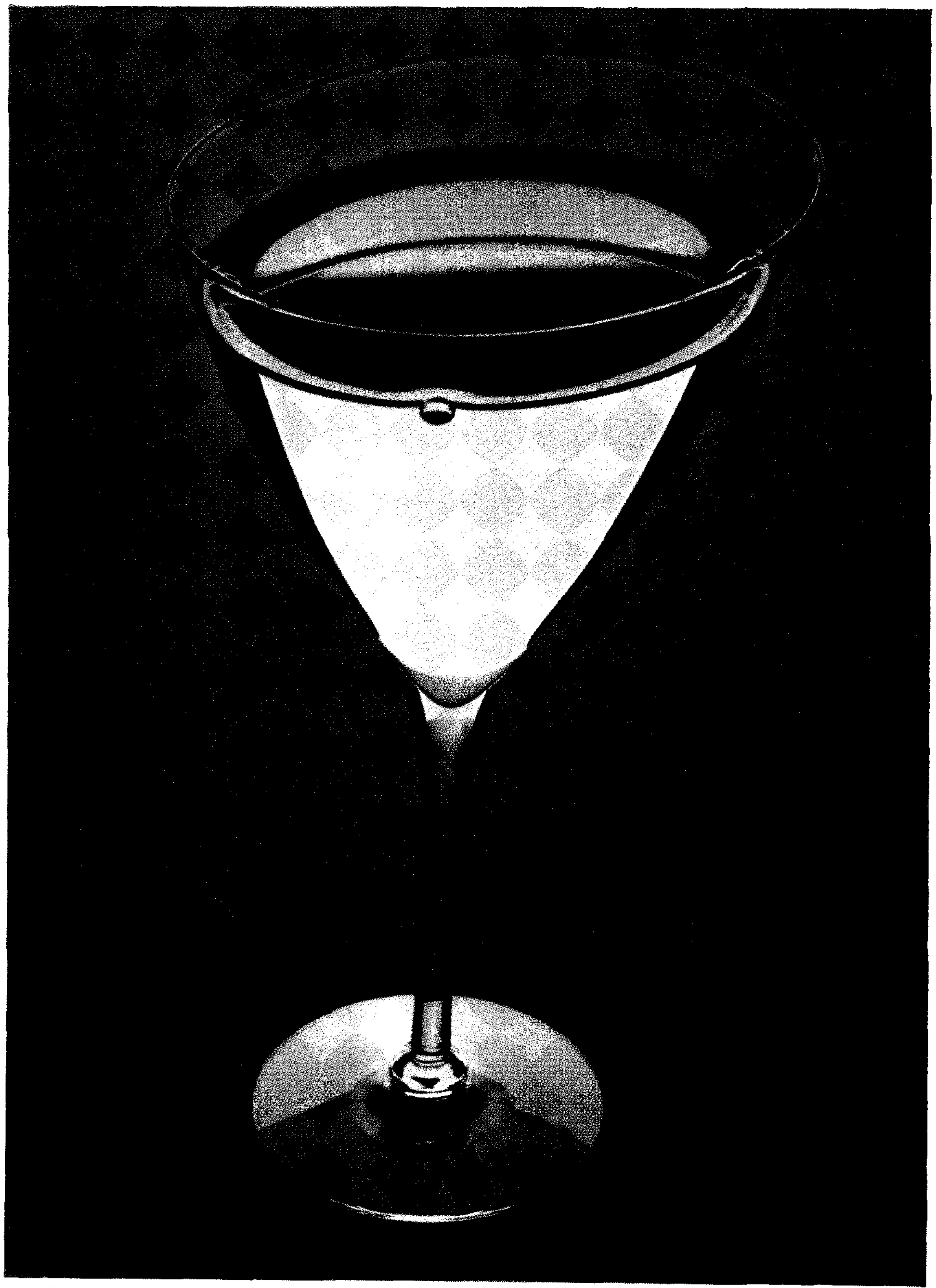

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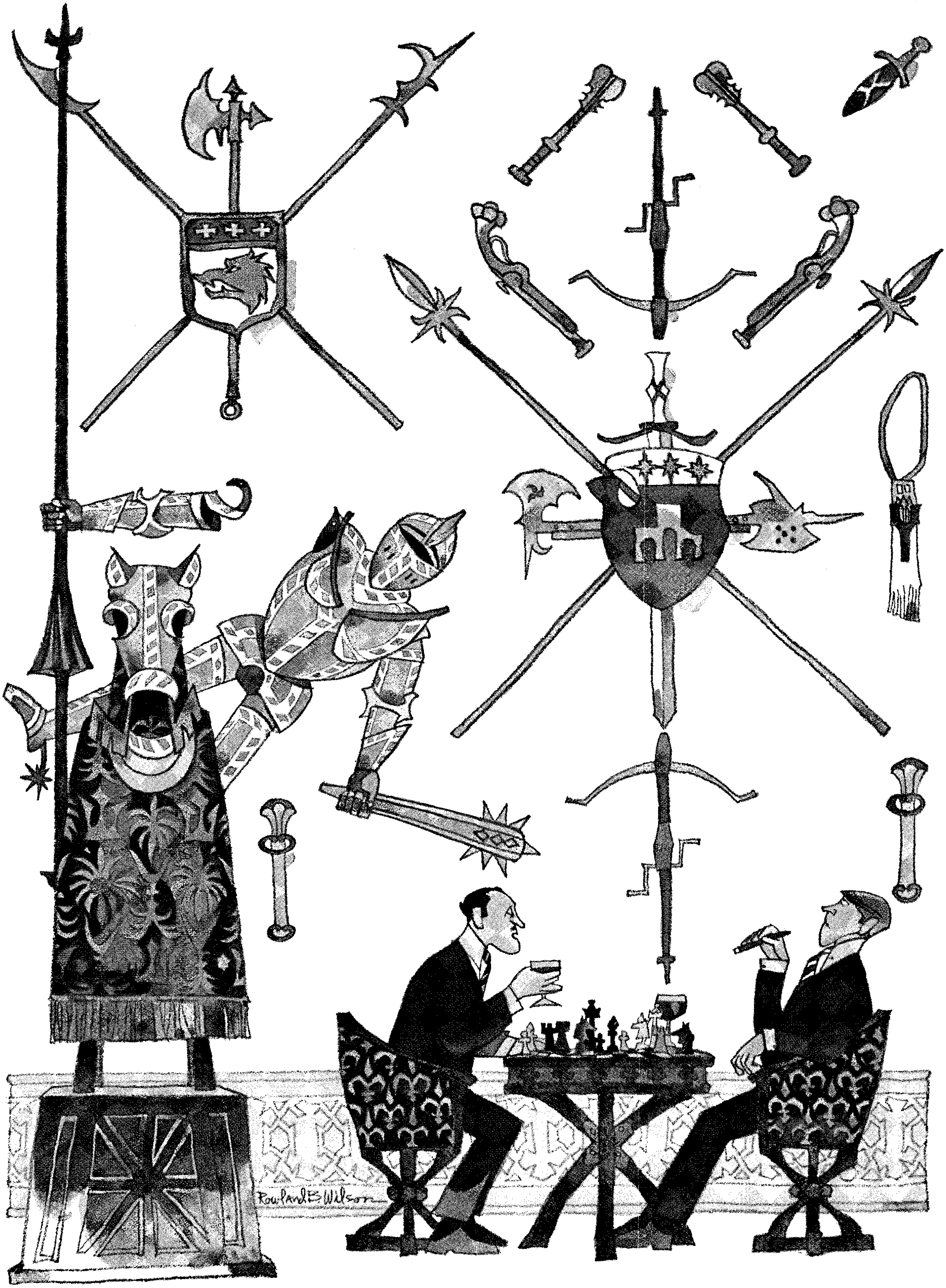
Rowland B. Wilson

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broke my fireplace, told me I was a wretch and a monster. She began acting in such a wounded, hysterical way that I didn't know how to react to it, actually. Here I wanted a quiet, community thing, just a little household community, but that apparently just struck some bad note in her. Actually, I think the terms of the thing for Peter and me were that he give me the tolerance and love I needed until I finally felt secure, until all *my* sensitivity and shyness and anxiety and fears about being unlovable were totally wiped out—*that*, in return for my education and my mysticism and whatever I had picked up about life. Those were the conditions of the friendship, so to speak."

Ginsberg finished the first part of "Howl" in the apartment he had taken with Orlovsky. It was on Montgomery Street, only a few blocks from the center of North Beach, and Ginsberg liked the contact he had there with the writers, artists, and hangers-on who were beginning to arrive in shaggy mass migrations and were destined to give the neighborhood five years of notoriety as a Beat paradise. (At the moment, North Beach, which is on the fringes of Chinatown, is playing commercial host to San Francisco's topless night clubs, topless shoeshine parlors, topless fortunetellers, topless newsgirls, and topless self-styled lady psychiatrists, and looks something like a small Times Square. A few aging, alcoholic *littérateurs* are still around, but Ferlinghetti's bookstore is the only thriving reminder of the old Beat scene.) The young poets, especially, were settling down in San Francisco, with North Beach as their headquarters. When Ginsberg arrived, Jack Spicer, Philip Lamantia, Edward Dorn, Lew Welch, Philip Whalen, and Michael McClure, as well as the older writers Ferlinghetti, Rexroth, and Robert Duncan, were already there. They had been drawn by what Ginsberg calls "the long, honorable San Francisco tradition of bohemian-Buddhist-Wobbly mystical-anarchist social involvement and a local literary consciousness in terms of Western woodsmanship and a kind of competent communal outdoor life." Most of them were linked by networks of friendship and correspondence to their contemporaries on the East Coast—especially to the new Black Mountain poets and *their* mentor, Charles Olson—and, like Ginsberg, preferred William Carlos Williams to Eliot and wanted to write in the rhythms of regional American speech. Ginsberg, having decided to learn something about prosody for the sake of his own poetry, and "maybe ar-

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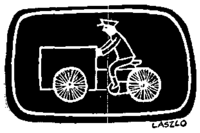
rive at some understanding of what we were *all* doing in terms of what could be done," enrolled in the graduate school at Berkeley in the fall of 1955. To pay his tuition, he took a job, nights, as a busboy at Robbie's Cafeteria, on Telegraph Avenue, and then he rented a one-room cottage in the neighborhood to use during the week when he was working late. Snyder, who was also at the graduate school, studying Chinese and Japanese, lived near Ginsberg, in a hut on the edge of someone's back yard. Ginsberg, walking over to the hut one day to introduce himself as a fellow-poet, discovered Snyder in Zen meditation—an occupation that caught his fancy, as did Snyder's declaration that he, too, followed Williams' poetic dictum "No ideas but in things."

Ginsberg remembers that Snyder had a hibachi and a recipe for horsemeat sukiyaki. "It tasted very good with some kind of sweet sugar-and-vinegar sauce he made," Ginsberg says. "We'd have parties at the cottage at night and run around naked in the back yard, looking like fauns, and all the girls in the neighborhood would come over. During the day, though, it was like a very funny little Buddhist hermits' retreat. We'd garden and carve poems on trees and sit and talk and meditate like a bunch of slightly crazy Japanese mountain monks. Kerouac was with us then—he'd come out to the Coast that winter for a visit—and Jack, it turned out, was a big, learned Buddhist, like Gary, something I hadn't realized before. Like he had read terrifically for about four years in all the important texts and knew all about the 'Paramita Sutra' and the significance of the Vows and the Refuges. His 'Dharma Bums,' which was about our scene in Berkeley, was actually a very scholarly, esoteric Buddhist book. He wasn't on the Zen Mahayana Buddhist kick that Gary was. Mostly, he knew the early Hinayana Buddhism. So he was like a very unique cat—a French-Canadian Hinayana Buddhist Beat Catholic savant."



Years before, over a friendly beer in New York, Kerouac had inadvertently coined the phrase "the Beat Generation," and he was, properly, on hand in San Francisco for what one chronicler has called its "birth trauma"—the night that Ginsberg read "Howl" for the first time. Ginsberg had arranged the reading for Wally Hendrix, a painter who had opened an artists' coöperative called the Six Gallery, and wanted to get it off to what Ginsberg modestly calls "a lively start." Ginsberg had invited Snyder, Whalen, Lamantia, and McClure to read with him, had persuaded Rexroth to introduce them to the audience, and had mailed out a few hundred mimeographed postcards, written in what he refers to as "real classical poetic public discourse gaiety style" and promising everyone who came free wine, free flowers, and a "Happy Apocalypse." Ginsberg's friends read first, to a house full of poets, painters, local aficionados, and ardent relatives. Kerouac, Cassady, Orlovsky, Rexroth, and Ferlinghetti were stationed around the gallery for moral support, with Kerouac in charge of getting everybody in the audience efficiently and enthusiastically drunk.

"I read last, and I was *very* drunk, and I gave a very wild, funny, tearful reading of the first part of 'Howl,'" Ginsberg says now. "Like I really felt shame and power reading it, and every time I'd finish a long line Kerouac would shout 'Yeah!' or 'So there!' or 'Correct!' or some little phrase, which added a kind of extra note of bop humor to the whole thing. It was like a jam session, and I was very astounded, because 'Howl' was a big, long poem and yet everybody seemed to understand and at the same time to sympathize with it. Like this was the end of the McCarthy scene, and here I was talking about super-Communist pamphlets on Union Square and the national Golgotha and the Fascists and all the things that turned out to be implicit in a sort of social community revolution that was actually going on. The evening ended up with everybody absolutely radiant and happy, with talk and kissing and, later on, big, happy orgies of poets. It was an *ideal* evening, and I felt so proud and pleased and happy with the sense of—the sense of 'at last a community,' for one thing. Jack said, 'Ginsberg, this poem "Howl" will make you famous in San Francisco,' but Rexroth said, 'No, this poem will make you famous from bridge to bridge,' which sounded like hyperbole, but I guess it did."

LATE one morning soon after the human be-in, Ginsberg was stretched out on his stomach on an Army-surplus sleeping bag in the front parlor of a vast and dilapidated Victorian apartment off lower Divisadero Street, clipping hippie news from the *Chronicle* and waiting for Maretta and the Orlovskys to get dressed for a walk

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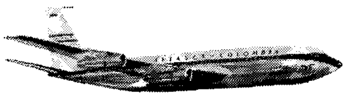

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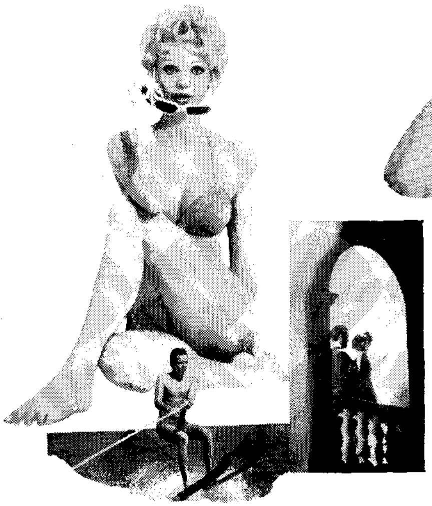

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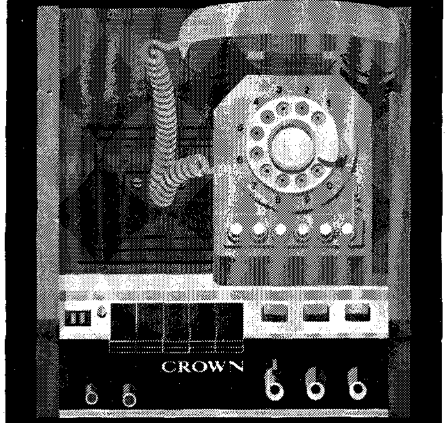

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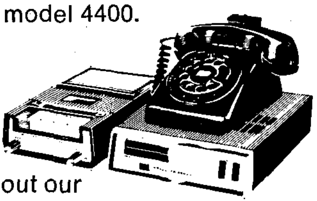

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to see A. C. Bhaktivedanta, the new neighborhood swami. He had rented the apartment for a month, which was how long they were planning to stay in San Francisco, and had just moved in the day before, with the family knapsacks, suitcases, and sleeping bags, a few borrowed mattresses, and Maretta's portable shrine. The former tenants, a pair of dope pushers who had decided that a change of address, if not of cities, was appropriate, had dropped by to offer Ginsberg their old pots and pans and a few tables and chairs—they would be travelling light, they said—and to leave a farewell note for their customers taped to the stairwell, and they had stayed for a few hours helping Orlovsky scrub down all the rooms. The apartment still smelled of ammonia, and Ginsberg had said the previous night that he would be perfectly content with the place if it weren't for the fact that several hundred cockroaches were in permanent residence there. The pushers had offered their experienced advice on roach control in the apartment, but Orlovsky, who does not believe in murder, had interceded on behalf of the bugs. At the moment, two of them were crawling toward the sleeping bag. Ginsberg lifted one of his sandals, with a menacing look, but then he heard Orlovsky, in the kitchen, chattering compassionately to some of the roaches there—"Now, now, sweeties, that's not *your* teacup"—and he shrugged sheepishly, tossed the sandal aside, and got up. As he was sitting at a rickety wooden table by the window, watching cars pull in and out of a filling station across the street, Maretta walked in with two cups of coffee and some Fig Newtons. Maretta was still in her pajamas; she said that Julius had been soaking in the bathtub for half an hour and showed no interest in getting out. Ginsberg went to retrieve him, and while he was gone Maretta, apparently giving up on a bath, put on a pair of baggy black ski pants and a black sweater, braided her hair into two pigtails, and began outlining her eyes with kohl at a broken mirror on an old marble mantelpiece.

"You missed a groovy night last night," Ginsberg said, running back into the room to kiss Maretta good morning. "I was wandering around Haight Street—it was maybe two o'clock—and hit on two beautiful kids in the Drugstore Café. Brothers. Mexican or Puerto Rican."

Maretta listened attentively while continuing with her eyelids.

"I must have spent at least four hours talking to them," Ginsberg went

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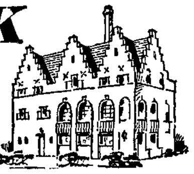

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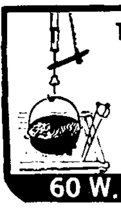

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on. "They were *beautiful*. Like one of them told me, 'You know, that Leary guy's slogan is all wrong—it should be drop out, turn on, and *then* tune in.' I asked him what he meant, and he said, 'America was always supposed to be a temple, so let's tune into it, let's make it plastic and holy, not run away from it.' A *kid* said that. Then they told me that their high school was impossible, so I asked them what they were interested in learning. And the younger kid said, 'Eastern religion, astronomy, astrology, and personal relations as applicable to the society.' "

"Personal relations?" Maretta said.

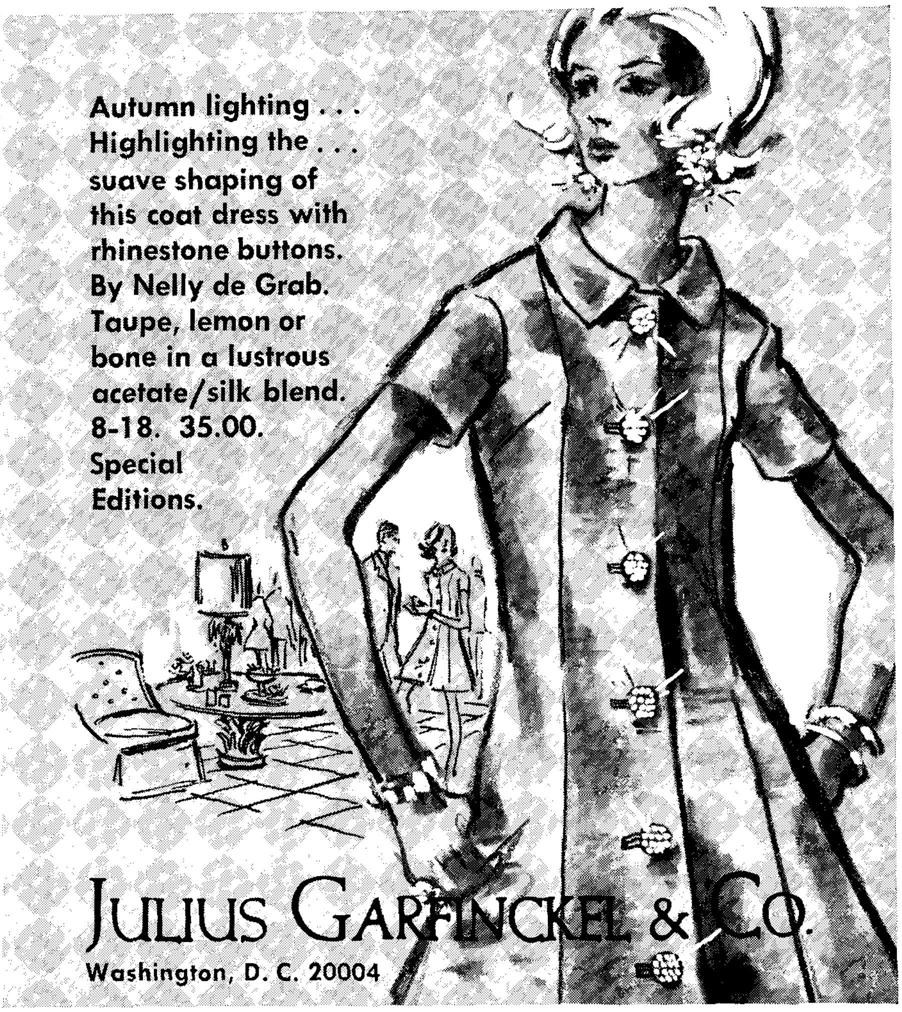
"I asked him if he meant sociology," Ginsberg said, "and the kid said yeah, that you could call it that."

"Anything else?" Maretta asked, arranging her shawl over her pigtails.

"Well, at about six-thirty in the morning we went over to Swami Bhaktivedanta's space station for some chanting and a little Krishna consciousness," Ginsberg said. "There were about thirty or forty people there, all chanting '*Hare Krishna*' to this new tune they've made up, just for mornings. One kid got like a little freaked out by the scene at first, but then he relaxed, and afterward he told me, 'You know, at first I thought: What *is* this? But then suddenly I realized I was just not grooving with where I was. I wasn't being where I was.' " Ginsberg shook his head. "And this was a *kid*."

Just then, Peter Orlovsky burst in and shouted, "All righty, all righty, everybody out of here!" Orlovsky is tall, rippling, and entirely elastic, and while Ginsberg and Maretta gulped down some coffee he sprang around the room with his dustcloth like a somewhat distracted kangaroo. He had put on a new sleeveless jersey for the walk and had tied his hair—a long, brown mane—back into a neat ponytail with a ribbon, but his eyes were bleary and there was several days' growth of stubble on his chin. Ginsberg, who looked worried, asked him if he had "taken" anything. By way of a reply, Orlovsky seized a big red Indian harmonium from the mantelpiece, let out a whoop, and fled down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk, where he started hopping up and down. He was chirping to some pigeons and playing the harmonium when Ginsberg came out to find him. Maretta followed in a minute, leading Julius by the hand. Peter gently ruffled his brother's crewcut and then, skipping ahead barefoot, led the way down the block to Haight Street.

Divisadero, as it approaches Haight,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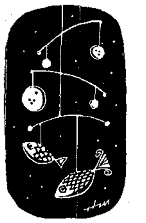
is a main street of an old Negro neighborhood that was just beginning to absorb the hippie overflow. It was lined with storefront churches—Ginsberg's block had three—and Ginsberg and his friends ducked into most of them, asking when services were and saying "*Om*" to the ministers. Then they stopped to do some shopping in a Haitian establishment that was selling out chocolate crucifixes and bottles of pink and blue anointing oil labelled "Love," "Peace," "John the Conqueror," and "U.C." The preacher, behind the counter, told Ginsberg that U.C. stood for "uncrossing," and that the oil was used by the faithful whenever they were "all crossed up." Ginsberg bought some, and after the preacher pointed out that Maretta was putting out her cigarette in holy water, Ginsberg stocked up on a supply of Peace oil, too. By the time the group had turned the corner onto Haight Street, five strangers had been anointed on their foreheads with Peace oil and three more preventively uncrossed.



On Haight Street, people began recognizing Ginsberg. Boys and girls who were strolling in front of the psychedelic shops playing their flutes and harmonicas called "Hi, Allen!" and "*Hare Krishna!*" as he and his friends passed. Ginsberg had a Uher tape recorder—it was a Christmas present from Bob Dylan in 1965—in his purple book bag, and he turned it on whenever a sound or a piece of street conversation appealed to him. Outside the Drugstore Café, where they were going to have some lunch, several hippies were chatting about Mao Tse-tung. Ginsberg walked up to them.

"I don't know," one beaded young man was saying. "I just sort of *prefer* Mao to the others."

"Well, there must be *something* about him that makes him so obnoxious," Ginsberg said.

"Mao is a meat-eater, I bet," another young man, apparently an anti-Maoist, broke in.

"Mao does *not* eat meat," said the first young man.

"Come on, man, he eats meat—and I bet he drinks, too!" the anti-Mao man shouted.

"It's well known that Mao consults 'I Ching,' so how can someone dig 'I Ching' and still be a meat-eater?" the first boy shouted back.

"I bet Mao's never even taken acid," the anti-Mao man said firmly, as a final condemnation.

Everybody gasped.

Ginsberg wagged his finger. "Ginsberg say 'Beware of all governments,'" he told them. "Russia *and* the U.S. *and* China all abhor the blushing peony." He turned to Julius, who had been bundled up in a huge tweed overcoat and was looking cross. "Isn't that right, Julius?"

Julius nodded solemnly.

Ginsberg took his hand and said, "Come on, Julie, let's hit the Drugstore."

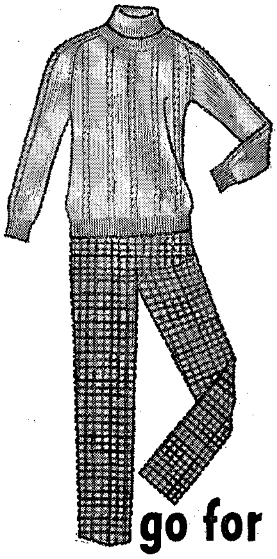
The Drugstore, which happened to be the most popular cafeteria on Haight Street at the moment, was an enormous and ornate old corner store loft, with a display of antique apothecary bottles in its windows and with a practically resident clientele in various stages of hallucination and enlightenment. Out of respect for the clientele, which kept the Drugstore open for a twenty-four-hour day, it was decorated entirely in Paisley, a predominantly pink-and-purple Day-Glo Paisley, which covered the walls, the tabletops, the cash registers, and the ties, belts, and chefs' hats of the young men who dished out the house specialty—cold macaroni salad in paper cups—at a long counter at the far end of the room.

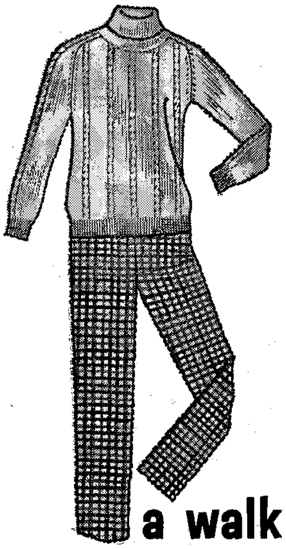
Ginsberg and his friends waited in line at the counter behind about a dozen hippies, one of whom said that he had been "hanging around digging the food" since the previous evening. Ginsberg ordered a hamburger, and when it arrived, the hippie said that, for a hamburger, it was really beautiful. Maretta and the Orlovskys took macaroni.

As soon as the group was settled at a table by the windows, Ginsberg switched on his Uher and described the scene: "A lot of bottles. Julius is licking his lips. Peter oils himself with Peace oil. Barbra Streisand sings 'Happy Days Are Here Again.'" He then entered a few spur-of-the-moment poetic thoughts. "Reagan, Mr. Fascist, should *pay* people to go to school," he was saying when a feverish-looking young man ran up and began shaking him.

"Hey, Allen, Allen, Allen! Remember me?" the young man shouted in Ginsberg's ear. "It's Frank, Frank! Remember?"

"Come on, take it easy, calm down," Ginsberg said softly, pulling a chair over from the next table and motioning to Frank, whom he had never seen before, to sit down. Then he held out his microphone. "What do you think about this?" he asked. "The proposal is





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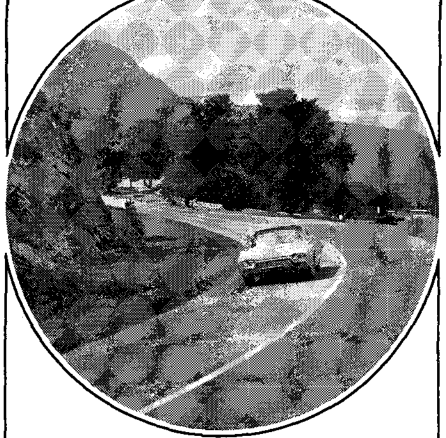

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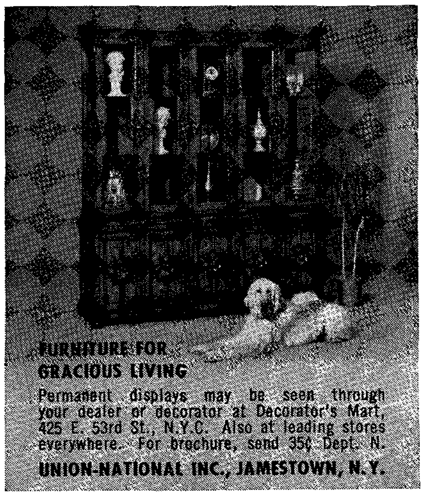

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that the government *pay* people to go to school."

"Yeah, man, I'd go to school, but I don't know how I'm gonna get out of the snake pit with Reagan in," Frank said.

"You in the hospital?" Ginsberg asked.

"They let me out for the day, but they've had me for five years," Frank said. "They call it"—he thought for a few moments—"chronic undifferentiated schizophrenic reaction."

Peter Orlovsky leaped out of his chair and peered at Frank. "Boy, you sure sound normal to me," he said.

"No, I'm *not* normal," Frank said. "My psychiatrist—that rat fink—he called me a nonconformist." He turned to Ginsberg. "Allen, do *you* think I'm a nonconformist?"

Ginsberg shrugged. "How should I know?"

"Do you think I'm *abominable*?" Frank asked.

"You're not abominable," Ginsberg said, laughing. "You just ask too many questions."

"I'm abominable," Frank said.

Ginsberg thought for a minute, and then made a mudra for expelling demons over Frank's head.

Frank asked what he was doing.

Ginsberg replied that he was making a signal. "It's like an all-right sign," Ginsberg said. "Like I hope you're all right."

"Bless you," Frank said.

Ginsberg looked surprised. "Bless *you*," he said.

Ginsberg stayed on at the Drugstore for about an hour. He grilled Frank on the conditions at the state mental hospital in Napa, where the young man was apparently committed. Then he conferred with a delegation of reclaimed Hell's Angels on the problems involved in reclaiming policemen; talked to a pair of "psychedelic prospectors" from the High Sierras—they were in town recruiting hippies for their Love Goldmining Coöperative—about the possibility of a mass Haight-Ashbury migration to whatever was left there of the free, Homestead Act land; and, finally, listened to the editor of the San Francisco *Oracle*, the hippies' neighborhood paper, weigh the astrological pros and cons of coming out with a new issue while Aquarius was descending. Peter Orlovsky, having bought several more cups of macaroni salad, kept busy skipping back and forth across the cafeteria urging his macaroni on everyone he thought looked underfed. Maretta was out of cigarettes, and eventually she began

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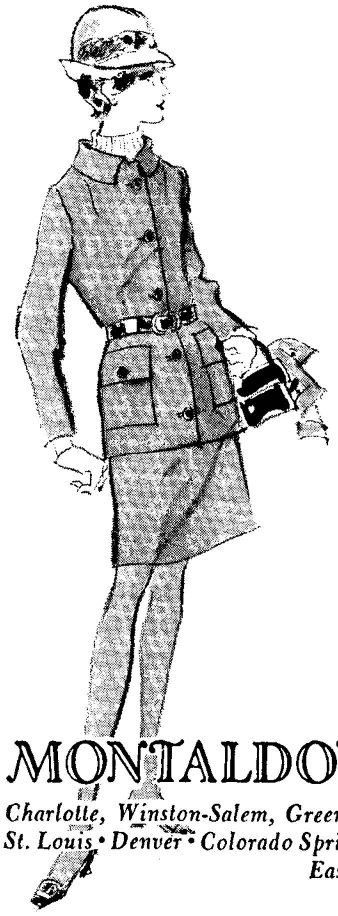
making the rounds of likely-looking tables, trying to barter some homemade fudge, at the rate of two squares to one joint. Nobody took Maretta up on her offer, but by the time she and the rest of the group left to pay their respects to the Swami, everyone was agreed that Maretta was the most original businesswoman to have hit the Haight-Ashbury in quite a while. "Man, that's the first time anyone ever asked me *that,* even the police," one boy said admiringly.

Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta had just moved to San Francisco from his ashram and so-called International Headquarters on the lower East Side, where he had made modest headlines in the New York papers by conducting mass Sunday kirtans in Tompkins Square Park, and where he had managed to convert a number of young men to a state of celibacy, vegetarianism, and devotion called Krishna Consciousness. Ginsberg knew the Swami from New York. They had been neighbors, of sorts, and the Swami had helped him out with some of the finer points of Bhakti yoga—a discipline that might be called, roughly, "adoration-from-the-heart yoga"—which consisted, for the Swami, of singing the Hindu mantra "*Hare Krishna*" all day long, and which the Swami believed to be the only sensible way, yogically speaking, of coping with reality in troubled times. Earlier that winter, out of friendship for Ginsberg, the Swami had consented to bring his local disciples to a peace benefit at an Egyptian dance hall on West Fifty-second Street, where they appeared as the Hare Krishna Singers and, under deceptive strobe lights, were mistaken by many for a new raga-rock group. Consequently, when the Swami's plane set down in San Francisco, Ginsberg had been waiting at the airport with a bunch of chrysanthemums, in the company of some forty Krishna-worshippers, who shouted "*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare!*" and threw flower petals as the old Indian gentleman walked from Arrivals to Baggage, nodding pontifically and blessing travellers. By now, Ginsberg was in the habit of dropping by the Swami's new ashram for some warm-up chanting on his free afternoons.

"You know what the Swami told me yesterday?" Ginsberg said to Maretta as they walked toward the ashram, which was a couple of blocks south of Haight, on Frederick Street. "He said, '*I'm* going to die soon. Peo-



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ple follow you. *You* continue my work, please.' "

Maretta stared at Ginsberg. The Swami was known to have a rather uncharitable opinion of meat, spirits, marijuana, psychedelics, coffee, tea, tobacco, sex, and thinking about sex, among other things, and Maretta said she was wondering what Ginsberg planned to do about all of them.

"I said, 'Not me, Swami. I still smoke cigarettes,' " Ginsberg replied. "I told him that if it would help matters I'd promise to sing '*Hare Krishna*' every night before bed for the rest of my life."

"That's telling him, Ginzy," Peter Orlovsky, who had run ahead with Julius, called over his shoulder.

Ginsberg grinned, but Maretta, looking particularly thoughtful, said that she had had similar ethical problems regarding her Buddhist vows. "There's the vow to avoid intoxicants as beclouding the mind, which you might say I break all the time with hashish," Maretta said. "That bothered me for a bit in India, but I thought about it and figured that since I didn't *think* about hash as an intoxicant, and I didn't use it to get beclouded, precisely, then, man, I wasn't breaking any vows." She looked inquiringly at Ginsberg, who said "*Om*" and burst out laughing.

They had just turned onto a long, bleak street of warehouses, tenements, and empty lots, where the Swami was running his ashram in an abandoned storefront, and they ran to catch up with the Orlovskys, who were waiting at the Swami's door. With a hearty "*Hare Krishna*," a tall, full-bearded young man in blue jeans, a peajacket, and bright-red beads let them into a long, narrow front room with a makeshift altar at the far end and, above it, a glaring portrait of a bright-blue Krishna and Radha, his bride. The altar, a wobbly wooden table draped with a fringed Indian shawl, was banked with white lilies, and reeked of burning incense and scented candles. The day's offerings—a stalk of wheat, half a loaf of rice-flour bread, a box of saltines, two candles, and a pair of finger cymbals—were piled before it on a tattered Oriental rug. Maretta walked to the altar, blessed everything, and added her unbartered fudge squares to the pile. Ginsberg and Orlovsky leafed through the latest literature of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, Inc., which was on a shelf by the door. There were a number of pamphlets by the Swami, including "Stay High Forever—No More Coming Down: Practice Krishna Consciousness" and "Swami Bhaktivedanta Gives You the Peace Formula," along with several sets of the first three published volumes of the Swami's masterwork, an annotated translation of the "Srimad Bhagwatam," which is a sixty-volume commentary, by Krishna Daipayana Vyas, on the "Vedanta Sutra." The young man in the peajacket assured Ginsberg that the Swami's recent work "Who Is Crazy?" would be back from the printers late that afternoon.

"You one of the Swami's boys?" Ginsberg asked him.

The young man looked proud. He was "an old disciple from New York," he said, and his name, until the happy day when he would earn an Indian name, was Lefkowitz. "The Swami showed me that there was only one god and that god was Krishna," Lefkowitz said.

"What about Siva, or Rama?" Ginsberg asked. "It gets me when the Swami puts *them* down. I guess I don't always agree with the Swami. He keeps *insisting* on things." Ginsberg shrugged, and told Lefkowitz that he was having trouble, as it was, calling Bhaktivedanta "the Swami." In New York, owing to the presence of a rival Hindu holy man on West End Avenue, Bhaktivedanta was referred to by his friends as "the Downtown Swami."

"One Swami is better, like one god," Lefkowitz said. Then he motioned Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky over to the rug. Another of the Swami's disciples, wearing red beads like Lefkowitz's, had emerged from a kitchen in the back with a large bowl of applesauce and a pitcher of warm milk and floating banana slices, and Lefkowitz pushed some offerings aside to make room for the food. Ginsberg sampled the applesauce, and said it was excellent. He had eaten applesauce several times at the storefront next door, where the local chapter of psychedelic social workers called Diggers dispensed free food, clothes, and lodging to indigent hippies, but, he told Lefkowitz, he was going to eat at the Swami's, where the applesauce was better, from now on.

"We serve free lunch every day, too," Lefkowitz said. "You get a lot of people in that way. The Diggers understand. One of them told me, 'If a guy comes in for lunch who's more on your path than ours, we always send him right over to you.' "

At the mention of lunch, Peter Orlovsky whipped a rag out of the back pocket of his jeans and announced that he was going to clean the Swami's kitchen immediately. Lefkowitz told him to sit down. He said that there were already four disciples on kitchen duty, cleaning and cooking according to the three hundred recipes in their sacred cookbook, the Chaitanya Charitamrita, which was written by Krishna in one of his incarnations in the fifteenth century.

"That what you do all day—cook and chant?" Orlovsky asked him. "No girls?"

Lefkowitz shook his head. "I have Krishna," Lefkowitz said.

Ginsberg looked up from his plate of applesauce. "Don't you get tired of singing '*Hare Krishna*' all day long?" he asked.

Lefkowitz said that he found the suggestion astonishing.

"Well, any changes in you yet?" Ginsberg went on. "Like outside the normal limits of consciousness?"

"Yes," Lefkowitz replied. "Krishna consciousness. Consciousness of god within me."

Julius laughed. It was his first sound in a week.

"You think he's right, Julie?" Ginsberg said gently, getting up from the rug and walking over to where Julius was standing, by himself, against a wall. Julius turned away.

"Julius may be higher than all of us," Ginsberg told Lefkowitz, who was staring at them.

"He's the family shaman, huh?" Lefkowitz said.

"Yeah. Maybe he's Krishna." Ginsberg laughed, and tapped Julius on the shoulder. "You like Krishna, Julie?"

"Why should anybody not like Krishna?" a voice behind them snapped.

Ginsberg turned around, and then bowed. Swami Bhaktivedanta was standing in the kitchen door, carrying a long strand of beads and dressed for evening kirtan in a saffron robe, a shrimp-pink cardigan, and a pair of white sweatsocks. Lefkowitz leaped up to escort him to the rug, where the Swami proceeded to lower himself into a lotus pose. The Swami was tiny. He had sharp, bulging eyes and a livid mouth, and his head, which was shaved smooth and scrubbed, glowed under the yellow bulbs that lit the room. Ginsberg gave him a comradely slap on the knee and said, "Hi, Swami. *Hare Krishna.*"

The Swami grunted. He had been chanting for the last six hours, he said, but there had been so many interruptions that he was several thousand

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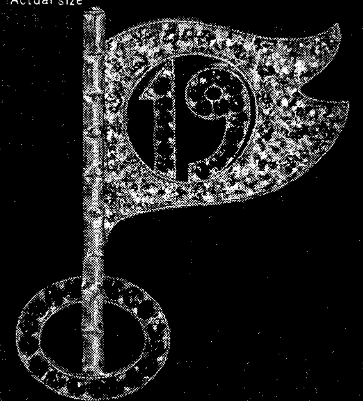

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"My teacher, *three* hundred thousand times a day he said '*Hare Krishna*,' " the old man said, sighing.

Ginsberg agreed that that was fast chanting. "How do you keep track?" he said.

Swami Bhaktivedanta held up his beads. "There are one hundred eight beads. One bead for each '*Hare Krishna*;' that is to say, one thousand two hundred twenty-eight '*Hare Krishna*'s for the whole circle. Then I begin again."

Ginsberg looked confused.

"I will explain another way," the Swami said. "Six hours is record for one hundred thousand '*Hare Krishna*'s. That is sixteen thousand six hundred sixty-six '*Hare Krishna*'s more or less in one hour, which is—let me see—two thousand seven hundred seventy-seven more or less in ten minutes." He beamed at Ginsberg. "Now you understand."

Ginsberg threw up his hands. "You know, the Swami should really see the spectacle of the rock dancing here," he said, turning to Lefkowitz. The Swami was about to make his San Francisco début at a combination Hindu light show and mass chant-in at one of the local psychedelic-rock ballrooms, and there were rumors on Haight Street that he was planning to flee immediately after his act to avoid heretical contact with the Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Grateful Dead, who were booked to follow him.

Lefkowitz frowned. "Oh, he'll see it, he can't help but see it," he said.

"Come on, now," Ginsberg said. "It might be useful for the Swami. Rock and roll is very high here. Very happy. It's like a big spiritual scene."

The Swami looked up from his beads. "By chanting, everyone will be happy anyway," he said.

"But think of all the good that could come if you—um—*embraced* the dancing," Ginsberg ventured. "Think of what a unifying spiritual thing that could be."

"Only one thing can unite all men and that is absolute," Lefkowitz said.

" 'And I am lodged in the hearts of all,' " two disciples called cheerfully through the kitchen door.

"Kids who dance can be aware of that, too," Ginsberg said softly.

"You think I'm conservative?" the Swami said. "Tell me." Ginsberg had described the Swami to a reporter from the *Chronicle* as "the Hindu equivalent to a hard-shell Baptist," and it seemed that the Swami's feelings were hurt.

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"Well, for one thing," Ginsberg began, "I really can't see a town like San Francisco full of kids with Brahman strings."

Bhaktivedanta pointed to Lefkowitz and the two kitchen disciples, who had tiptoed over to the rug to listen. "Why not?" he said. "*These* boys are becoming Brahman."

"Hey, is that legal?" Ginsberg asked, laughing.

" 'Brah' means 'he who has knowledge,' " the Swami said. "A person who has knowledge, believes in God—he is a Brahman."

"It's not birth, it is *destiny*," Lefkowitz said.

"What about American Indians?" Ginsberg asked. "Can you turn American Indians into Brahmans?"

"I can turn anybody into a Brahman," the Swami said. "It is simply a matter of proper training and illumination and of saying 'I am the servant of the servant of the servant of Krishna.' " He added, modestly, that, given enough time, he could turn San Francisco policemen into sacred-cow protectors, too.

"It's all in the Swami's book—Book One, Chapter Three," Lefkowitz said, jumping up to get a copy from the shelf.

"What about *Rama*krishna?" Ginsberg said. "*He* chanted to Krishna. *He* was the servant of the servant of the servant. What's wrong with him?"

The Swami shook his head. "Ramakrishna chanted? I don't believe it."

Ginsberg told him it was true.

"Well, *that* was good, at least," the Swami said.

"What did he do *bad*?" Ginsberg asked.

"Ramakrishna worshipped Kali!" The Swami shuddered at the thought.

Ginsberg shrugged. "Well, maybe he saw aspects of *Krishna* in Kali," he said.

Bhaktivedanta waved his hands. "Why should he do that?" he asked. "What is it possible to see the same between Krishna and Kali?"

"Perhaps, behind Krishna and Kali, the same reality," Ginsberg said.

Bhaktivedanta reached for his beads. "I accept the *true* shastra," he said.

Ginsberg chuckled. "The Chinese Buddhists call their own shastra a marvellous emptiness," he said.

"Bah!" said the Swami. "What is this 'emptiness'?"

Ginsberg slapped him on the knee again. "Swami," he said, "it's probably all just a difference in language and not worth arguing." Then he turned to Lefkowitz. "Like the Swami

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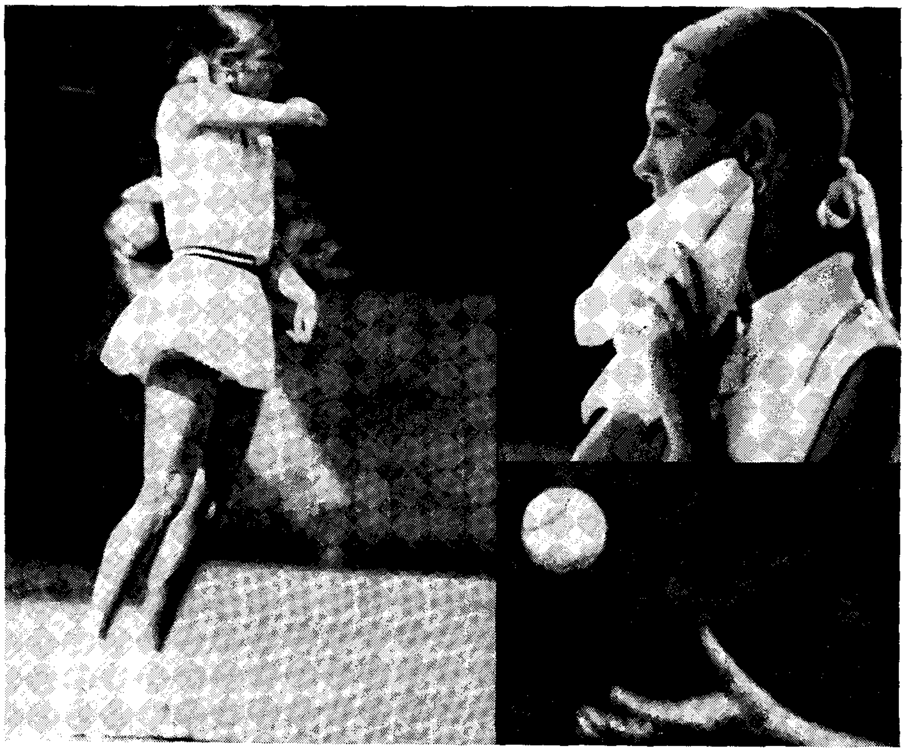

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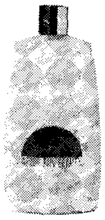

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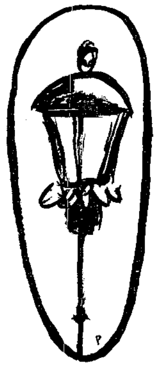
says, the best thing to do in a case like this is *chant*," he said.

AFTER years as the head of a ménage, Ginsberg has arrived at a state of amused and benevolent laissez-faire regarding his domestic arrangements. His apartment, wherever he happens to be living, is usually open to any congenial soul who wants to camp there and is willing to help with the cleaning up. Arriving guests are urged not to shoot drugs, sell drugs, or freak out with undue violence on the premises, and then they are directed to a bed, if any beds are available, or a mattress or a piece of floor, informed of the whereabouts of the instant coffee, the tea bags, the peanut butter, and the bathtub cleanser, and afterward left alone.

At home on East Tenth Street, Ginsberg is accustomed to writing to the combined noise of daytime television (Maretta likes soap operas), two stereo speakers (Orlovsky likes raga), the Uher (his friends like the tapes that Ginsberg makes of his various encounters with policemen), an active telephone, and the steady conversation of scores of habitués. Off and on during the winter of the human be-in, five people lived with Ginsberg, Maretta, and the Orlovskys, who got back to New York early in February: a hyperthyroid Hindu convert who liked to be called Beelzebub; a young California woodsman with a part-time job in the Eighth Street Bookstore; a teen-age Negro girl from Queens, who arrived one night with her suitcase and settled down without a word of explanation to anyone; a friendly amphetamine-head from Tennessee, free on bail, who had refused a deal with the narcotics police to set Ginsberg up for a marijuana arrest, and was consequently up for sentencing on several marijuana charges himself; and, finally, a nubile runaway named Susan, in a state of numbed amorousness, who was particularly attached to Peter Orlovsky at the time. Eventually, all of them moved on and were replaced by other friends. Beelzebub left on a spiritual pilgrimage to Outer Mongolia; the young woodsman met a charming girl and took a place with her across the street; the girl from Queens vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared; the boy from Tennessee jumped bail, and went to prison; and Susan was tracked down by a pair of frantic and uncomprehending parents, and, apparently, institutionalized. Ginsberg sometimes complains that his household could stand the respectable, steadying influence of a mother-father-and-baby in residence. He tells everyone that he wants to have children, and in California he consulted the "I Ching" on the advisability of starting a family with Maretta. According to Snyder, who cast the "I Ching" for Ginsberg and interpreted its forecast, "the weather was generally favorable but there were a few disturbing winds." Maretta took this as a sign that she was not yet spiritually ready for housekeeping, and in May of 1967 she left for Mongolia herself, to pay her respects at what she had heard was "a really far-out lamasery."



"The difficulties that nuts and poets and visionaries and seekers like Maretta have are often the same kind of difficulties people have from LSD," Ginsberg remarked after Maretta went away. "The social disgrace—*dis*grace—attached to certain states of soul. The confrontation with a society—or a family, for that matter—which is going in a different direction, and the ineptness of the initiate, who is totally dependent during those confrontations on the blissful will of others, at knowing how to handle his perception without becoming fearful or blowing his cool. Knowing how to feel human and holy and not like a madman in a world which is rigid and materialistic and all caught up in the immediate necessities. Like if it's time to cook supper and he's busy communing, the world says there must be something wrong with him. Or like after my Blake vision, when I tried to evoke the sensations of the experience myself, artificially, by dancing around my apartment chanting a sort of homemade mantra: 'Come, spirit. O spirit, spirit, come. Come, spirit. O spirit, spirit, come.' Something like that. There I was, in the dark, in an apartment in the middle of Harlem, whirling like a dervish and invoking powers. And everybody I tried to talk to about it thought I was crazy. Not just that psychiatrist. The two girls who lived next door. My father. My teachers. Even most of my friends. Now, in a society which was open and dedicated to spirit, like in India, my actions and my address would have been considered quite normal. Had I been transported to a street-corner potato-curry shop in Benares and begun acting that way, I would have been seen as in some special, holy sort of state and sent on my way to the burning grounds, to sit and medi-

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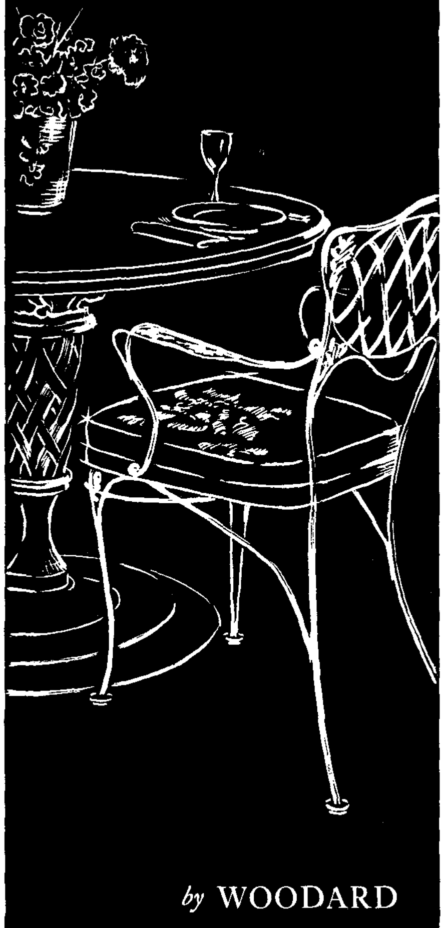

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Dallas, San Francisco, Seattle

tate. And when I got home, I would have been like gently encouraged to express myself, to work it out, and then left alone. I would have been understood."

Ginsberg's auditory encounter with William Blake was what he calls a "natural vision"—meaning a vision that occurs spontaneously, without drugs or other inducement. It began, according to his many accounts of it, late one afternoon in the summer of 1948, when he was lying on his bed reading "Ah! Sun-Flower," from Blake's "Songs of Experience." Suddenly, he heard the poem "speak itself" in a grave, oracular voice, which he took to be the voice of the Master. It continued through "The Sick Rose," "A Little Girl Lost," and "Hear the voice of the Bard! who Present, Past & Future Sees"—accompanied, Ginsberg says, by intense religious illumination. "The thing I felt was that there was this big God over all, who was completely aware and completely conscious of everybody and at the same time completely the same as everybody, and that the whole purpose of being born was to wake up to Him," Ginsberg says. "I felt everything vibrating in one harmony—all past efforts and desires, all present realizations. The workmen, fifty years ago, chiselling the cornice of the building across the street from me, the sun laboring to produce blackness. Everything was vibrating toward this one instant of consciousness. And I realized all this, just as I imagine that somebody having a baby realizes in retrospect that all lovemaking—starting with the gazes and glances and hand-holdings and childhood dates and going to the movies—tended toward birth. And I felt that even *my* previous ponderings had been harmoniously flower-petalled toward this final understanding of what it was all about, and that all my poetic musings about supreme reality were prophetic, really, and just the sweet, well-intentioned strivings of a poor mind to reach what was already there."

—JANE KRAMER

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Ginsberg.*)

•

Iraq's newly ousted and exiled President, Abdel Rahman Aref, arrived at London airport tonight on a scheduled Iraqi airlines flight from Baghdad via Istanbul.

He appeared to be recovered from a virus attack which had kept him from campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination for more than a week.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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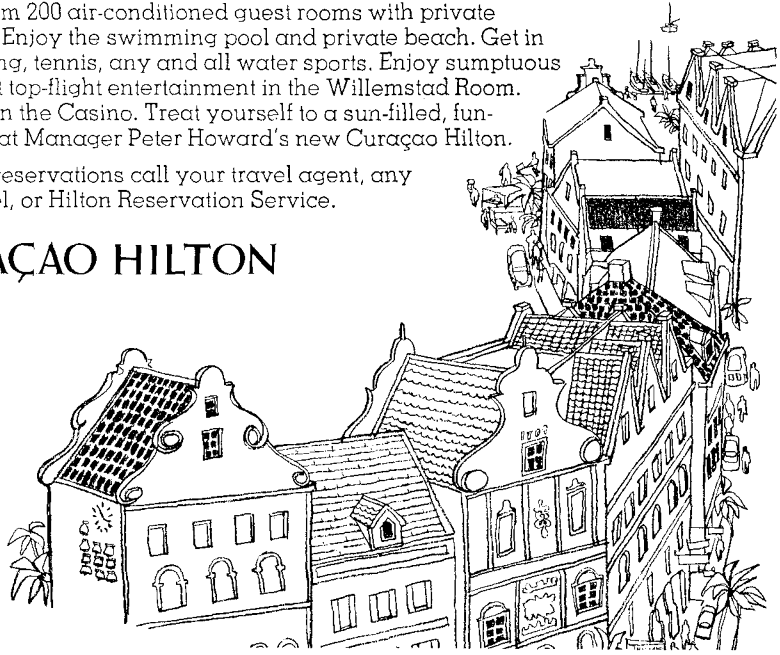

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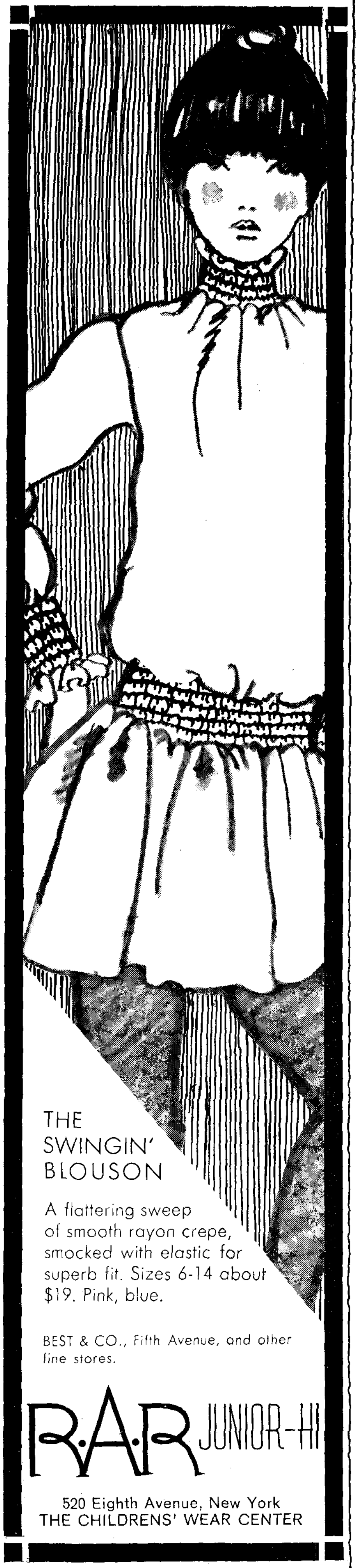
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hunger

CHRISTIANIA—now Oslo—in 1890. Back view of a thin man, dressed in black, legs crossed. Leaning over a bridge, writing on a piece of paper, "Crimes of the future." A pencil putting a box of lines around the words. Now the man can be seen from the front. He seems to be chewing something. He looks like Dostoevski. Triangular face, pointed chin, wide forehead with the skin stretched tight over the bone, tunnelling dark eyes like the firing ends of rifle barrels. He is seized by a cough, and spits into the water.

The man wears a high white collar, no tie, a striped shirt, a worn but genteel suit, and muddy boots, which he sometimes talks to and sometimes rebuffs on the basis that he has no time for them. ("Talk to each other instead," he says.) The man is the central character of Henning Carlsen's "Hunger," a nobly comic account of what it is to be a potentially remarkable writer starving for food and famished for work. The film comes from Knut Hamsun's classic Norwegian novel, but it bears no sign of a bookish source. It seems—is—a true invention of subjective cinema. It stays inside one man's skull, and everything in it expresses that man. We see the world through a singular mind housed in the body of an indigent. His moods sweep the film: bile, pride, phantom hope, fury, fantasies of due grandeur that are outwardly unapt in a bum. Stomach sticking to back of spine, he concocts encouraging projects: enemies in bowler hats to be patronized; tail-twisting of the safely off to be done; the park to enjoy; a certain calm and ache to be savored, left by the sight of the beautiful women who walk there, wearing muffs and high fur collars and hats freighted with feathers. The character conveys a sense of having no time, because of his throttled impatience to write, but also of having far too much time, because he isn't writing. No chance. God help us. No, ignore Him. Instead, answer an advertisement for a job as a grocers' accountant, in a copperplate hand too good for them. It will be better by three o'clock, or tomorrow. Tomorrow will be quite a day—no doubt of it.

The writer, on his knees, has no proof of talent apart from his own instinct, or his own paranoia, which he actually calls madness as the hunger gets worse and he begins to see a *Doppelgänger* of himself in his lodgings. We can tell more for ourselves. He is no born down-and-out. He has fugitive impulses that look much like genius, visible in the farcical energy he musters when others would be beaten. Encounters with the sentries of the bourgeoisie are converted into brilliant victories. He contradicts a startled policeman about the time of day, their breath spurting at each other in the freezing weather like the exhausts of early motorcars. And he shouts "Do you have to sit on this bench?" at a well-dressed citizen who has the nerve to share his seat in the park. Fumes of resolve fill him. No melancholy. He exists on banked-down ambition, fire in his guts, and a sure knowledge of the possibility of better things. In the meantime, improvise variations on the minimum. Make another courtly application for a menial job. Speak to another policeman, to keep the spirits up. Ask for the time again. "Half past three," says the cop. "I see you know your job," says the writer graciously, who is shortly to be crawling on all fours in combat for a bone with a ravenous dog. Manhood returns, after an interval. He raises his sights and keeps a speechless love vigil under the window of a sumptuous tart he has seen in the park. A princess, he insists to himself. He has an argument about her with some innocent who strikes him as supposing that he's exaggerating. A diatribe on her behalf, delivered with high dignity: "Do you think she's someone in the fire brigade, or a female debt collector? . . . Kindly remember her father's name. You should see his wife. She's the fattest woman in the world. Do you think she isn't the fattest woman in the world?" Flailing in a null interlude of his life. Twisting and turning for an enemy, when the real enemy is the fact of not writing. Fabricating names for himself so that he can speak invisibly to someone—anyone—and knock on the doors of the better placed. Inventing pretexts to meet fit company on his own terms. "I've come to fetch a parcel from a young musician called Grieg," says the rock-bottom man with fine ease, raising his hat at one doorway. At an-

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other: "An invalid gentleman advertised for someone to push his chair. I want to recommend a man with a philanthropic outlook." He would never recommend himself. He hasn't the taste for cringing. He asks a butcher for a bone, but his temperament makes him pretend that it is for a dog and that there doesn't have to be any meat on it. End of bungled encounter, leaving him haughty but foodless. Shot of him later gnawing on some other bone, hiding against a street wall. On an empty stomach, the scraps of meat make him sick. Damnation. *Is there nothing one may keep for oneself?* A sob against the stone. To recover, more grandee contempt for a cop: "Do you thank God for your blessings? Then thank him warmly for me, too." (In five minutes, I shall be happy.) The pawnbroker—detestable good-heart—whom he has been seeing too often, says, "I've told you, I can't accept your buttons. But God help you." Rage at mercy blows the writer's head open like a burst boiler. Nothing to be done; on the other hand, something must be. So he yells back, "I've told you, God doesn't want to help me! Even if He did, He could go to Hell! I'll tell you what you are—you're His pack mule!" Dear Lord, he thinks, to his boots. I can't manage. No—I'm a little indisposed, but later I shall be the happiest man in the world. Again he addresses his boots. His dependents. Courage, he tells them loftily. Today is the big day. Stick it till three o'clock.

He feels no fraternity with other underdogs. He treats beggars in the style of some stately gentleman who happens to have left his purse at home. Manners, play-acting—devices to keep his mind off his place at the bottom of the heap. Obsession with the princess, who strikes him as plainly his rightful love, and with writing, which is his calling, and one day the world will know it. An editor accepts a piece on condition that the tone is cooled down a bit. By tomorrow. The editor looks carefully at him and thinks that he may need money, but the writer refuses an advance. Self-respect, huffiness, persecution mania, possibly art and starvation give him the deluded imperiousness of a descendant of some inbred old line of kings. Mournfulness is a response that he rejects. It is the mood of crawlers. When his princess starts to let him make love to her and then kicks him out, his form of grief is fiercer. His contempt for the shabby voyeurs and numb victims around him is absolute. His landlady robs him of his room, after his girl has tricked him,

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but no matter. Perfidy everywhere, punishments idly dealt. He beats his feet on the ground. "Ladies and gentlemen, all is lost!" A boat is leaving its dock. Another possibility. Glee fills his face again, like the great sweetness that lit it when his princess miraculously smiled at him. He was once a big laugher—she told him she remembered it, from some sight of him at a concert a year or two ago. Yes, he laughed and laughed, quite lately.

I've now seen "Hunger" three times since it was shown at Cannes in 1966. Fragments of this account are quoted from the dialogue, most of it is not. It is as near as I can get to a prose that might reflect something of the way the film is shot and edited, and of the hero's way of addressing his life. He spits in the eye of his stalemated situation, and sometimes he is swept by winds of resolve and fun that are mysteriously brave. Per Oscarsson's performance is phenomenal. It rules out any trace of despondency. The experience of the film is the experience of being this character, and there is no flagging anywhere in that—only fury, antic courage, a rather Beckettlike stoic humor, and a suppressed wild exhilaration that is equal to the grip of writing, or love. It is quite a film. It applies a desperate funniness, delicacy, and control to its tale of barbaric fret in a pent-up great man whose fibre is so far known only to him—unnourished by the right work or the right company but heroically jealous of any spirit spent on the mediocre.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

After about 15 minutes, Mr. Edelbaum emerged from the judge's robing room.—*The Times.*

That Edelbaum! Always some new caper.

•

Not to pile Scylla on Charybdis, we are obliged to state that there is yet another Booth piece of furniture in this room.—*Doris H. Wiese in the Newtown (Conn.) Bee.*

Oh, go ahead, Doris! Pile Scylla on Charybdis.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Carmel (N.Y.) Putnam County Courier]

PEEKSKILL—A reliable source has reported the cost of breakfasts in the Peekskill vicinity has risen unexpectedly.

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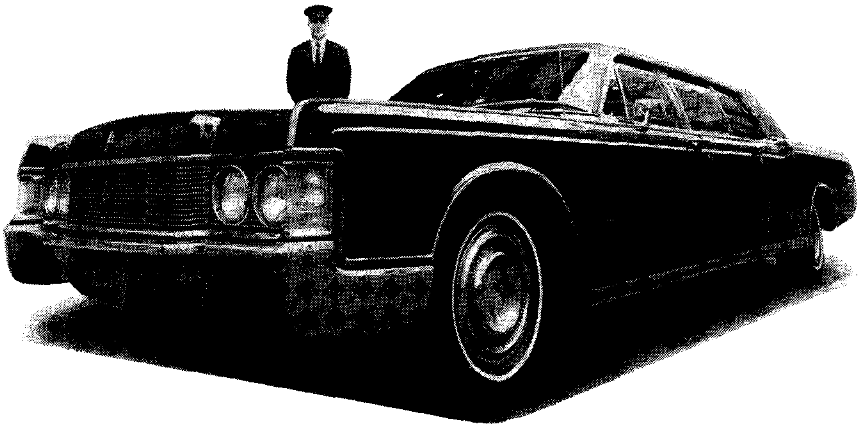

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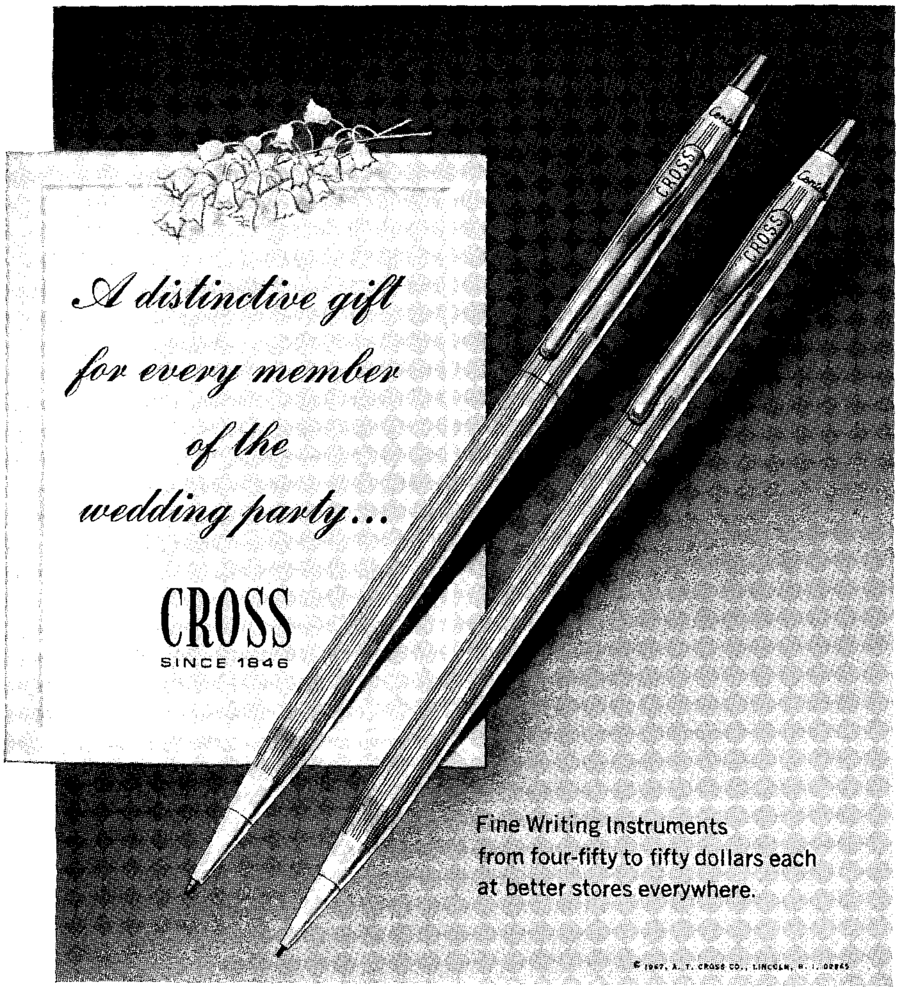

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THE AIR

Moon Over Miami

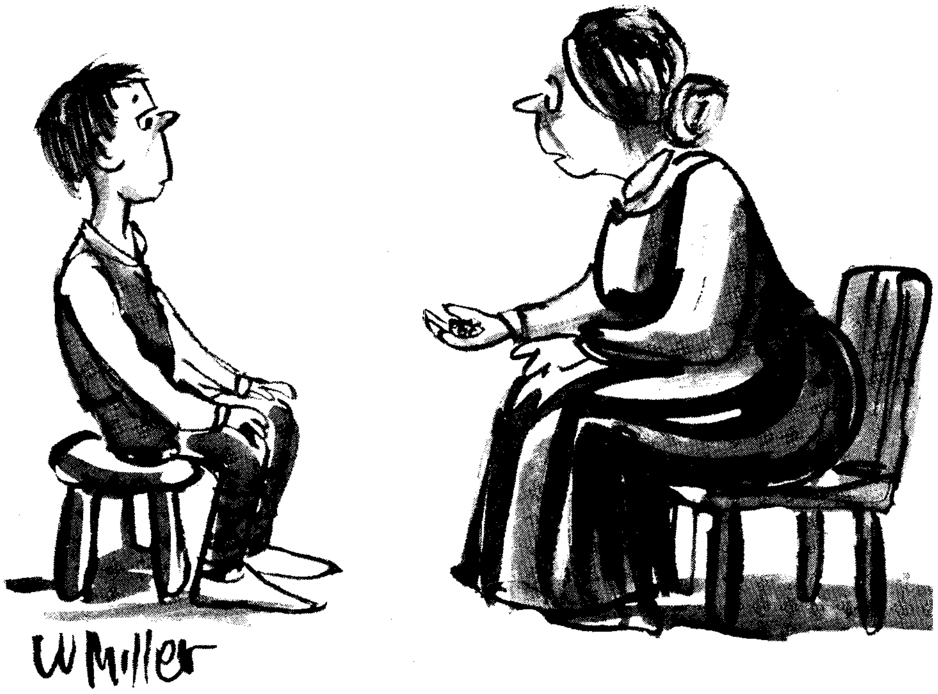
MIAMI BEACH, AUGUST 8

JULIAN GOODMAN, the big boss at N.B.C., was up there in the big-boss observation room with Governor Reagan and his press secretary and a number of Secret Service men inconspicuously dressed for the Miami heat in their all-weather Secret Service black suits, nobody looking directly at the Convention—most of them, except for the Secret Service (who were watching Governor Reagan and each other), looking twenty feet away through gray-lit darkness at banks of glowing television screens. The Convention was there, all right, a few hundred feet away—go down the corridor, turn right, go past the Convention guards, soft-drink concessions, smoke, State Troopers, delegates, press, more Secret Service men, people in orange vests, hot lights, American flags. But Goodman and Reagan and the rest were inside now, in the small, dark room, with glass windows looking into other small, dark rooms—a complex of rooms, paperboard walls, glass panels, dozens of television screens, cables, men in shirtsleeves, baseball caps. The air-conditioning was humming; lots of the men, in fact, had colds. A few feet below Goodman's booth, in the Master Control Room, was Reuven Frank, the head of N.B.C. News, a youngish white-haired man in a white shirt, leaning over a small microphone, with two assistants on each side, telephones along the counter, an N.B.C. News ticker behind him, near the door—everything dark, glowing with gray light. To Frank's left, and behind three sliding glass panels, was the Outside Control Room, another dark room, but this one partially lit by a wall of eighteen television screens, which showed what the N.B.C. cameras and reporters outside Convention Hall were doing. Right in front of Frank was the Inside Control Room, with twenty television screens, these watched by five or six men around a triangular desk—the images on the screens changing, flickering, showing what the sixteen N.B.C. cameras inside Convention Hall were looking at, and showing the pool-camera pictures, too, the pool cameras being the big cameras on the platform directly in front of the speakers' rostrum, staring straight ahead at the speaker, and used by all networks jointly. And to Frank's right was the Air Control Room, another dark room with a bank of TV sets, five men and a woman at a long table holding microphones and soft-drink cups, a man way over on the right seated, like an organist, in front of a machine that looked a bit like an organ, his hands gently tapping, stroking certain keys—the sound man, the mixer.

In the center of the bank of TV screens in Air Control were two big screens, one labelled "Air," which at that moment showed Chet Huntley talking live and on the air from the booth he shared with Brinkley—a booth that looked out over the Convention and could be reached by stairs from the Convention floor—and one labelled "Preset," which showed John Chancellor crouched on the Convention floor beside Senator Karl Mundt. Mundt, seated, was fiddling with some papers on his lap. Chancellor was just crouching there, staring straight ahead, listening to the steady stream of N.B.C.'s coverage, plus periodic N.B.C. directives, that was pouring into his right ear through the headset. The pictures started changing on some of the TV screens in the Outside Control Room. "Abernathy is coming in," a man there said into a microphone. The screen in the center of that bank of sets showed what seemed to be several dozen Negroes marching in front of the hall, and policemen, guards, confusion. A man in Outside Control got up and said something through the glass to Reuven Frank. The Negroes demonstrating outside the hall suddenly showed up on Preset in Air Control. Huntley was still talking. He was talking about the Republican platform. The woman in Air Control said, "Stand by! Stand by!" A man to her right asked, into his microphone, "What do we call them? Poor People's marchers?" On the bottom of a screen off to the side, labelled "Superblock," the words "Poor People's Marchers" appeared. A voice said, "Try 'demonstration.' That's what it is." The man spoke again into the microphone. To the left of the long table in Air Control, another man, in a coat and a yellow shirt, got to his feet and walked over to the glass panel near Frank. "Can we fit a short spot in about here?" he asked into his microphone. He was the liaison man for the Gulf advertising group, three members of which, also in yellow shirts, were sitting in an observation booth above and to the back of Frank, to the side of Goodman's booth. "No," said Frank. The man sat down again.

In the Inside Control Room, Eliot Frankel, one of Frank's producers, was speaking to Chancellor, on the floor. "We're going to the Poor People's demonstration," said Frankel. "Then to you." Chancellor's picture was on several of the TV sets above Frankel. They showed him standing now, in the aisle beside Mundt, with people milling past him, as he held his microphone and talked to Frankel.

"Look, I can't keep this much



"Now, Jack, let's try to reconstruct what happened. Were you, perhaps, feeling—shall we say?—disoriented when you traded our dear cow for these lousy beans?"

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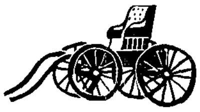
longer," Chancellor was saying. "We were already interrupted once before."

"Three minutes," said Frankel.

A man beside Frankel was trying to reach Frank McGee. "Frank, Frank," he kept saying. You could see McGee on another of the screens. He was standing off to one side, also speaking into his mike, from which came a lot of static out into the control room.

"He must be getting feedback from A.B.C.," said one of the men.

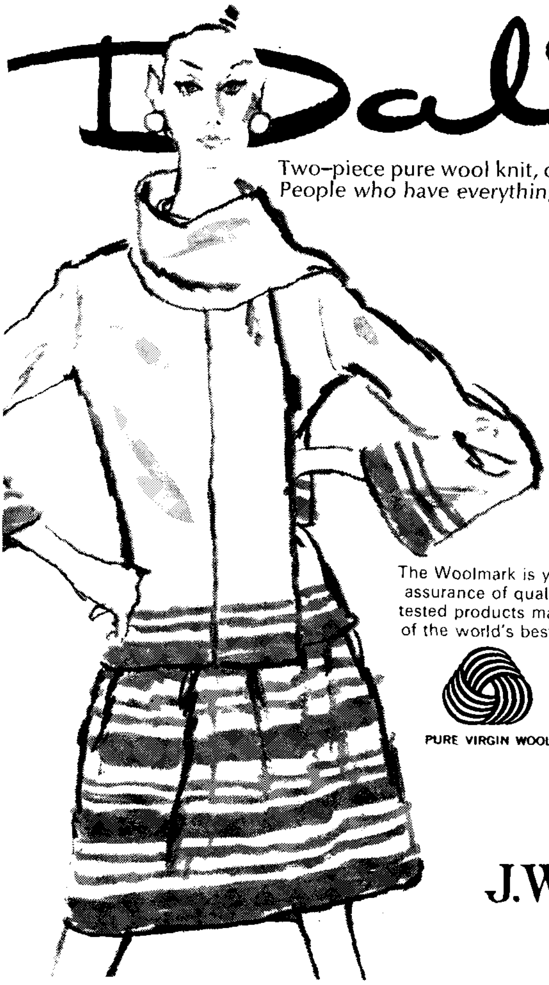
"We're holding Poor People," a voice suddenly said. "We switch to Chancellor in one minute."



In Air Control, the Poor People's image disappeared from the Preset screen, to be replaced by that of Chancellor, still standing. Then someone sitting beside Mundt got up and allowed Chancellor to sit down beside him. Huntley, on the Air screen, finished some remarks about a recent Nixon poll, then said smoothly, "This might be a good time to check around with some of the key platform-builders of the Republican Party to find out what sort of differences occurred in working out their positions. We now switch to John Chancellor, on the Convention floor." Huntley's image disappeared from the Air screen, reappeared on a screen to the left—a smaller screen—which showed him rubbing his eyes. Brinkley, on still another screen, was smoking a cigarette. Chancellor and Mundt were now on Air. "Senator Mundt," Chancellor was saying, in a relaxed voice, "one of the more interesting aspects of the Republican platform is its apparent success in working out a compromise on the Vietnam issue. I wonder if you'd . . ." Sander Vanocur showed up on Preset, standing beside Senator Charles Percy.

NOWADAYS, the television networks don't cover a political convention so much as orchestrate it. I watched one night of the Republican thing on television—that is, on a single television set—but the rest of it I watched at the Convention, and you'd really have to have been there to know what a controlled and dying, deathly thing it was. I mean, you sit there in your air-conditioned living room on Mulligan's Island—bare legs and summer dresses and nice drinks and lovely people—and the set hums along in a corner of the room ("I wouldn't miss it for the world," the hostess has said), and so there you are, participatory democracy in little Saks dresses, and now and then a couple of people will break off from a discussion of what they have heard about what someone has read about Norman Mailer's new movie, and go over and stand thoughtfully in front of the TV, turning it up a bit so that it can be heard, and sipping drinks and listening to John Chancellor ask Senator Mundt how come, if there were so many Republican hawks, the platform ended up so dovish, and to Senator Mundt reply, slowly and with great seriousness, as if he were thinking this all out for the first time, "Well, John, I really don't think those terms 'dove' and 'hawk' apply too well to basic Republican attitudes," and then we are over with Edwin Newman, who is standing beside big Leonard Hall, and Newman, who has been on his feet for seven hours already that evening—not only on his feet but walking around a Miami Beach amphitheatre with a thing on his ear that keeps giving him the whole audio portion of N.B.C.'s national news coverage, whether he wants it or not—is saying, in quite an interested way, considering, "Well, Mr. Hall, I wonder if you'd care to comment about recent stories of slippage in the New Jersey delegation," and Leonard Hall looks over the top of Newman's head and says, also pleasantly, in the manner of a man who would be delighted to give information if only he had information to give, "I'm afraid that's just another of those rumors. Nothing is happening in New Jersey. New Jersey is holding fast." And so the drinks are sipped for a little while, and then a conversation about the vigor of some Rumanian rock group starts up, and the sound is turned back down.

Everybody seemed bored by the Republican Convention—the delegates, the press, the police. David Brinkley seemed especially bored. "There is *no* parliamentary reason for the nomination of favorite sons," he said briskly a number of times as Wednesday evening grew longer and longer with the nominating and seconding speeches. "They don't *have* to do it. They do it for reasons of their own." One wonders, really, if any of those people in Miami Beach, with the possible exception of an alternate delegate from Alabama who kept rushing up to one after another of the girls in Florida-orange vests and trying to embrace them, did much of anything for reasons of their own. In large measure, not only the outer shape—the timing and arrangements—of the Republican Convention but the inner shape as well was determined by television. It has been happening for some time, to be sure—this accommodation of the structure and scheduling of conventions to the demands of TV, which aren't, to be sure, demands as such but merely a mutual awareness of what will "work best." Yet somehow it seemed especially true last week in Miami Beach, where the apparent inner need of the Republican Party this year to "avoid divisiveness," to harmonize a platform, to give everybody a little something, seemed to coincide so smoothly and, in a way, beautifully with the structuring, the derumpling, effect of serving up an "event" such as this to transmittal, and thus reshaping, by television. I mean, once you determine that it is in one's best interests to transmit a political convention by television, then in the need to make it effective on television, to get it to work right, certain other things are more or less automatically set in motion, and Senator George Murphy on the speakers' platform, out of sight of the cameras, waving his arms, conducting some of the lesser speakers, keeping the pace up, is just a tiny, visible example of that, and so is David Brinkley complaining that the whole thing was taking too long, that the Republicans were being telegenically ineffective by letting their favorite-son speeches go on at such length. The whole thing is full of small examples, and I guess that is all right, in a way. It is what the people involved seem to want, or nearly what they seem to want. It is hard to be really sure about these things. After all, is there any great virtue in nominating someone on the thirty-sixth ballot, as they nominated Garfield? Is the process that nominated Garfield more American, or better, than the process that nominated Nixon? I doubt it. The process that nominated Nixon seemed very American. And television's role in all this—well, it seems silly to be too demonological about it, saying that TV slicks everything up or makes politics gimmicky. The awful thing, in a way, is that television rarely has this sort of explicit sinister effect; there are few sinister people floating about in the upper reaches of television, pulling important levers, throwing significant switches. Mostly, the TV people are technocrats—they don't (when you think of those tense, efficient men in those dark rooms, and all those TV screens, and all those pictures flickering, changing, switching) have much time to be anything else. What TV really does with politics, it seems to me, is to accelerate the derumpling movement that is already well along in the rest of American life—the smoothing over, the melding



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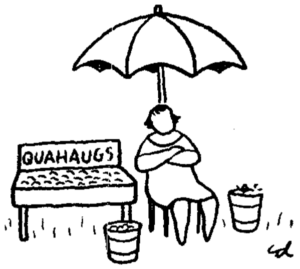
together—and it does it even though the people who run the game don't really want it to.

The fascinating thing about the Republican Convention, in a way, was this conflict between the seeming facts of the Convention—that Nixon had so many delegations sewn up that he would surely win it, probably on the first ballot; that it was virtually an open-and-shut case—and the evident desire of the people transmitting the Convention, whether in the control rooms or on the floor, to represent it as "human," and "American," to make it real. All those press conferences dutifully covered—and not only covered *but investigated for the least possibility* of "something going on." Delegates solemnly interviewed as to their latest positions. Governors begged for their views on "erosion" or "slippage." And out at the Convention, if you were there in the evening, what you mostly had, what you just about *entirely* had, was a succession of droning speakers droning on about things that either everybody knew about or nobody cared about. John Wayne woke some people up the first day. And Barry Goldwater caused a big stir, as stirs went. The television coverage was hardly exciting; there so obviously wasn't anything a reasonably intelligent person could get excited about, except, at the very end, for that brief flurry over the talk of Lindsay's Vice-Presidential nomination. But, for example, on Monday night Senator Brooke addressed the delegates for twenty minutes, and if there was anyone in the hall listening to him after the first five he couldn't be detected with the naked eye. In the hall, in other words, you stood there, and Brooke droned on and on, and guards in blue uniforms and wide trousers pushed you around, and delegates chatted with each other, or went out to get Cokes, or scribbled notes, and nothing happened, nothing, nothing, absolute zero. . . . But on TV—well, it was a bit different. Joe Benti, of C.B.S., was interviewing Governor Romney. Senator Tower, of Texas, was talking to Mike Wallace about the Vice-Presidency. "This is the eleventh hour for Reagan forces in the South," said John Chancellor. Sander Vanocur was getting the head of a Southern delegation to say that several of his delegates had wanted to switch away from Nixon. It all makes for a curious kind of actuality coverage—the actuality in this case being Senator Brooke's monotonous speech that was being barely listened to by a vague, bored audience, the coverage (in itself accurate as to detail) implying not only that there was a good deal of dynamism in the hall, in the Party, in the event but that more was going on than met the eye. It was true, of course. More *was* going on than met the eye, which was next to nothing. And probably less was going on than the coverage implied. And, in any case, I'm not sure that it matters very much. It seemed to me that the network coverage of the Convention was very good. I mean, it was boring as all hell. But then the Convention was boring as all hell, and it seems to me there are plenty of things to fault the Messrs. Stanton and Sarnoff on without giving them the rap for trying to cover the Republican Convention with ten billion rupees' worth of electronic equipment. After all, it wasn't N.B.C. or C.B.S. that issued an edict some indeterminate years back that politics henceforth was to be fascinating and sexy and exciting and naturally very American and wonderful and where it's all at, etc., and that suddenly let the side down last week by staging a mind-numbing Convention and making us watch it. I think the networks did very well, and the correspondents—especially the ones I watched on the floor: Vanocur, Newman, McGee, and Chancellor, of N.B.C., and Wallace and Benti, of C.B.S.—did as good a job as they could. The trouble is that these things get out of everyone's hands. The trouble is that although it's true that TV can really expose and reveal people, or people and events, it's also frighteningly true that what is revealed can be controlled and arranged, and that the people out there who watch and defer to these revelations very rarely know the extent to which this is so.



OUT on the Convention floor, it was late, very late. Frank McGee was standing beneath the girder tower that held the pool cameras, trying to get his equipment to work. Some of the N.B.C. people inside thought the difficulty was a feedback from A.B.C. Others thought he was getting jammed by the one hundred or so Secret Service men and their walkie-talkies. He had been out of action for an hour and a half. His headset started to sputter. He spoke into his microphone. "Eliot Frankel! Eliot Frankel!" he called, an aircraft lost over the Andes. The headset sputtered aimlessly. A man in a blue blazer came toward him and beamed and held out a program and a pencil. McGee looked at him, managed a brief smile. The man held the pencil farther out to him, and McGee took it and signed his name on the back of the program and gave both back to the man, who said, "For the wife. She watches you all the time." McGee started again to try to reach Frankel. A woman came near to running over to him. "Oh, Frank McGee!" she said. "I can't believe it!" McGee managed to look friendly. She, too, thrust a piece of paper at him to be autographed. "I just love your show," she said. "You know, I think of you as a real friend of the family. You're always welcome in our living room."

Vanocur walked by across the aisle, followed by his floor director. A whole cluster of TV people were gathering around Romney. McGee's headset started to buzz again. "O.K.," he said. "Can you read me? . . . Yes? . . . O.K. Move where?" He started to walk. He stopped. John Lindsay came down an aisle toward the New York delegation. McGee followed, carrying his microphone in one hand, a clipboard in the other. In a little while now, the men and women in the hall—men in orange blazers with oranges on the crest, in shirtsleeves; small businessmen in business suits; bright-faced women; young, young men, crewcuts, little white collars—would join to name the once and future king. Perhaps he was already named. (It was a complicated process.) One thought so, anyway; the air in the hall, a bit complacent, a bit dead, seemed to say as much. The men and women from the various states sat in rows beside and behind one another. New Hampshire. Iowa. Georgia. Vermont. Maryland. The sovereign separate states—one had read in books that they were once sovereign and separate—brought together. Everyone together now. "Mutual interest." Common consent. Laced together by the railroads (even the names of the railroads are now merged). Bonded by highways. "Marketing." Airplanes. Wires and cables. Walter Cronkite. "But what if Maine and Texas have nothing to communicate?" the wise man had asked many years ago. He was not so wise, really. Maine and Texas, using the same toothpaste, have somehow managed. They all sit together now—closer to-

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gether, one would imagine, than they know. The cameras look down on them. Fifteen cameras above the floor of the hall, if you have a taste for statistics. Out there in the night, somewhere, a Procter & Gamble factory hums, dispatching identical cakes of soap to Bangor and Fort Worth. A wide-track Pontiac sleeps in each garage. How boring it is to talk in the clichés of "standardization," "technocracy." The smooth universal soul. Boring. Pointless. The TV correspondents—good people, for the most part, engaged in a kind of guerrilla warfare—scurry around the hall in a last attempt (for this event, anyway) to scratch the skin in a way that will reveal *differences*, blood. *Differences.* We have read, too, about differences—about those rumpled men in rumpled suits who smoked cigars in the back corridors of Cleveland hotels and dealt whole states away at four o'clock in the morning. Now the correspondents work against the clock. The clock is nearly always ticking above our "actualities," our rites of passage. Prime time. Spots. Preset. Air. Inside Control. Outside. One minute to standby. Three minutes to Vanocur. Seven minutes for the Governor's speech. Twelve minutes for the Senator. Eight congressmen are presented—choreographed, in fact—up on the platform, for the precise eleven minutes agreed upon in the schedule. It is very well done. It works very well. It really does work very well.

Back there in the dark, glowing rooms, back there in Inside Control, Eliot Frankel taps on the glass panel near Reuven Frank. A button is pushed. McGee appears on Preset. He is standing beside Representative Melvin Laird and fiddling with his microphone again. David Brinkley's picture disappears from Air. McGee and Laird stand there instead. He is an able man, Frank McGee. Kind face. Glasses. A friend of the family. "I wonder if you see any greater possibility now of a shift to Reagan on a third or fourth ballot?" he asks.

"I have my own preferences," says Laird, "but, frankly, I don't think anything is really nailed down tight in this Convention."

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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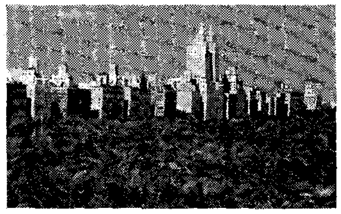

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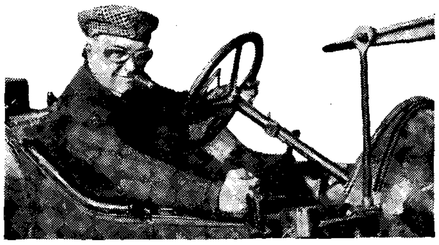

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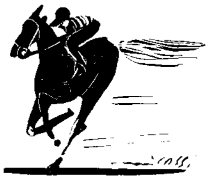
THE RACE TRACK

Blues for a Dark Lady



ONLY last week, I was complaining in these notes that the best horses are the most brittle. Well, as you probably have heard, Dark Mirage bruised her right forefoot two days before the Alabama Stakes—nobody ever knows how such things happen—and was declared out of that classic for three-year-old fillies at Saratoga Springs on Saturday. Happily, the injury wasn't serious. In fact, it was reported that she was as good as ever the next day, but Everett W. King, her trainer, was unwilling to risk her in a race at a mile and a quarter in which she'd have had to give from six to ten pounds to the other runners. She has returned to Belmont Park, and her next appearance may be in the Gazelle Handicap at Aqueduct on August 31st. By the way, although she's had a lot of racing this spring and early summer, winning nine consecutive starts, she has picked up weight doing it—a hundred and twenty pounds, if you please—and now tips the beam at eight hundred and forty. Which might be expected, for she polishes off thirteen quarts of oats a day (the average for a big colt is eight), along with quantities of hay and extras. Watch those calories, lady!

With Dark Mirage resting, eight fillies came out for the Alabama, and it was a lively affair. Heartland, winner of the Test Stakes the week before, finished first, two lengths ahead of Gay Matelda, and Miss Ribot was third, four and a half lengths farther back. But as Heartland and Gay Matelda came down the stretch together, there was bumping. An inquiry by the stewards followed, and they decided that Heartland was the aggressor, so the placings were reversed, giving first money to Gay Matelda and second to Heartland. Perhaps I'm a bit prejudiced, but I don't think Dark Mirage could have missed. She has beaten Gay Matelda badly three times this season.

EARLIER in the week, the Spa had its National Steeplechase Day. F. Eugene Dixon, Jr., president of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, which governs the sport, thought this up several years ago, hoping it would create more interest in racing between the flags. In the morning, the public is invited to watch jumpers being schooled at Oklahoma, the training track, and afterward there is a question-and-answer period when owners, trainers, and jockeys explain the finer points of the game. This year, the morning session drew a crowd of more than five hundred. An added attraction was Tim Durant, who has ridden in the last three runnings of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, and who this year, at the age of sixty-eight, was one of the seventeen riders—forty-five started—to finish the four-and-a-half-mile course, with its sixteen formidable fences, fourteen of which must be jumped twice. On the afternoon of Steeplechase Day, there were two races over hurdles, and both were good shows. In the starred event—the Saratoga National Hurdle Stakes—National Anthem won by about a sixteenth of a mile. Behind him, Yale Fence, Country Setting, Purple Dawn, and Daufuskie finished noses apart; you won't see anything closer short of a dead heat. Altogether, it was as splendid a day as I can remember at Saratoga.

THOUGH bidding on yearlings in the Spa's new Humphrey S. Finney Sales Pavilion (which reminds me of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum) was higher than a cat's back, it didn't reach the heights of the recent sale at Keeneland. Still, two hundred and sixty-four head brought $6,465,800. At one session, Peter Fuller, who owns Dancer's Image, gave $130,000 for a filly by Mongo out of Levee, the Cromwell Bloodstock Agency gave $85,000 for a filly by Native Dancer out of In the Van, and the Greentree Stud gave $75,000 for a filly by Mongo out of Chimney Swallow. A fillies' year, perhaps?

A TWELVEMONTH ago, Damascus was beaten by a nose by Exceedingly in the William duPont, Jr., Handicap. In the renewal of the event at Delaware Park last Saturday—and without the help of his stablemate Hedevar, who was scratched—he won comfortably, by a couple of lengths, from Big Rock Candy, to whom he gave twenty-one pounds, and paid $2.40, $2.10, $2.10. Of the $95,427 in the pari-mutuel show pool, all but a few thousand was on Damascus. Oh, well, hardly anyone believes the dictum of Wrong Horse Harry: "Play 'em to show and sleep in the street."

—AUDAX MINOR

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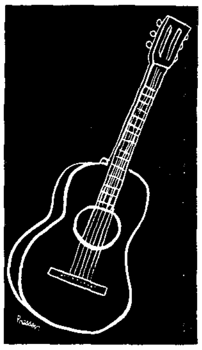
MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport: You Can't Go Down Home Again



IT was a hot, bright Saturday afternoon, and some nine thousand sunburned fans roamed through Newport's Festival Field sampling the folk-music workshops. Although there was a semblance of a schedule (the staff had mimeographed a map of offerings ranging from Folk Dance to Banjo, from Bluegrass to Blues Jam Session Open to All), groups formed and dissolved and regrouped pretty much as they pleased. Some people tried to guess where the celebrities would go—the workshops provided informal contact with performers, and everyone wanted informal contact with B. B. King, Taj Mahal, and Janis Joplin—but most took potluck. Over at Area 17 (Contemporary), Tim Buckley sang to fifty people; down behind the food tent, Pete Seeger admired a Yugoslavian fan's homemade guitar and told someone from WBAI if he ever needed free records to write to him. The ticket-buying crowd was on the straight side. Most of the grungier types—the ones who made Newport cabdrivers slow down and say "Willyalookit that!"—were non-paying fellow-travellers who gathered in the hills behind the fairgrounds, like Hitchcock's birds, waiting for the evening concert. Inside, the norm was hair above shoulders, work shirts rather than beads, McCarthy and Peace and We Cry Harder Schlitz Beer buttons. Near the main gate, next to tents displaying guitars, Times Square-psychedelic jewelry, and Joan Baez's autobiography, stood a VISTA recruiting booth emblazoned with a poster of Dustin Hoffman captioned "What'll You Do When You Graduate?"

Then into this pastoral carnival crashed the sound of—electric blues. The workshops were not supposed to use amplification, but, for obvious reasons, this rule could not apply to City Blues, so a minimum of sound equipment had been set up on the amphitheatre stage. Behind the amps, the stage filled up with kids; others gravitated to the seats below. They were hoping for B. B. King or Big Brother and the Holding Company but were happy to get Junior Wells and Buddy Guy. Wells and Guy are much closer to pop than to folk. Their blues are hard, almost r. & b., with drumming that could pass at Motown; their act—dancing, hugging each other, exhorting the audience, jumping off the stage—resembles a soul show. And they are loud. Within minutes, they had attracted a concert-sized crowd (nearly as large, in fact, as the audience the previous night). Finally, George Wein, the Festival's rotund director, clambered onstage and suggested turning down the sound a bit.

The spectators groaned.

"But it's too loud, it's interfering with the other workshops."

"Kill the others!"

"Stop the other workshops!"

Supporting shouts and applause.

"Suppose we turn these mikes off, and turn them on when somebody's singing—"

The crowd booed and hissed.

Wein capitulated, and Buddy Guy announced, "This is my first year at Newport, and now you people have to come to Chicago. We play *loud!* I'd like this mike even louder!"

Everybody cheered.

As soon as Wells and Guy had finished, the audience began yelling "B. B.!" and "Big Brother!" and "*Jan-niss!*"

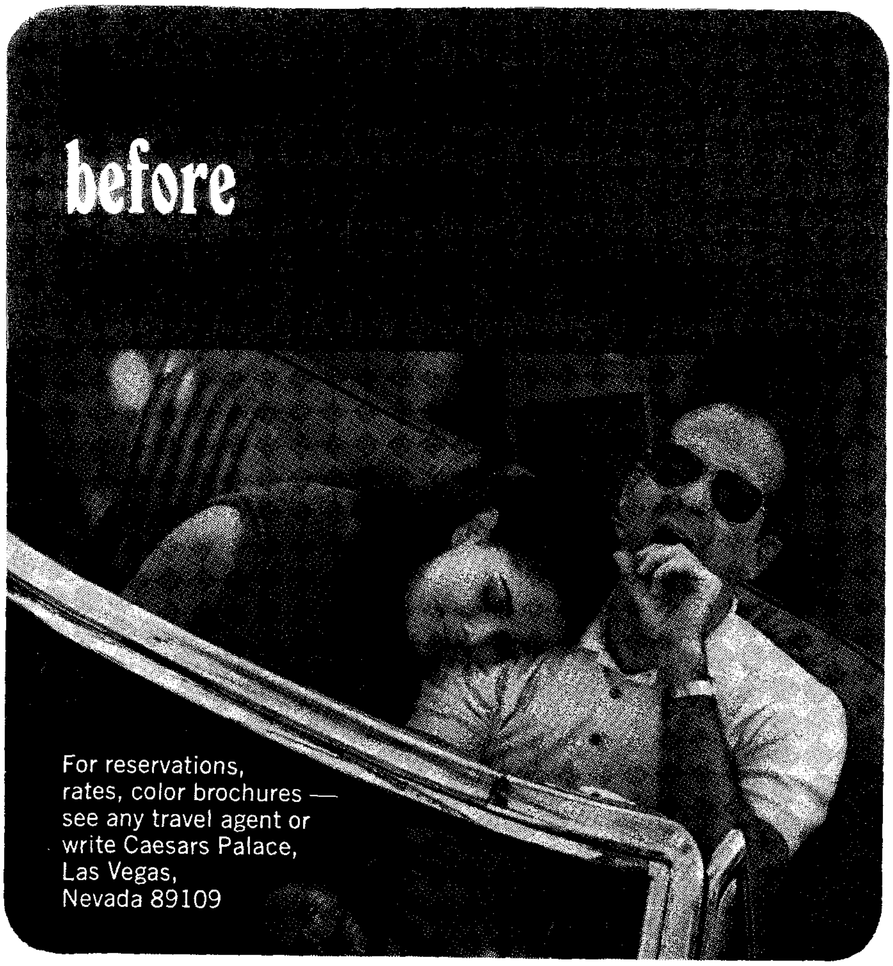
"We had something unique set up here," Wein announced sadly. "Twenty-two workshops . . . no amplification . . . so each little group could . . ."

"BIG BROTHER!"

They settled for the Jim Kweskin Jug Band and, a little less graciously, for Doc Watson ("This was supposed to be *blues*," someone grumbled), but the excitement was gone. Watson, an excellent country guitarist, did a fine set, which got an appreciative but reserved reaction, and everyone filed out. A blond girl in a floppy hat raced backstage to join some friends. "Hello, you freaks!" she squealed. "I shook hands with Buddy Guy!"

That same afternoon, Richard Goldstein, pop-music columnist for the *Village Voice*, entered the press tent to make a phone call. Goldstein, who is twenty-four but looks eighteen, and has long, straggly hair, a mustache, and muttonchops, was wearing a white jacket trimmed with embroidered flowers. A Festival official, Charles Bourgeois (*sic*), stopped him at the door; when he showed his press pass and stood his ground, Bourgeois called him "just another one of those young punks" and confiscated the pass, because, he said later, he assumed it was stolen.

That was the way it went at Newport this year. Perhaps it is presumptuous to call the Folk Festival a failure; it did draw seventy thousand people, and most of the concerts were worth hearing. But it failed as a *festival*. Instead of camaraderie, there was tension; instead of participation, consumership. All weekend, the management was busy trying to manipulate a sullen audience and a bunch of equally hostile, if more reticent, performers. As usual, the trouble can be traced less to individuals than to the system. The Newport Folk Festival and its many imitators were conceived according to a simple and (at the time) brilliant formula: popular folk stars, performing for almost no money, would attract a huge audience and subsidize the appearance of non-commercial, traditional musicians, thus exposing the kids who came to see Baez and Dylan to authentic ethnic music. During the peak years of the folk revival, the formula worked beautifully. Folk festivals were, above all, exercises in community. There was a continuity of values, style, and musical goals between urban and ethnic musicians; the former regarded the latter as their mentors and were eager to meet them. Similarly, the audience approached the traditional performers receptively and reverently, even making heroes—new stars—out of the Doc Watsons and the John Hurts. There was real respect for amateur creation; thousands of kids brought their own instruments and spent their time learning from performers and from each other. The producers, the fans, and many of the musicians shared the urban folk ethos, which combined rejection of mass culture with an amorphous, sentimental, pro-civil-rights, pro-peace leftism. But now the folk revival has been eclipsed by the excitement over pop music, and an entirely different spirit prevails. Most pop stars, including those whose roots are in folk music, have little in common with rural, ethnic types. They are pros, very much involved in commerce, in show business, in pleasing an audience, and not at all apologetic about it; they are also personalities, incapable of effacing themselves in the we-are-all-equals-here folk manner even if they should want to. Nor is the rock audience especially interested in traditional musicians and the values they represent. As a result, the strategy that was so successful in 1963—pack 'em in to see the stars and hit 'em with Mountain



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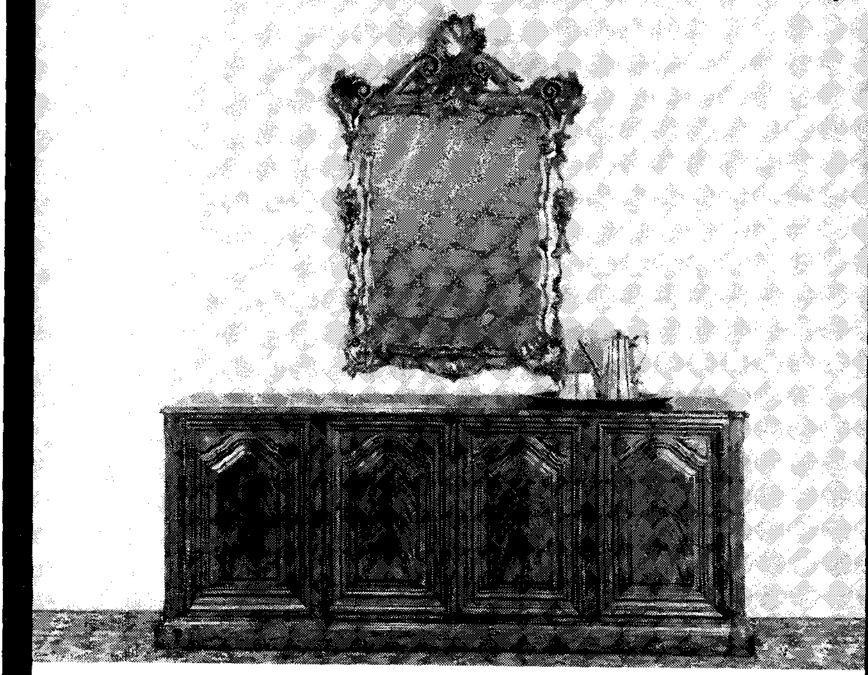

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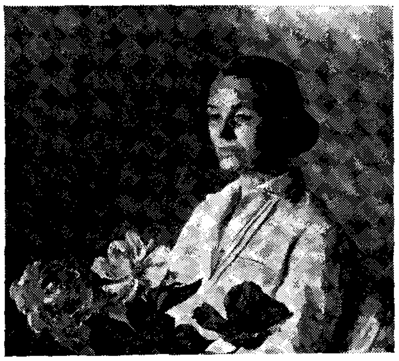

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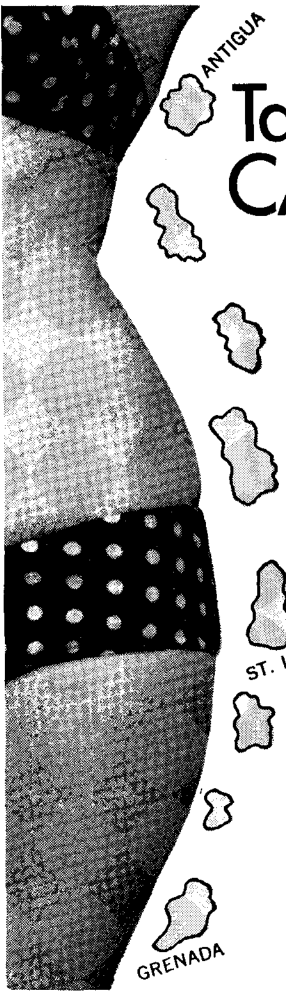
Sam—was a fiasco in 1968. The stars brought the crowd, all right, but their glow failed to illuminate the less commercial acts, which were received with restless apathy. So were attempts to appeal to political emotions. One performer invoked Fannie Lou Hamer, another compared a Serbian peasant uprising to the Vietnamese revolution, another sang songs about burning cities and indifferent middle-class Negroes. No one seemed to hear. Only Joan Baez, reminiscing about the time she spent in jail for civil disobedience, revived some of the old feeling, but then she was Joan Baez.

Most of those seventy thousand people had apparently come not as true believers but as businesslike consumers, determined to get their money's worth. I saw few offstage guitars and banjos, or groups of kids getting together to play and sing. The audience wanted to participate in its own way—to be allowed to respond to the idols it had come to hear. But orgiastic hero worship was exactly what the Festival staff was trying to avoid. The focus of the tension here was amplification. Every year since 1965, when a purist crowd booed Bob Dylan for playing his electric guitar, Wein has cautiously increased the Festival's quota of electric musicians. But he can go just so far. The town, which has always been dubious about the Festival and the assorted bohemians it attracts (this year Wein had to fight for a permit to put on an auxiliary concert in the local high school), will not tolerate a lot of loud music. Even more important, amplified music tends to overwhelm everything else. If the Festival is to remain a *folk* festival, rock and urban-blues groups cannot be allowed to dominate it. Nevertheless, it is ridiculous to invite electric acts—especially when they are supposed to be the drawing cards—and tell them they can't make music the way they want to make it and the audience wants to hear it. For most of the weekend, amplifiers were kept at low volume. This was especially disastrous for Taj Mahal, who sounded sickly, but all the electric performers resented it; they were not willing to go along with the Newport game, which decreed that they were mere crowd-pleasers and that Libba Cotten, Henry Crowdog, and Buell Kazee were the real V.I.P.s. The staff aggravated the bad feeling by regarding the Festival crowd—particularly the hangers-on camping on the hill—mainly as a nuisance and a potential threat to order. There were fences and cops all over the place; the half-empty box seats were guarded from incursions of proles, and God help the unwary spectator who tried to buy a Coke at the performers' refreshment stand. But the weekend passed with only one serious incident: several kids went to the hospital after dropping some unidentified pills, and the rumor persisted, in spite of Wein's denial, that one girl had died. On Sunday, Yippie leader Jerry Rubin was hustled out of Festival Field for giving "pornographic literature" (a Yippie leaflet illustrated with a sketch of a copulating couple) to a nun; the nun took it in stride, but Wein was outraged. Otherwise, things were all too peaceful.

THE first evening concert, on Thursday night, was a grim affair called Free Form Folk. Jim Kweskin, a member of the Festival's board of directors, had instigated an experiment in spontaneity. There was to be no schedule, no program; a group of performers would get onstage, and the rest would be up to them. "In this new age of LSD, pot, macrobiotics, yoga masters, and the total involvement of psychedelic ballrooms and light shows," he explained in the Festival program (why, I wondered, did he leave out scientology and glossolalia?), "people seem to be no longer satisfied with the old concept of a stage with performers and an audience with spectators." Further on, he declared, "We want to take that step into the void of the unknown." Predictably, the spontaneity that resulted was that of a bad party. ("I was told that a lot of people here don't know what's happenin'," said Kweskin, acting as non-announcer. "Well, you're not alone, ha ha! We don't know what's happenin', either.") The two dozen or so performers remained on the stage, where they didn't quite know what to do, and the spectators remained in the audience, where they were bored. The only void in evidence was a large patch of empty seats—the weekend influx had barely begun. And, new age or not, the air was permeated with the scent of moldy fig; the performer who copped my Almeda Riddle "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" Folk-Camp Award with a song about the joys of apple-picking had plenty of competition.

There were a few happy moments. Eric von Schmidt, the Henry Miller of the folk revival, sang a lusty "London Waltz" ("The Rolling Stones were there/ Strapped to the electric chair"); the Kaleidoscope, a rock band strongly influenced by Middle Eastern music, was impressive; and Sandy Bull played, much too briefly. But Taj Mahal, handicapped by a mediocre band as well as anemic amps, was a disappointment. As for the evening's star attraction, Richie Havens, he did his classic, *you*-know-the-words hummed version of "A Little Help from My Friends," mangled a couple of Dylan songs, treated us to the ultimate in folk art—the guitar-strum solo—and got a standing ovation. If he had just stood there, it would have made no difference; the crowd was hungry for someone it knew. The concert lasted much too long; since there was no program, no one knew when to stop. But I was afraid to leave, still tyrannized by stories about Bobby or Joanie dropping in after the tourists had gone and playing for the *real* fans. Finally, all the performers joined in on about ten drippy verses of "At the End of a Long, Lonely Day"—a finale if I'd ever heard one. I had gone as far as the parking lot when Joan Baez made an unscheduled appearance and sang something about lending a helping hand. You can't win 'em all.

FRIDAY night, Streets and Mountains, was better. The draggier part of the program, which included a fatter, louder version of Odetta and a superannuated mountain singer, was enlivened by Janis Joplin, who breezed through the audience wearing a flowered hat and carrying a champagne glass in each hand. There was a soft buzz—superstar in our midst. Happy and tough and above it all, she stopped in the middle of the aisle, looked around, and disappeared into the performers' tent. Then Arlo Guthrie came on, with his white suit, electric hair, mock-hillbilly-gangster accent, and wide-eyed deadpan, and milked his one joke—the absurdity of the bureaucratic mind—for fifteen funny minutes of song and monologue. During the second half, Joan Baez surprised me with an imaginative selection of songs, including "Gentle on My Mind" and "Suzanne;" her main faults used to be overseriousness and lack of variety, and she seems to have conquered both. The most interesting act on the bill was the Bread and



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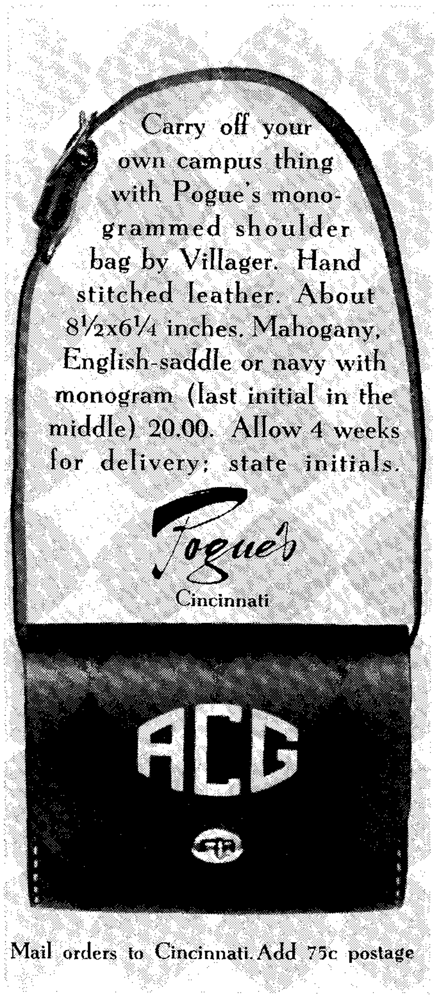

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THE high point of the Festival was the Saturday-night concert, Country Music for City Folks. The performances were almost uniformly good, and, for once, the unresponsiveness of the audience annoyed me. George Hamilton IV (remember "A Rose and a Baby Ruth"?) brought his strong voice and mellow (electric) guitar to Gordon Lightfoot's "Early Morning Rain;" Roy Acuff mugged, twirled his Yo-Yo, and did "Wabash Cannon Ball;" Joan Baez sang—right out there onstage—one of my guilty secret loves, "The Green Green Grass of Home," which has about as much cachet as "Yummy Yummy Yummy." But everyone waited impatiently for the two big acts, which weren't country at all. B. B. King appeared just before intermission and put on his usual superlative show. I admire B. B. more than I like him. I'd rather watch Willie Mays than Joe DiMaggio, and King's music is too controlled and sophisticated for me. Still, I was a little disturbed when King—perhaps trying to emulate Otis Redding's success at the Monterey Pop Festival—ended his performance with a spiel about how the world needs love. It wasn't like him, and it didn't work. Big Brother, of course, was held till the end, while the crowd grew steadily more restless; people kept walking in and out, and bought a lot of hot dogs. Then it was time, and Janis, in one of her great sleazy outfits—a low-cut black minidress with a tinselly bodice, a Dracula cape, and rhinestone arm bracelets—launched into "Piece of My Heart." Her voice was a bit thin (paranoiacally, perhaps, I suspected skulduggery with the mike), but the group played much better than I had remembered. The amps were turned up, and it was good to hear real rock again. Afterward, there was a party in town. B. B. played, Taj Mahal thought his own thoughts, Janis danced and drank ("They don't pay you *nothin'*, man," she said. "But I had a good time tonight, that's what counts"), and the college kids with phony passes gaped. The music was very loud.

SUNDAY, the last day. The afternoon Fresh Faces concert was entertaining. The most exciting fresh faces belonged to the Kaleidoscope, who did a mordant contemporary version of "Oh Death" and a quasi-Oriental piece, "Taxim." In the evening, it rained; Doc Watson was great; Janis Ian did her best to prove that "Society's Child" and "Janey's Blues" were happy flukes; George Wein announced that this was the best Festival ever and that the crowd had behaved beautifully. The second half of the evening concert was dedicated to Woody Guthrie; the performers sang Guthrie's songs and read from his autobiography. I might have enjoyed this more if I had not seen the original Guthrie Memorial, at Carnegie Hall, which was warmer and better organized, and had Bob Dylan besides. Still, it was a good way to end. Guthrie represents the best of what the Newport Folk Festival has stood for; his songs transcend fashion—as all folk music is supposed to do, though little of it does. An hour of "This Train" and "Talkin' Dust Bowl" and "This Land Is Your Land" did a lot to soothe the bitterness of that up-tight weekend. At the end, I even wanted to linger, but my friends were anxious to get started, hoping to beat the inevitable jam at the ferry. That transportation problem won't be around much longer—a bridge and an interstate highway are in the works. Neither will Festival Field, which is in the path of the highway. Cheap irony, perhaps, but I can't help hoping that someone will take the hint. The Folk Festival needs more than a new home. It needs a whole new rationale.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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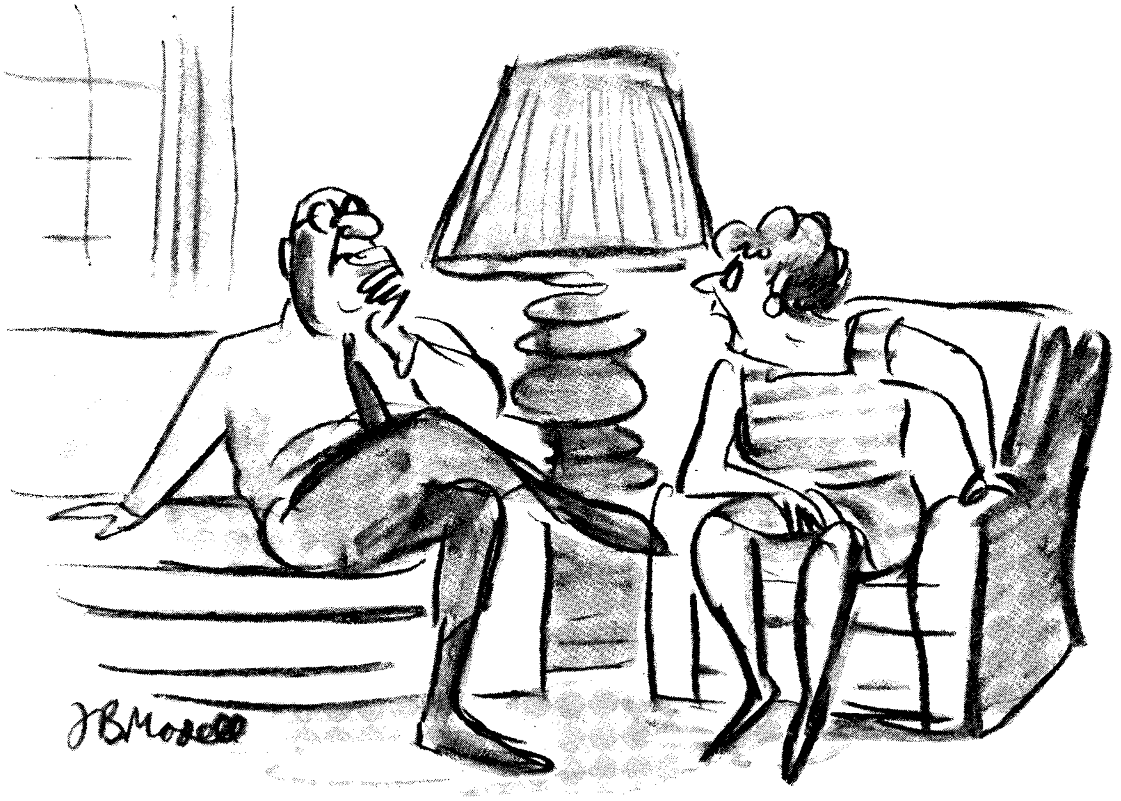
LETTER FROM MIAMI BEACH

AUGUST 9

THE morning after his arrival here, Richard M. Nixon called a press conference in his headquarters hotel, the Hilton Plaza, and declared, with no more than his customary portentousness, “This is now one country, despite what anyone says.” Among those who had responded to his summons were several people who felt there was evidence very close at hand that the radical John Dos Passos of some thirty or more years ago had summed it up quite accurately when he wrote, “All right, then, we are two nations.” The Southern Christian Leadership Conference was picketing the main Convention hotel, the Fontainebleau, about two dollars south of the Hilton Plaza in moderate traffic, and there were already rumors that violence could be expected across Biscayne Bay, in Miami proper. But Nixon, who knows as well as anyone else that the country he hopes to lead is in big trouble, was not pronouncing any judgment on the present most uncertain state of the Union. He was thinking for the moment of the triumphs of American technology in “communications” and of what this implied for an ambitious politician like himself. The fifty states are certainly “united” in the sense that they are held together by wires of one sort or another. “You cannot,” Nixon went on, “have all of these television cameras and all of you ladies and gentlemen from the newspapers reporting on a national basis what the candidate says in one part of the country and then go to another part of the country and take another view.”

It was scarcely a deep or novel thought; Nixon has uttered it time and again, as have most other politicians of his generation. All it means is that crime—of a certain sort, anyway—doesn’t pay any longer. What made his repetition of it on this particular morning somewhat arresting was the fact that he didn’t bear it in mind when his meeting with the press came to an end. Either that or he took leave of his senses and became possessed of the notion that he could beat the electronics revolution all by himself. Whatever the explanation, the candidate, who was a day and a half later to become the nominee, took off not for another part of the country but for another part of his own hotel and began saying things that he certainly would not have said within the hearing of John Lindsay or Walter Lippmann or in the presence of anyone with a tape recorder. Since the occasion was a closed caucus of delegates from Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, neither Lindsay nor Lippmann was there, and it is to be presumed that some competent technicians had assured the Nixon staff that the room was not bugged. However, someone—maybe an anti-Nixon delegate, perhaps a maid serving coffee, or possibly a gate-crasher from the enterprising Miami *Herald*—got into the room with a tape recorder and shortly thereafter provided the *Herald*, which published it the next morning, with a transcript of everything Nixon had said. As a document, it influenced the Convention not at all; it could have been read from the platform of Convention Hall and would probably have produced cheers not only from the Southern delegations but from those of many other parts of the country. But it was a gift of some worth to needy Democrats in the North and a severe blow to many Republicans who will be soliciting Nixon votes among Democrats and independents outside the South. Some of what Nixon said to the Southern delegates he repeated in his acceptance speech last night—that the country needed an Attorney General with views dissimilar to those of Ramsey Clark, that the courts had gone too far in protecting defendants, that he proposed to increase American military power, and so forth—but he told the Southerners much that he has not yet told the country. He said, for example, that he was himself opposed to federal open-housing legislation but that, strictly in the interests of Party unity, he had encouraged Republicans to go along with it “to get it out of the way.” “I made that hard decision,” he told the caucus he believed was closed, “[because] I think it vitally important to get the civil-rights and open-housing issues out of our sight so we didn’t have a split Party over the platform when we came down here to Miami Beach.” He said that his own feeling was that housing regulations, “just like gun control, ought to be handled at the state level,” and that he still hoped that “now”—meaning, presumably, when he is President—“we can move in another direction.” He said that he was flatly against the bussing of schoolchildren, and continued, “I know there are a lot of smart judges, believe me—



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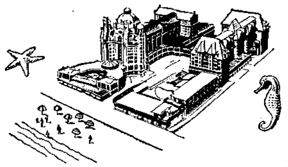

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John C. Bruno

and probably a lot smarter than I am—but I don't think there is any court in this country . . . including the Supreme Court of the United States, that is qualified to be a local school district and to make the decision as your local school board." He said he would keep his Attorney General on a short leash—"I personally am going to take charge of this because I am a lawyer"—and promised to stamp out pornography as well as drugs, rioting, and looting.

In his acceptance speech and in other recent statements on foreign policy, Nixon has declared himself an apostle of negotiation and—apart from an insistence on maintaining nuclear superiority (whatever meaning such a concept may have in 1968)—of military restraint. He has acknowledged that "world Communism" is no longer what it was, or what he thought and said it was until earlier this year, and he has promised "a reappraisal of America's policies in every section of the world . . . [beginning] with Vietnam." But in his appearance before the Southern delegates he managed to combine the worst of Dean Acheson's thinking with the worst of John Foster Dulles's rhetoric. The Barry Goldwater of 1964—a very different character from the one who appeared here on opening night and charmed his former detractors far more than his former supporters—never, if memory serves, spoke more threateningly than Nixon did when he thought he was all alone with a bunch of friendly Southerners. Nixon did not, to be sure, repudiate negotiations—no one does that nowadays—but the clear implication of his talk was a willingness to force Hanoi's acceptance of the American position by threats of escalation to the point of using nuclear weapons and stirring up trouble in other parts of the world. He began with a bit of dubious history: "I'll tell *you* how Korea was ended. We got in there and had this messy war on our hands. Eisenhower let the word go out—let the word go out diplomatically—to the Chinese and the North [Koreans] that he would not tolerate this continual ground war of attrition. And within a matter of months they negotiated." (There has been a good deal of recent disagreement among historians over Korea, but no one has denied that the negotiations were taking place before Eisenhower was inaugurated or that Truman had from time to time reminded our adversaries of our possession of nuclear weapons. Nor is there disagreement over the general proposition that

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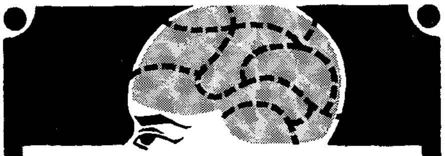

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we got out when we did because Eisenhower—for a number of reasons having mostly to do with the domestic policies of the period—was able to accept a settlement that Truman could have accepted only if he had been willing to be impeached for doing so.) But Nixon went much further. In the Fat Chance Department, he promised a "sharing of the load" in Vietnam with "other nations"—the only one of which he named was South Vietnam—and then went on to say that he would approach Moscow with a series of threats not to North Vietnam but to the Soviet Union itself. "You've got to broaden the canvas," he said, "because in Vietnam they [the Soviet leaders] have no reason to end that war. It is hurting us more than it is them." Then he described his "canvas": "We could put the Mideast on the fire. And you could put Eastern Europe on the fire. And you could put trade on the fire. And you put the power bombs on the fire. . . . I give you this only to indicate the kind of approach I would have."

There may have been a few hawkish and gullible souls among the Southern delegates who actually believed that Nixon was accurately describing the "kind of approach" he would take, and there are indubitably a large number of Democratic politicians who in the awful autumn that lies ahead will use the transcript the Miami *Herald* made public to persuade voters that Richard Nixon is a more dangerous "brinksman" than Dulles ever was. It is important to note, however, that although there were a good many people here who had been genuinely alarmed when Dulles and the old-model Goldwater talked this way, these same people merely shrugged when they read the *Herald* story. Dulles was a moralist, approximately eighty-six proof most of the time, and that other Goldwater was a bit of a moralist and a bit of a sport. Neither was really a politician. Certain judgments, some by no means unflattering, may be made on Nixon's character, but, whatever the quality of his personal and political morality, he has never been and has rarely pretended to be a moralist. Nixon is a politician—a politician of a characteristically, though not exclusively, American type. At the start, he was a rather mediocre one who advanced more by good luck than by good management, but in recent years, with very little luck and much industry, he has developed the skills of his trade to the point at which in many areas favorable comparisons may be made with such other

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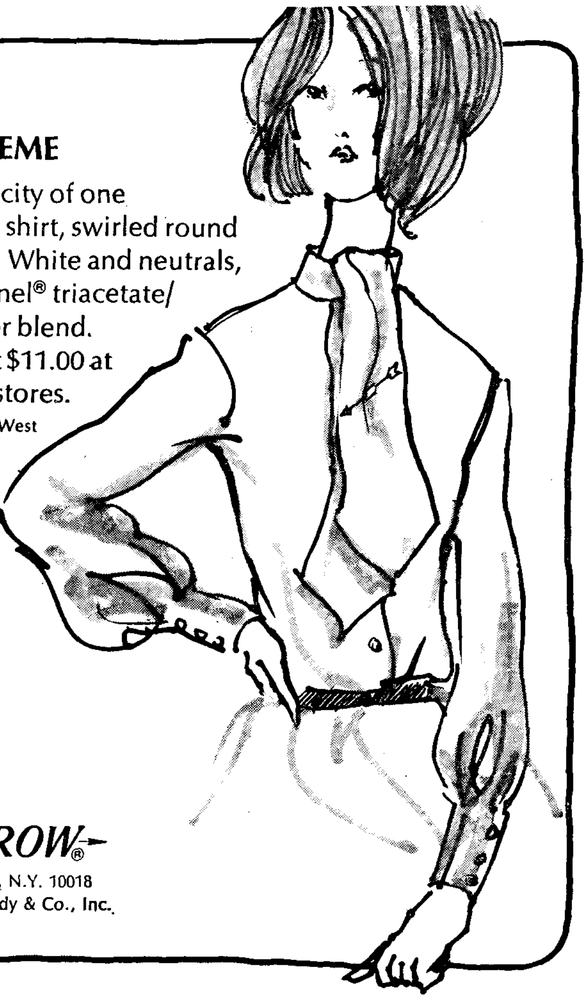

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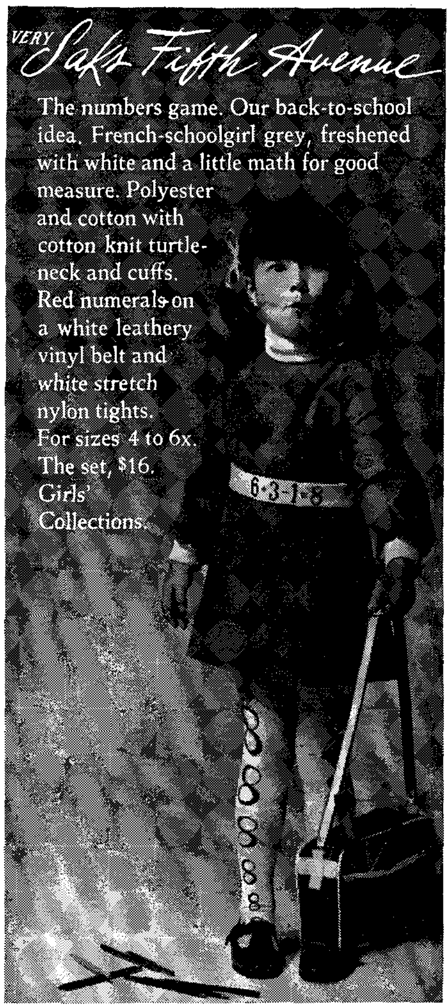

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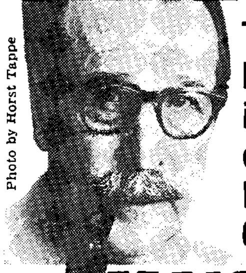

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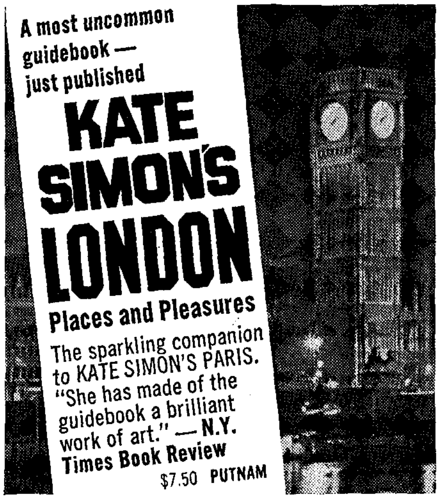

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professionals as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Charles A. J. M. de Gaulle, whose mystique of "distance" Nixon is said to have studied carefully and to have put to excellent use by virtually zippering his mouth in the last several weeks of the campaign now closed. Although it was surely a miscalculation (or aberration) of sorts that led him to talk as he did, and when and where he did, before the Southerners, it was one of the very few mistakes of the kind that he has made in the last two years, and if he happens to lose the election it will not be because he spoke a few unguarded words here. Hubert Humphrey or, more plausibly, Eugene McCarthy could score a number of points with them, but if either did so he would be doing it in the knowledge that Nixon wasn't really talking about how he thought the country or the world should be run but—no doubt more damning in the minds of true moralists—was simply trying to get a nomination without splitting the Party.

So widespread was this view of the matter that even after the *Herald* story had appeared many people who are regarded as perceptive observers of political affairs were unshaken in their belief that Nixon, once nominated, would "balance the ticket" with Mayor Lindsay, Senator Percy, or some other Northern liberal. When it was objected that, in the light of Nixon's having assured the Southerners that he planned to choose a man who would "be acceptable to all sections of the country," this would involve a double cross of rather towering proportions, the answer was "That was yesterday." "Yesterday" Nixon had a problem that "tomorrow" he would no longer have. He needed the South to get the nomination. The work cut out for him on Tuesday was to keep Senator Thurmond from being taken into camp by Ronald Reagan. But who would need Strom Thurmond after Thursday? Once the nomination was his, Nixon could forget about Strom Thurmond, who has made defection something of a career and may end up backing George Wallace anyway, and, for that matter, he could forget about the whole South, whose electoral vote can safely be lost provided one carries most of the rest of the country. *Ergo*, the work cut out for Nixon on Thursday was to turn his back on the South and start thinking about getting himself elected. Could Nixon be that cynical? Sure, but "political" was the more appropriate word. But how about Lindsay? How about Percy? Could *they* be that cynical—or, if one must, that political? Since Nixon never approached Lindsay or Percy with any offers, before or after his nomination, his admirers are free to infer, perhaps accurately, that he could not have been that cynical. It would be rash at this stage to draw the same inferences about Lindsay or Percy. As far as anyone here could learn, either one would have accepted the nomination on Thursday. In politics, there can be many synonyms for cynicism—"realism," "responsibility," "victory," "party unity," even "national unity." And only the most self-righteous can assert that these are dishonestly employed. Every public man has known moments when such abstractions became heavy with flesh and he felt compelled to rise above such other abstractions as "candor," "consistency," and even "honor."

Judith Shahn

In the end, Nixon did turn his back partway on the South—perhaps forty-five degrees from the viewpoint of the Virginia delegation, ninety from that of Georgia or Alabama. His choice of the Governor of Maryland did not lead any Southern delegates to defect, though it may do so yet—when they get home and hear what George Wallace has to say about it. Nor has it thus far led to any defections outside the South. Senator Brooke, of Massachusetts, though he joined last night's mini-revolt against Spiro T. Agnew, had several hours earlier told the press that he intended to keep the faith in November. Republican defections there are bound to be, North and South, but they are not expected to be numerous, and fewer will be brought about by the nomination of Agnew than by the nomination of Nixon himself. Though Agnew is no one's beau ideal of a candidate, his selection undoubtedly did more for unity in the Party as a whole than would have the choice of almost anyone else who was reported to be under consideration by Nixon and his advisers. But there are distinctions—some of them trivial, some important—to be made between the Party as a whole and the Convention delegates. Among the latter, most of those who were willing to make their views known to outsiders (and willingness was more often the rule than reticence) would vastly have preferred Ronald Reagan to Agnew; in fact, most would have preferred Reagan to Nixon, which is, of course, why Nixon had to rattle the missiles and denounce gun control, the Supreme Court, and pornography—this last in a city that could be described as pornography in 3-D and Living Color. When one considers the platform, the candidates, and most of what the candidates have been saying lately, it is fairly clear that this Convention accepted policies and spokesmen measurably to the left of those they accepted in their last several Conventions. Nixon is to the left of his former self, of the former Goldwater, and of the former and present Eisenhower. Spiro Agnew is to the left of the former William Miller and of the former Nixon. All this the delegates accepted, but they accepted it in much the spirit of those Republicans who assembled in Chicago sixteen years ago aching to vote for Robert A. Taft, only to find themselves sweet-talked or strong-armed into voting for Eisenhower. Here what sweet-talking and strong-arming there have been came mainly from the losers—the Reagan forces being long on talk, the Rockefeller forces long on the muscle known as money. Nixon locked it up long ago with superior organization and appeals to regularity and gratitude, which may be taken as heartening evidence that glamour and money still aren't quite everything in this society. Nixon is better known to these delegates and probably better liked by them than was the case with Eisenhower in 1952, but anyone who lingered awhile in the hotel lobbies or circled the floor in Convention Hall found it hard to avoid the conclusion that this time the ache was for Reagan. The delegates gave Nixon and Agnew the nominations, but they shook the rafters only when they were being addressed by Reagan, by John Wayne, and by Max Rafferty, the right-wing theoretician of pedagogy who will probably be United States Senator from California next year. (The biggest hand of all went to Goldwater when he first appeared on the rostrum. But the enthusiasm waned when he insisted that he was "not here to gripe about yesterday," and said that "hate of race is wrong, dead wrong, sick, and wrong, wrong, wrong.") The Republican Party of 1968—at least as represented in conven-

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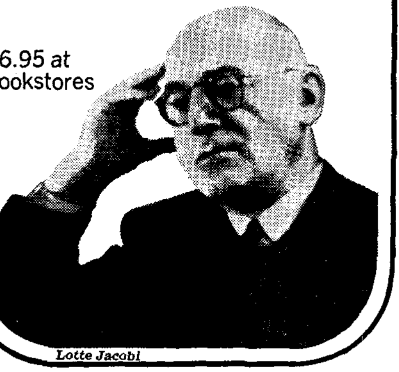

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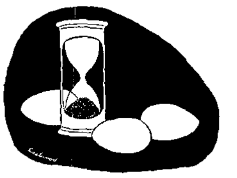
tion here—is a party chastened by defeat and appreciative of the uses of unity, but it seems otherwise little changed.

There is more than the evidence of one's eyes and ears to confirm this judgment. The Ripon Society, an organization made up largely of Republicans in the major academic communities, has performed a service to the Party and to the public by publishing a heavy and tedious but rewarding volume entitled "Who's Who at Convention '68." It contains brief biographies of most of the delegates, and these cannot be faulted by references to the liberal proclivities of the Society, since the delegates themselves provided the data. Reading the biographies, one could get the feeling that it is precisely people of this kind to whom the country's future could and should be entrusted. The level of education is extraordinarily high. Practically all—ninety-six per cent, according to the editors—have completed high school, and an astonishing number—forty-three per cent—hold advanced degrees. Scarcely one has failed to acknowledge some civic duty other than participating in Republican politics. Nearly all have achieved the kind of success that is not only honored by the American middle class but sought for others by spokesmen for the poor and by the militant proponents of the "black capitalism" whose doctrines both Richard Nixon and the leaders of CORE find so appealing. But this is what the Republican Party—or at least its leadership—has been during most of this century, and most of the time it has produced candidates and policies of a sort that seemed more appropriate to the last century. In a country that is now less than thirty-five per cent white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, these delegates, keeping body and soul together on kosher food, were seventy-five per cent WASP. There were twenty-six Negro delegates in a total of thirteen hundred and thirty-three. The number who had served in the Air Force far exceeded those who had ever belonged to a labor union. Membership in the Chamber of Commerce ran to forty-six per cent, in the American Legion to thirty per cent. No figures were compiled by the Ripon Society on the ages of the delegates, but from what one could see and from the rough calculations a reader could make, it appeared fairly clear that those from the South averaged out at somewhere in the middle thirties and those from outside the South in the middle fifties.



It is easy to say—and many are now saying it—that while Nixon has done a technically laudable job of unifying this Party, he and the delegates have at the same time unified the Democrats. This is what most liberal Republicans, most Democrats, and a majority of political correspondents appear to believe, and events may prove them right—despite all the evidence that at this moment the Democrats are at least as seriously divided as the Republicans were four years ago. There is no doubt that Nixon over the years has generated more personal antipathy than almost any other figure of his time, with the possible exception of Lyndon Johnson. But while Johnson is despised by many, he continues to command respect and admiration of a kind that Nixon enjoys only among middle-echelon leaders in his own party. Johnson still has it where it counts for much—in the ghettos, in the labor unions, and among millions who have yet to be persuaded that the war in Vietnam is anything but a just and honorable crusade. (Opinion polls taken shortly before this Convention showed that Johnson, if he were to run this year, could defeat any Republican without great difficulty.) Nixon lacks the verve of Nelson Rockefeller and Hubert Humphrey, the studied but nevertheless winning ease and casualness of Ronald Reagan, and the wit and the modesty (some would say the bogus modesty) of Eugene McCarthy. On television, he is better than he used to be but still barely adequate. And on the record, of course, he is a loser. These assessments buoy the morale of those Democrats who have any morale left, and lead many respected journalists to predict with confidence that Nixon doesn't stand a chance. However, the impressive thing about Nixon is that, with all these handicaps, which have been nationally advertised for years, he has shown an extraordinary gift for survival. In 1960, when he was a far less polished performer than he is today, he came very close to defeating an opponent who had the nomination of the majority party, a great deal of money, and a charm that is not to be counted among the assets of anyone in the running today. It can be argued that in 1960 Nixon had the backing of an administration in power, and one that had lost little of its popularity, whereas in 1968 he lacks this formidable advantage. However, it seems unlikely that in 1968 the record of the incumbent administration will be of great help to the Democratic candidate, and it is not inconceivable that the present administration will decline to give even *pro-forma* support to the Party's ticket. It has just been announced that Nixon and Agnew will spend part of the weekend at the L.B.J. ranch for a "briefing" on Vietnam. There are some who would not be at all surprised to see Lyndon Johnson support Nixon and Agnew if the Democratic National Convention repudiates his Vietnam policy. Nor is it inconceivable that both Republicans and Democrats would choose to decline Administration support.

It is becoming clearer with each passing day that the principal issue this year will be, in a word, race. Nixon and Agnew may insist that they are not using a "code" term for race when they speak of "law and order," but race is what voters, Negro and white, understand it to mean, just as most of them did in 1964. There were several other issues of importance four years ago, but all analyses of Johnson's victory and Goldwater's defeat seemed to show a sizable majority of whites ready to accept integration as a goal and to regard as alarmist that year's Republican propaganda about "crime in the streets." In white America, that mood has clearly passed. Bigotry of the kind represented by Strom Thurmond and George Wallace may not have increased, but fear of the consequences of integration or of substantial steps toward that seemingly unattainable goal has grown enormously. The assassination of Martin Luther King generated a certain amount of white guilt and helped in the fight for federal open housing, but even last April, according to the Harris Poll, "sixty-nine per cent of all whites . . . think that Negroes are asking for more than they are ready to absorb"—certainly a code phrase meaning what whites are ready to absorb. To say that any single issue is the "principal" one in any given campaign is not, to be sure, to say that it will determine the outcome of the election. Not everyone votes his principles or his prejudices. Party and regional loyalties are not altogether dead. Moreover, the tendency in our system is for the candidates to dispose of issues by saying the same things about them; Hubert Humphrey, if he is nominated, may find himself attempting to close the law-and-order gap between himself and Nixon merely to hold on to the Democratic vote in those industrial districts in which racial fear has been running especially high. But if this

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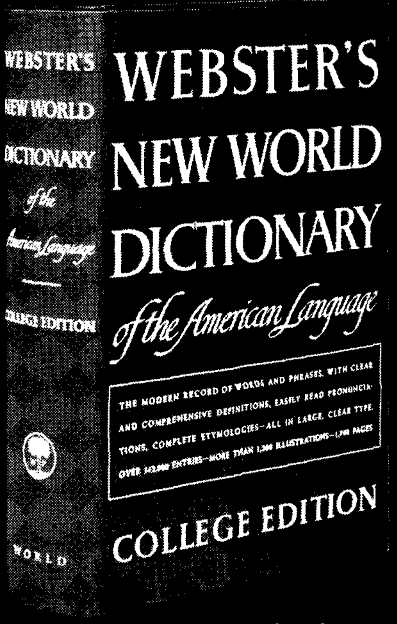
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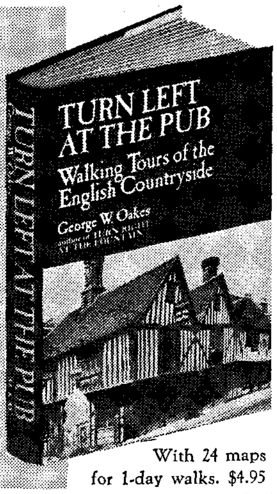
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issue is as important as many observers now believe it to be, Nixon will have to go further in appealing to fear and bigotry than any Democrat could possibly go, for he, far more than the Democratic candidate, will have to hold the ranks against Wallace, who could throw the election either to the Democrats or into the House of Representatives. Nixon might find this distasteful, as might some of those who nominated him here, but there is nothing in his record to suggest that he would not do it, and there is nothing in the ugly facts of American life today to show that it would necessarily be a losing strategy.

IT has long been customary for losers to complain about the convention system as inefficient, wasteful, inequitable, and at times—as in such antics as the nominations of Harold Stassen and Senator Hiram Fong, of Hawaii—ridiculous. This year, for a change, the major losers, Governors Reagan and Rockefeller, had no complaints and, in fact, were quick to assure the delegates that they considered they had been given a fair shake, and that they were happy to support decisions of what had been an "open Convention." It was about as open as national Conventions generally are, which means that just about anyone was free to speak his piece and that it would survive an investigation by the Honest Ballot Association. But if Reagan and Rockefeller went away satisfied, practically no one else did. Hundreds of delegates and correspondents found it "boring"—an almost universal judgment—and productive of nothing good that could not have been achieved in some other fashion. The proceedings in the hall were boring indeed, though there was something to be said for the sideshows inside and outside the hotels. The S.C.L.C. picket line around the Fontainebleau was a display of dignity that somewhat relieved the despair one felt inside the hotel, where the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham could be seen striding about in the kind of pastel sports outfits that one somehow associates with Richard Burton in Acapulco, and where H. L. Hunt, the oil and propaganda tycoon, was, from early morning until early evening, passing out his books and his eccentric opinions to anyone who would listen. (At one point, some Soviet journalists listened avidly, their tape-recording systems A-O.K., as Hunt explained to them that Communists had murdered Senator Kennedy, after which one of them said, "Mr. Hunt, this is historic occasion. First time you have been interviewed by Soviet newsmen.") Meanwhile, just across the street, the Governor of Florida, wearing a jacket that appeared to have been made of pure orange peel, held what may have been the world's first political press conference to take place aboard a yacht at its mooring; most correspondents left because they could not hear the Governor above the roar of his air-conditioner, and felt they had neglected no duty of importance when those who remained later informed them that the Governor had said nothing anyway. Still and all, there seems to be a widespread feeling, among participants in both parties and among Americans generally, that the convention system is passé and, in some undefined and probably undefinable way, undemocratic. If this has become just about everyone's conviction, it represents a major change in American thinking. For as long as the system has existed—about a hundred and fifty years now—democratic politicians and democratic theoreticians have been in agreement on (to use a term modish among both groups) its viability as an instrument of democratic politics. In 1940, when no one was talking much about "participatory democracy," Pendleton Herring, one of the noblest of the theoreticians, wrote, "Our conventions are a romantic and flamboyant attempt to get a high degree of popular participation in the high drama of democracy." And only five years ago another academic of distinction, the late V. O. Key, Jr., wrote, "When the national convention was contrived to designate presidential nominees, viable national parties came into existence." No one made any such observations here this week, and no doubt most of the country agreed with David Brinkley, an arbiter of taste and a power in the land, when he called his labors to an end by offering the judgment that this Convention, like all others he had labored through, was a "mess." He did not explain how he thought messiness and democracy were incompatible.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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